Saturday Review
NOVEMBER 22, 1969 50c

AMERICAN BUSINESS ABROAD:
The New Industrial Revolution

A SPECIAL ISSUE

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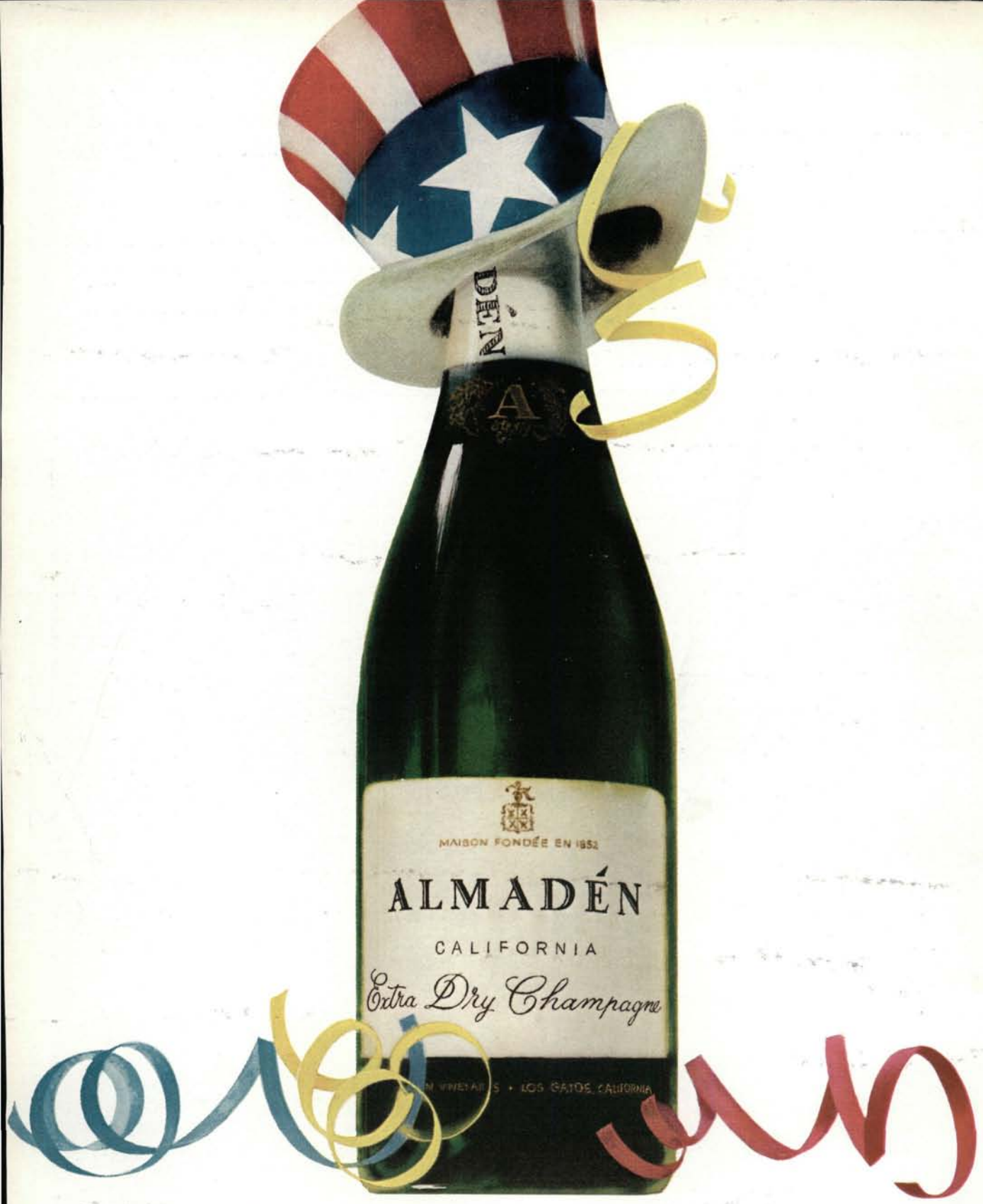

Since 1952, successful political parties have celebrated with Almadén Champagne.

Almadén Champagne has been served at every Presidential Inaugural Ball since 1952. The winning ticket: Extra Dry. Brut. Pink. Rosé. Sparkling Burgundy. All made in the traditional "methode champenoise." So come to the aid of *your* party... serve Almadén. Almadén Vineyards, Los Gatos and Paicines, California.

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—from "The Other City," ©1969, David White, Inc., New York

I took this picture from a fire escape. I think that's the Empire State Building over there.

—from "The Way It Is," ©1969, Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc., New York

Somebody fell down here and died. There was a kid named Pete sniffing glue on the roof with his friend James. Then some drug addicts came, and James ran when he saw them. He called to Pete, "Come on, here come two men." Pete said no, he wanted to stay on the roof. The junkies asked him for money, but he didn't have any money, only a ring that was real gold. So they took his ring and then they threw him off the roof. That's what some people think.

Other people think James did it, because he told us that night that he had a dream he pushed Pete off. But most people say it wasn't James, because he was Pete's friend. There are even some other people who think Pete died of glue and beer. They think he got poisoned.

They found out about Pete when a man saw him laying down there and called the cops. When they came, they thought he was drunk, so they didn't call the ambulance right away. When the ambulance did come, it was too late, and when he got to the hospital he was dead.

Everybody was crying. All of his friends collected money for the coffin, because Pete's parents didn't have enough to pay for it. At the funeral his father wanted to play records for him.

In hope of doing each other some good

Pictures and text of these two books were created by two teams of 7th and 8th grade boys of two Brooklyn neighborhoods. In a much, much more prosperous neighborhood in the suburbs of Rochester fifteen youths who have had a few more years than the Brooklyn boys to cultivate their antipathy to school have devoted a term of English classes to the unfettered creation of a movie entitled "Today's Teenage Life." And there have been many other such projects we have tried to encourage one way or another.

The young Brooklynites may or may not take some satisfaction in seeing their real names as authors of a hard-cover book acclaimed by several U.S. Senators and mayors. The suburban film makers—several of them offspring of successful executives—may possibly feel some pride in having at long last attained nearly 100% school attendance and punctuality during the last term of formal schooling for most of them.

A theory now making its way around educational and social service circles holds that the planning of pictures, the taking of pictures (with equipment signifying a degree of trust), and later the thoughtful editing of those pictures can build powers of articulation among youngsters whose verbal skills stand at a pathetically low level.

Young intellectuals today are much immersed in the filmic art. That young *non*-intellectuals can also immerse themselves in that art to their benefit excites a manufacturer of photographic goods and apparatus even more. How gratifying it would be to have resounding proof that visual literacy of the active type is a direct (if neglected) road to the literacy commonly considered the basis of civilization!

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY

Teachers and others involved with the young in an organized rescue mission on behalf of civilization may wish to pursue this subject further by requesting the pamphlet "Elements of Visual Literacy" from Eastman Kodak Company, Depart. 624, Rochester, N.Y. 14650. Those who wish to invest $1 should send it to the Department of Cultural Affairs (an agency of the New York City government), 830 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10021, requesting a copy of "A Guide for Film Teachers to Filmaking by Teenagers."

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A Special Issue

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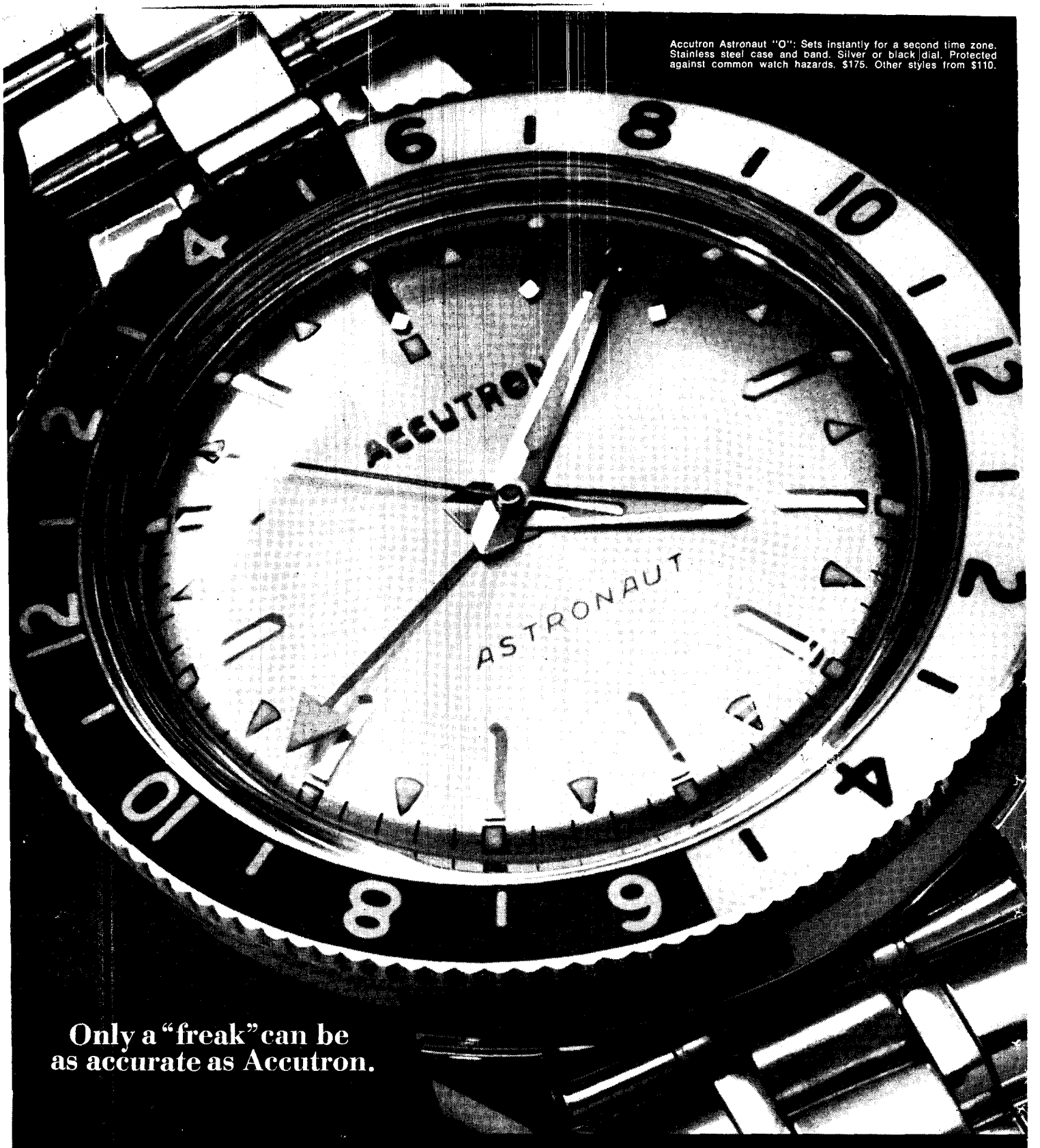

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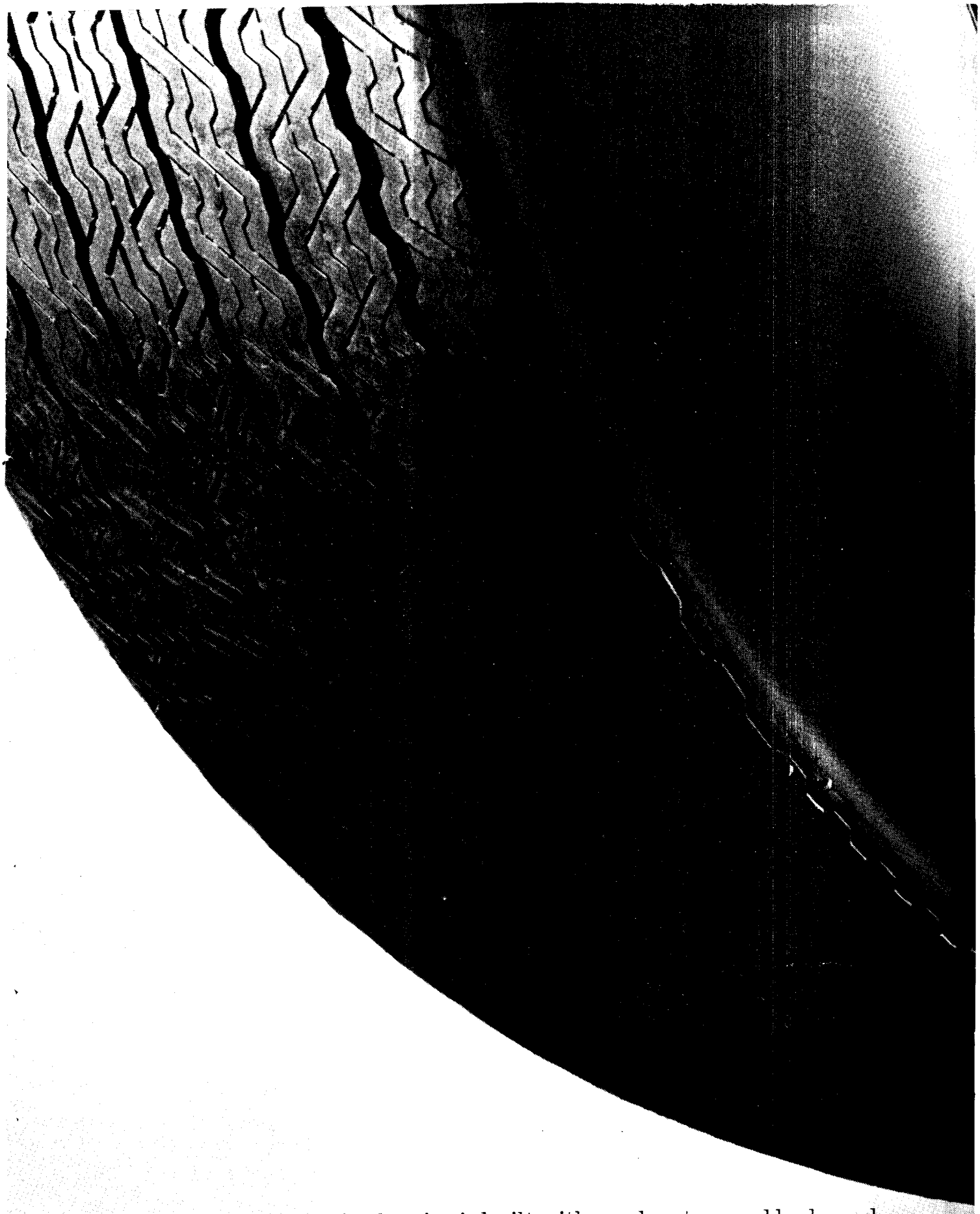

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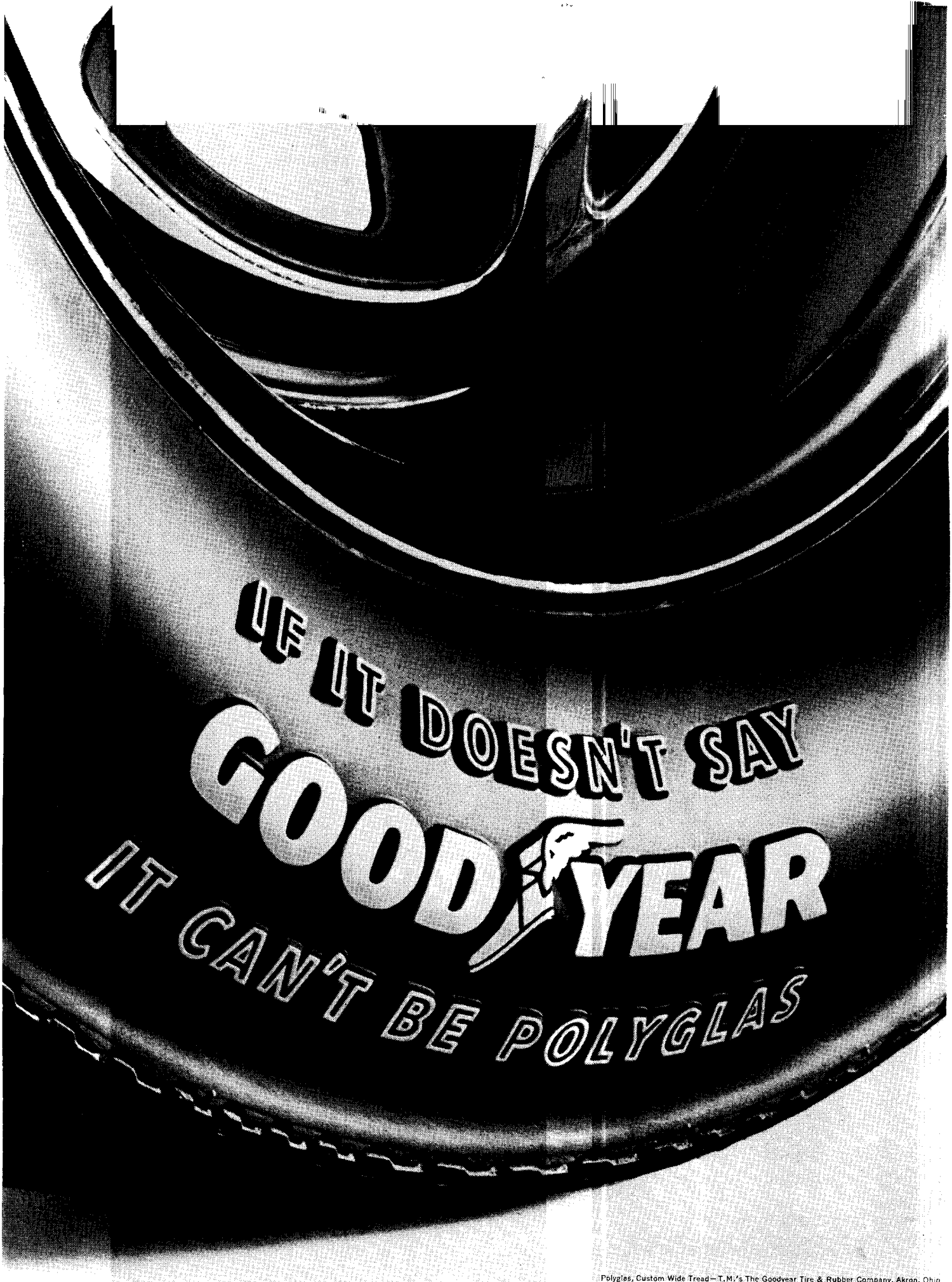

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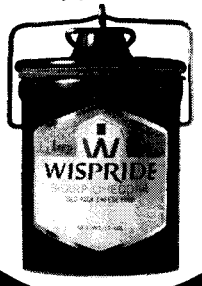

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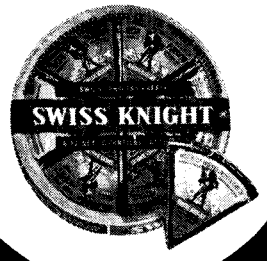

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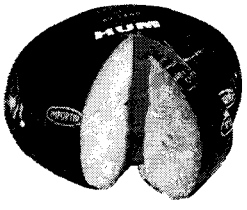

GERBER CHEESE CO., N.Y., N.Y. 10017

Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

The Laundry Box

IF YOU ARE under fifty you've probably never heard of a laundry box and if you're over fifty you probably wish you hadn't. Young people in college have so much money these days they think nothing of sending their laundry out, to be done professionally, but during the Depression, when I was an undergraduate, only wealthy sons of Detroit millionaires, daughters of doctors, and the downright profligate sent their laundry to the corner cleaner. The rest of us used a laundry box. Let me explain about a laundry box.

It looked like a small suitcase, a bit larger than an attaché, and was made of cardboard and cloth. It opened from the top and was closed by straps that never quite held together. The resultant constant shifting of contents did not, of course, make for satisfactory transit and, though soiled laundry went home without hazard, even the gentlest of postmen could not keep the clean laundry that was returned in anywhere near a pristine state. It usually arrived, in point of fact, a jumbled mess of wrinkles and cookie crumbs. Let me explain about the cookie crumbs.

Thrift aside, and that was quite an aside in the early 1930s, the laundry box was an easy way to communicate with home and from home to school. Letters, notes, pictures, clippings, pleas for sustenance always accompanied the dirty laundry; letters, notes, pictures, clippings, and sustenance always accompanied the clean laundry in return. At Ann Arbor, where for four years I shuttled literally hundreds of laundry boxes to my mother in southwestern Michigan, and where she returned literally hundreds of pounds of food to 915 Oakland Avenue, I'm not sure I would have survived physically if it had not been for this unique postal service. Laundry cost, as I remember it, 16 cents in postage each way, and 16 cents was a hell of a lot better than sending shirts and shorts and socks to the corner laundry, whose bill was invariably over $1. One dollar was more than I usually had at one time, after payment of the house bill. Let me explain about house bills.

Most men lived in either rooming houses or fraternities in Ann Arbor in those days because there were no men's dormitories. Unless you lived at home you had the choice of a room somewhere around town (they could be pretty jolly if you got hold of a motherly soul) or one of a hundred fraternities, which were far more than snobbish social clubs. They were the center of the world for most of the male undergraduate population. House bills were issued by fraternities to each brother once a month. Mine usually ran about $40 for room and board and my share of the phone and light bills, the salaries of the cook and Nelson, the Delta Phi houseman. Since I received $50 a month from home, this left $10 to squander at approximately 30 cents per day, laundry and dates aside. Let me explain about dates.

The University had put in a strict auto ban for everyone but graduate students or that rare bird, the married student with a family; so we walked everywhere, even on dates. Girls who insisted on taxis were never asked again, at least not by young men like me, for taxis could run as much as 70 cents each way if the girl lived way out in Washtenaw. Adding the cost of a movie (for two), refreshments afterward (nonalcoholic, of course), maybe even a sandwich apiece (if she was a Sorosis), you can see that walking your baby back home was more than a popular song. Fortunately, I knew three Sorosis girls who just loved to walk, yet there would be whole weeks on end when for financial reasons I dared not call anyone for a date for fear she might accept and even my laundry money might go down the drain. Not that a clean shirt meant much, of course, for we wore dark blue shirts much of the time, and you'd be surprised how many days you can wear a dark blue shirt, with different ties, and no one knows the difference. Or almost no one, that is.

But getting back to the laundry box, the greatest treat I ever received by mail came in this precious fortnightly package just before Thanksgiving my freshman year. The box appeared to be a bit more lopsided even than normal, but it had an aroma unmistakable to someone from farm country. Pumpkin pie! There it was, large as life and about as messy. What matter that there wasn't a shirt fit to wear inside the box, or that the postage was 23 cents? A complete pumpkin pie had been anchored carefully between the shorts and socks, stuck to the inside of the laundry box with black mechanics' tape, and was more or less still intact. I remember having only a dollar or two left and here it was mid-November, and I was always hungry and I must confess that nothing before or since has tasted as good. Naturally, I ate the

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A bit of common sense in the Drinking Society.

In our society, too many people who drink, do not enjoy their drinking.

They drink what they drink because they think they ought to. Rather than drinking something else that might give them more pleasure.

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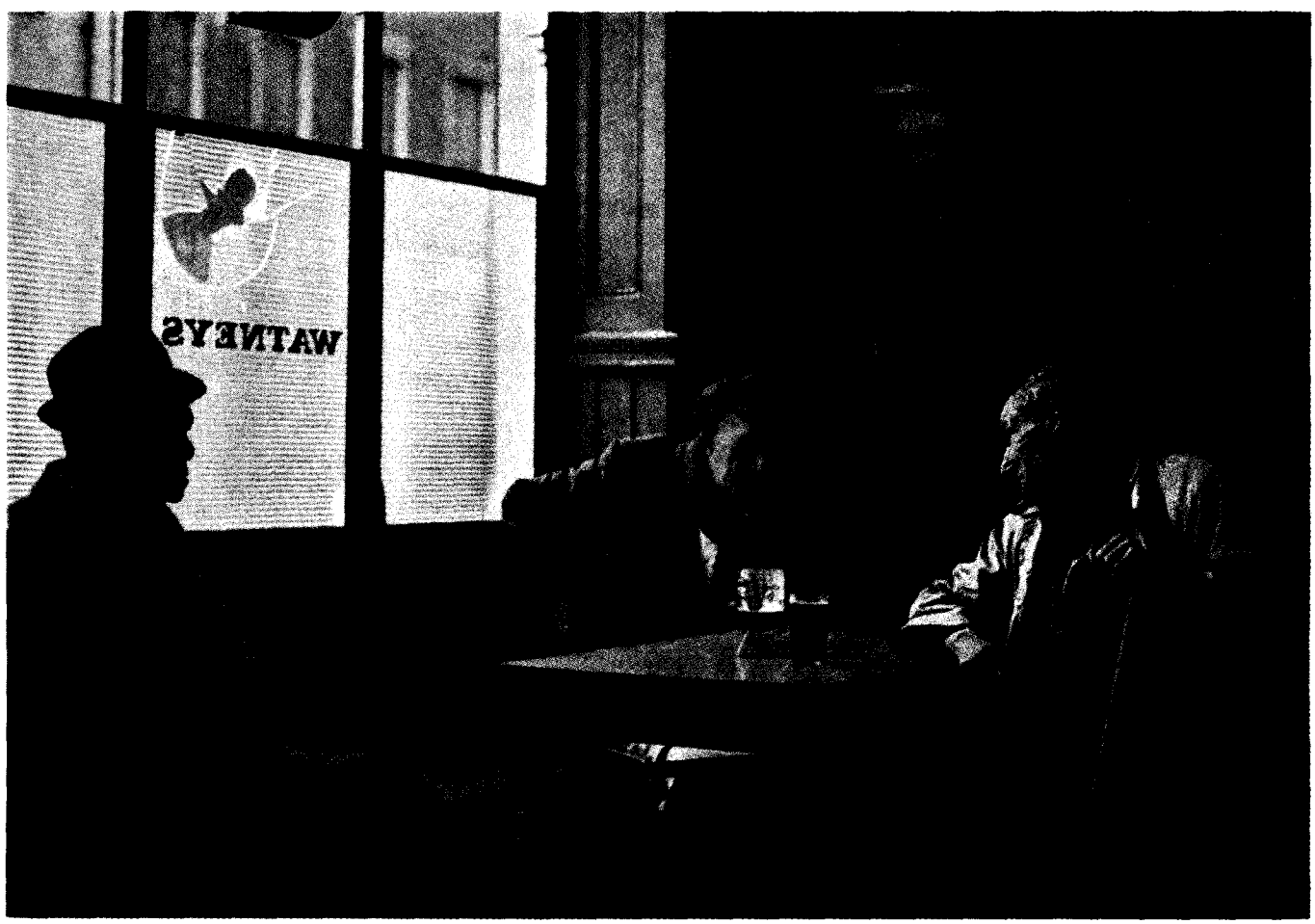

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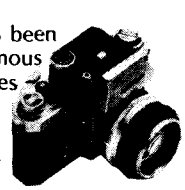

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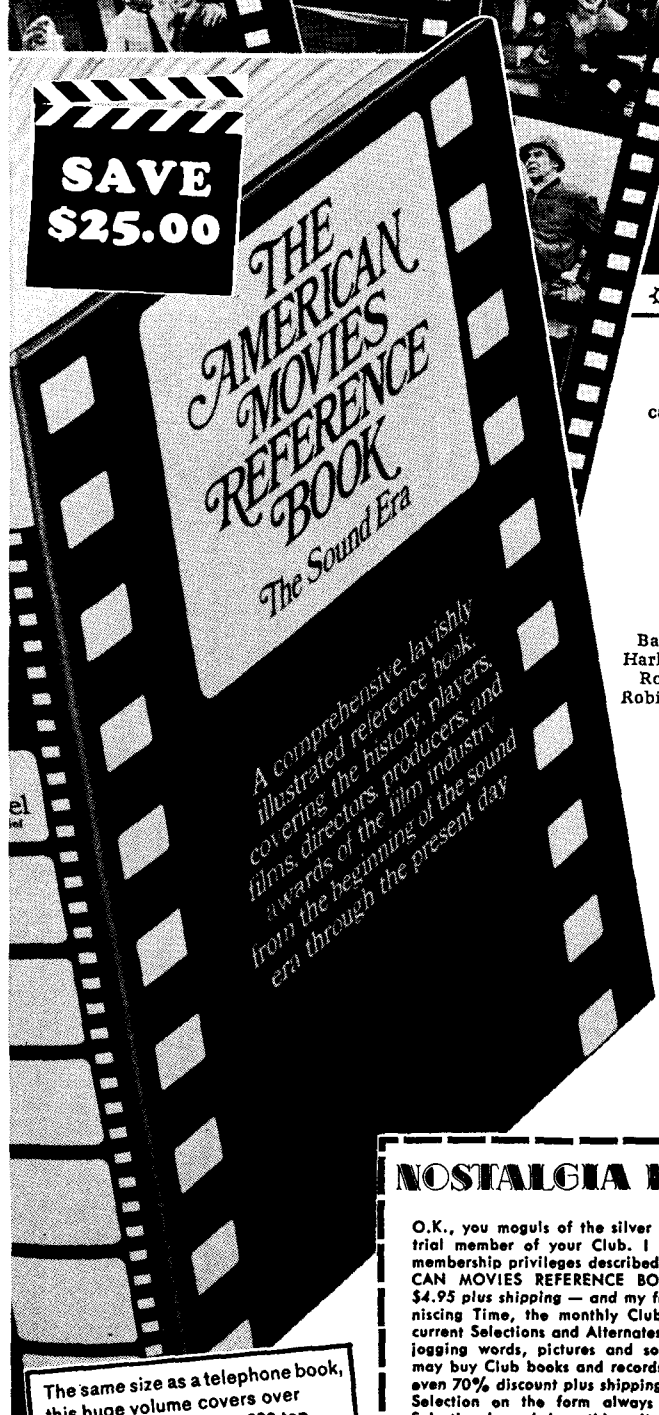
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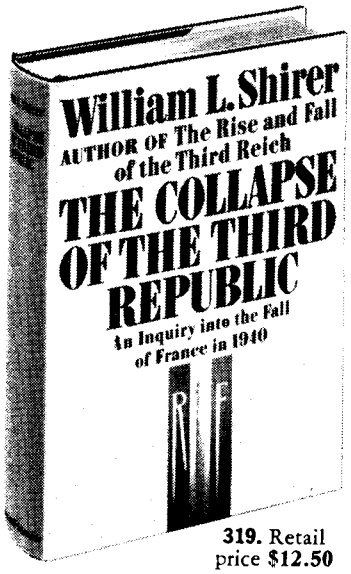
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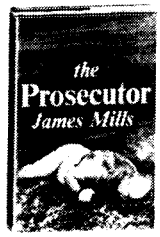

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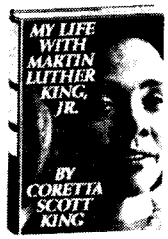

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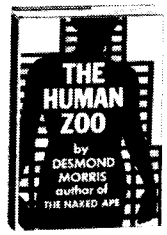

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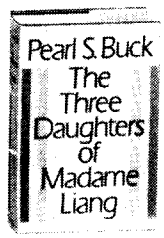

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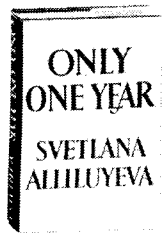

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You may have any three for only $1

IN A SHORT EXPERIMENTAL MEMBERSHIP

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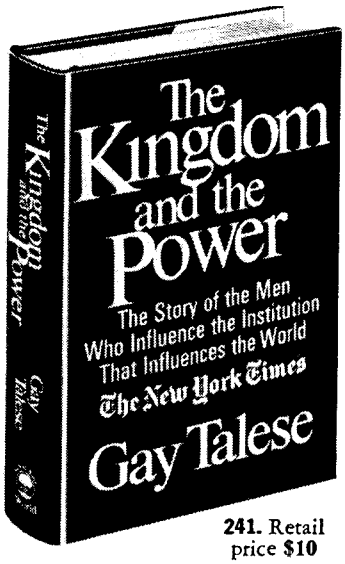
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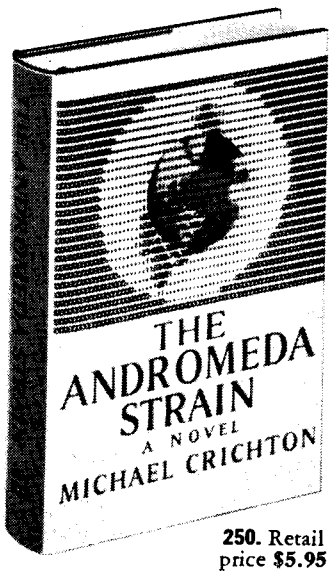
The Story of the Men Who Influence the Institution That Influences the World
The New York Times
Gay Talese

241. Retail price **$10**



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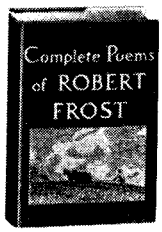

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116. DISRAELI *by* ROBERT BLAKE
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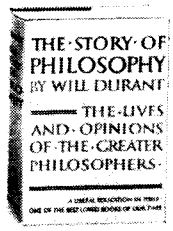

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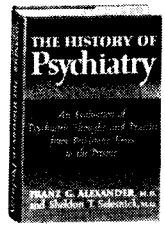

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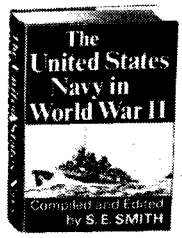

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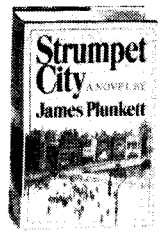

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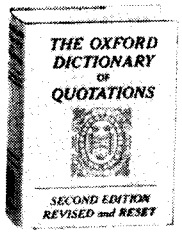

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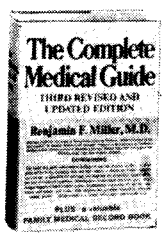

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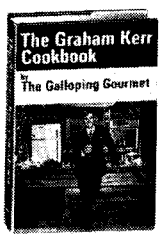

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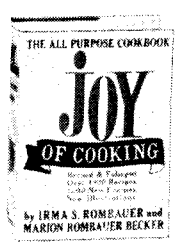

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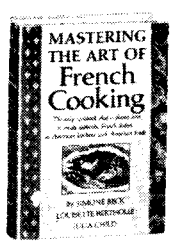

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)F-THE-MONTH CLUB SELECTIONS OR ALTERNATES

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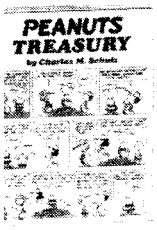

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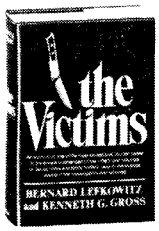

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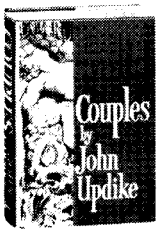

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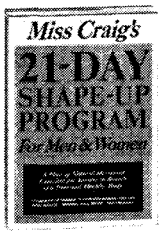

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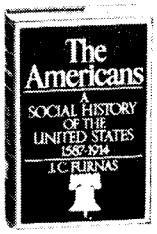

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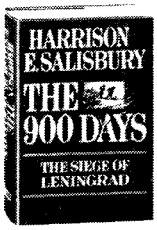

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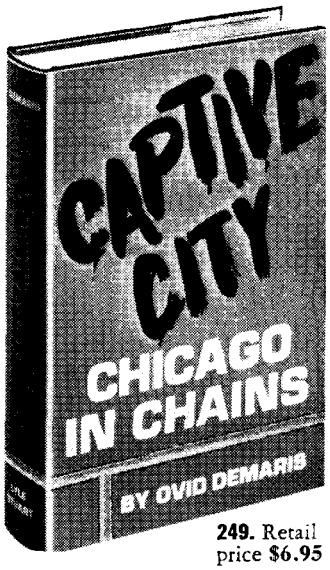

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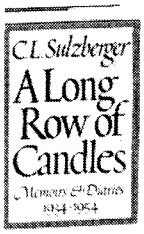

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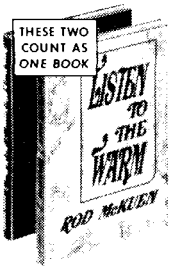

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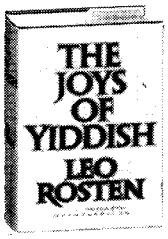

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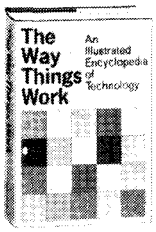

107. THE WAY
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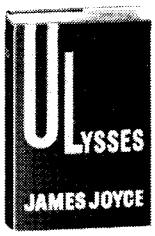

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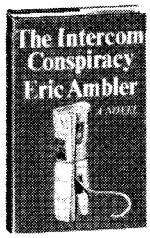

187. THE INTERCOM
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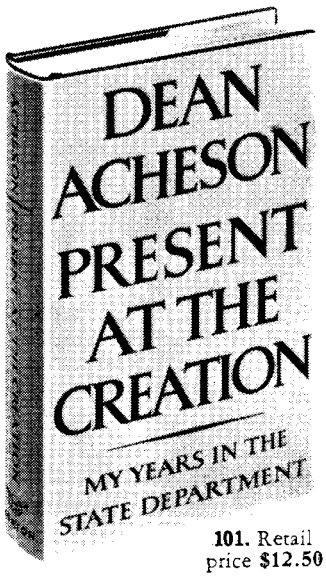

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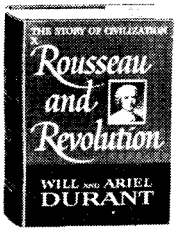

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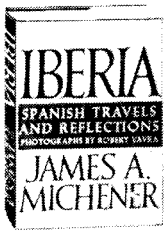

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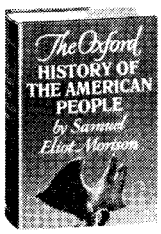

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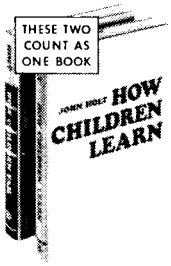

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CHILDREN FAIL *by*
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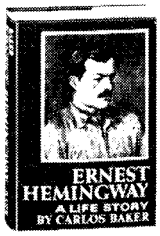

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A library-building plan every reading family should know about

THE EXPERIMENTAL MEMBERSHIP suggested here will not only prove, *by your own actual experience*, how effectually membership in the Book-of-the-Mo[nth] can keep you from missi[ng] [ov]ersight or over- busy [fu]lly intend to re[ad] [no]te another j[oi]ndends. [Th]is- [pl]an, $480,000,000 worth of [bo]oks (retail value) has been earned [an]d delivered by Book-of-the-Month [Cl]ubs.

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—ARNOLD M. AUERBACH
SR/NOVEMBER 22, 1969

the maddest dada in the Easter Parade.
and, with the aid of a few pins, I'll be
[Bring Out your day, I won't be caught
[Dre]ie-Breast

NTH CLUB, INC.
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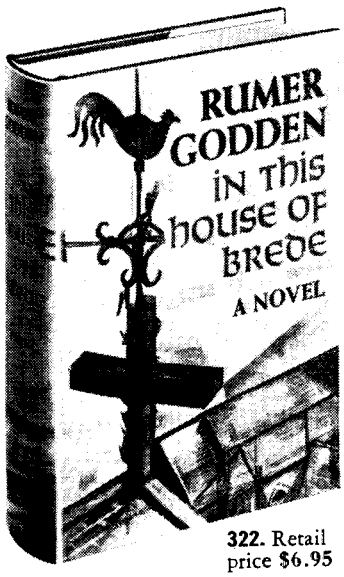

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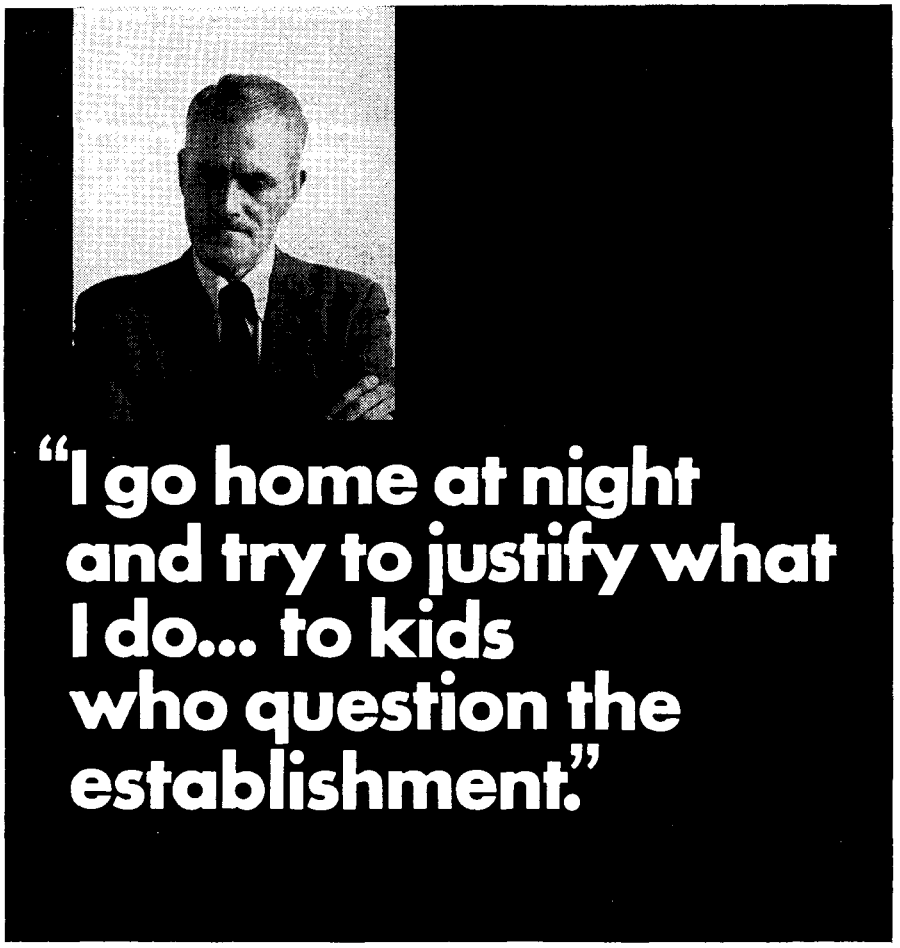

A research director in one of the country's leading pharmaceutical companies speaks his mind . . . and asks you to speak yours.

You're part of the establishment, my kids tell me. Your company makes profits from sick people while you sit in the laboratory doing research of doubtful value.

That's tough to take. And I read and hear the same things occasionally in the papers, the best magazines, on TV. Now and again I'm inclined to wonder why I'm in this business . . . until I'm back at the bench, mulling over a new structure that one of our scientific teams created. After thousands of steps and many years of faltering progress, we've been able to recreate in the lab what nature does daily, in an instant, in your body . . . simply and beautifully. We've managed to get a look deep inside a molecule and discover a nuance of life . . .

Our discovery may someday help eliminate genetic defects, or it may even open avenues to whole new concepts of therapy.

I feel sure that I spent those years usefully. My industry, employing some 20,000 scientists and research people, and using its income from sales to finance more than half a billion dollars in research and development each year, has, by and large, used that money well. We are also accepting the smallest percentage (1.5) of government research money of any major industry.

Our efforts have been extraordinarily productive. Of 528 new drugs originated in the U.S. from 1940 to 1968, about 90 percent came from pharmaceutical industry laboratories.

I'm proud of that record . . . It is good evidence that our system, by holding out the prospect of appropriate rewards for innovations in medicine, can function efficiently to meet the needs of people . . . I can't imagine anything more worthwhile.

Another point of view . . . Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, 1155 Fifteenth St. N.W., Washington D.

whole thing that night while studying for a geology midterm. The shirts I wore anyway, yellow stains and all. I doubt if anyone noticed. Some of my friends didn't wear shirts at all. They didn't have any. —RICHARD L. TOBIN.

An Out-of-Fashion Plate Tells All

I HAVE a dilemma: whenever I buy single-breasted suits, they immediately go out of style and double-breasteds come in. Also vice versa. Thus, sartorially speaking, I always find myself either too amply endowed or pathetically flat-chested.

The reason is clear. Somewhere—perhaps in a plush *appartamento* above the Via Veneto, or, more likely, in a loft building on Seventh Avenue—sits the cabal of master stylists who dictate fashion trends. I picture them—thin-lipped, cold-eyed behind their dark glasses—peering through their radarscopes as I enter a shop to buy my biennial navy-blue worsted.

As the purchase is completed, the sales tax scored up, and my charge-a-plate stamped, they smile and nod to one another. Mr. Big flicks a switch and whispers the words: *"Change over!"* And there I stand, my *poitrine* encased in an obsolete, already shopworn garment, once more hopelessly *démodé*.

Some years ago I tried foiling this plot. My jackets were all double-breasted, but I felt the winds of change rustling through my lapels. So I played it smart. Instead of buying new suits, I took the old ones to a tailor and submitted them to surgery. The herringbone lapels were removed, and, after a short convalescence, the suits were walking around again, as good as new.

But the mob was ahead of me. Reading my double-cross, they double-crossed *me*. That year, and for five years thereafter, there was no style change. Double-breasteds remained stubbornly in, leaving me to squirm uneasily in single-finned dowdiness.

To make matters worse, the scheme cost us a valued maid. One morning, when the girl approached the closet where I'd thriftily stored my severed swatches, I said, "Don't bother dusting that upper shelf. That's where I keep my breasts." Naturally the girl ran screaming from the house.

Today, affluent but insecure, I own a few jackets of each persuasion. In addition, my old breasts are still in the closet, ready for the morning the mob decrees the Picasso Look. ("Men! P
Chic! Be Cubistic! Go *Trie*
ed!")

Comes the
nap

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COINTREAU

LIQUEUR SPÉCIALITÉ 80 Proof. Produced and Bottled by Cointreau Ltd., Lawrenceville, New Jersey

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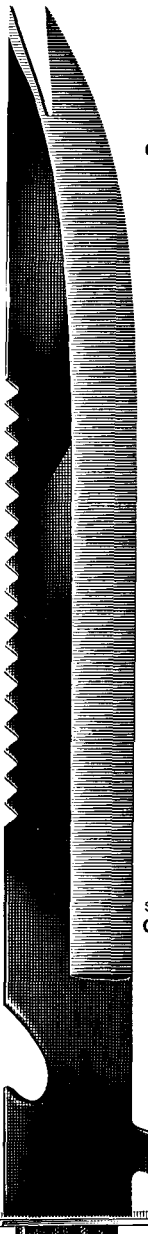


Super-stitious?

In our most compulsive desire to make new friends we had decided to **give away** a whole truckload of **MACK THE KNIFE** . . . masterpiece of Vulcan's art. At home in kitchen, glove compartment or on a camping trip, self-appointed experts have nominated versatile **MACK** "Knife Of The Year." But, alas, our generous impulse was thwarted by one of our superstitious supernumeraries who officiously insisted that giving away a knife is very bad luck and in order not to kill an incipient friendship (and to ward off the "evil eye") we should assess a token charge! Reluctantly giving in to this troglodyte we agreed to charge **$1 for "MACK,"** (although he lists for $4.95 in our catalog). AND—that isn't all. For that same $1 we'll also send you our **COLOR-FULL CATALOG** (which many call "America's Most Exciting Wish Book") **AND—A $2 GIFT CERTIFICATE** (good for your first purchase). If you think this is an unusual offer you're right. Better take advantage of it before our accountant returns from vacation and reads us the Riot Act!

☐ Yes, I simply can't resist your amazing offer. Here is my $1 bill. (No checks please, they drive our bankers mad!) Rush me **"MACK", MULTI-PURPOSE KNIFE** (slicer, serrated slicer, beer can opener and from-the-jar pickle snatcher,) **COLOR-FULL CATALOG AND $2 GIFT CERTIFICATE.**

SR-1122

NAME:

ADDRESS:

ZIP:

haverhill's

Dept. "Mack", 582 Washington
San Francisco, Ca. 94111

Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

The Cyclamate Cyclone Climate

THESE DAYS, everything that goes to your neighborhood grocer and pharmacist is delivered fresh from under the microscope of your neighborhood scientist and is spelled out in fine type on the package label.

Going into a supermarket is like going into a library. Most of my reading time is spent learning that Biz does what Duz used to do and doesn't do any more, but on the other hand Tide with K soaks out stains as it washes out dirt. Or do you prefer Axion with enzymes?

My personal preference is for the old days when we were simply told that Ivory soap was 99 and 44/100 per cent pure. It still says so on the label. But in this climate of over-motherly consumer protection by the Food and Drug Administration and by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, you can bet two bars of Ivory to one that somebody someday is going to start an investigation of what's contained in that other 56/100 per cent.

Look what happened when some scientist who had finished reading his moon rocks started looking around for some new kind of rain to shower down on our parade to the supermarkets. He came across the word "cyclamate" that's what happened.

"This is it!" the scientist said with a saccharine smile.

And before we knew it, he had trapped himself a mouse, locked himself in a laboratory, spoon-fed the mouse 300 bottles of a diet drink, and, when the belching had died down, suddenly all our favorite soft drinks were pronounced unsafe, untouchable, and practically un-American.

In one week, it was as if a cyclone had torn through all the grocery stores in the nation, and millions of bottles of vintage pop went flying off the shelves before anybody could open one, pour a drink, and say, "Here's to your health."

It was a bitter pill to swallow. They sugar-coated it with promises that, if we didn't eat, drink, or wear cyclamate, we would all live long enough to enjoy Medicare. In one week the Cyclamate Plague was over and out—a sharp rise upward in scientific progress from the Three-Week Cold Epidemic, the Eight-Week Hong Kong Flu Scourge, and certainly a misery we can live with more comfortably than the Seven-Year Itch.

Now we don't have to worry any more about finding "cyclamate" on the labels of any future bottles of diet drinks. Unless, perhaps, one day some mouse in some laboratory begins to complain that carbonated water makes him logy, and that he becomes nauseated at the very sight of cheese. And if a little mouse won't eat cheese, it doesn't rain in Indianapolis in the summertime.

If you think reading labels on bottles and packages is time-consuming and confusing, take a look at the labels on people. This month in New York City there was an election for the office of mayor. There were three candidates. John Lindsay was labeled "Liberal-Independent." Mario Procaccino was labeled "Democratic-Non-Partisan." And John Marchi's label read "Republican-Conservative."

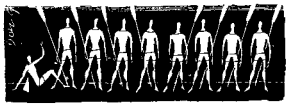
When the country first began electing Presidents, a candidate was either "Federalist" or "Non-Federalist." Years later the labels were either "Republican" or "Democrat." It was when the splinter parties began making inroads on the electorate and candidates began promising to be all things to all voters that hyphens started to appear on their labels. Today, just reading a candidate's campaign button is like going into a library.

The average voter finally comes to the conclusion, as he did in this New York election, that he will vote for "the lesser of three evils." (That's the conclusion of the average voter who doesn't know that "lesser" is the comparative "between only two evils." But we do, don't we?)

However, you can't fool all the people all the time. And one election day, the candidates will have to be more definite. Which will bring on many more hyphens. Such as:

"John Smith, Liberal-Independent-but-Willing to Play Footsie-With-Conservative - Socialists - on - Non - Partisan-Basis." Or "Joe Blow, Democrat-Non - Partisan - for - Law - and - Order - and-Peace-on-Earth-Except-Vietnam."

That will be the day when all of us little mice who have suffered through months of hyphenated campaigning will have become too logy to go to the polls to vote, and too nauseated from having watched the candidates on TV trying desperately to smile by saying "cheese."



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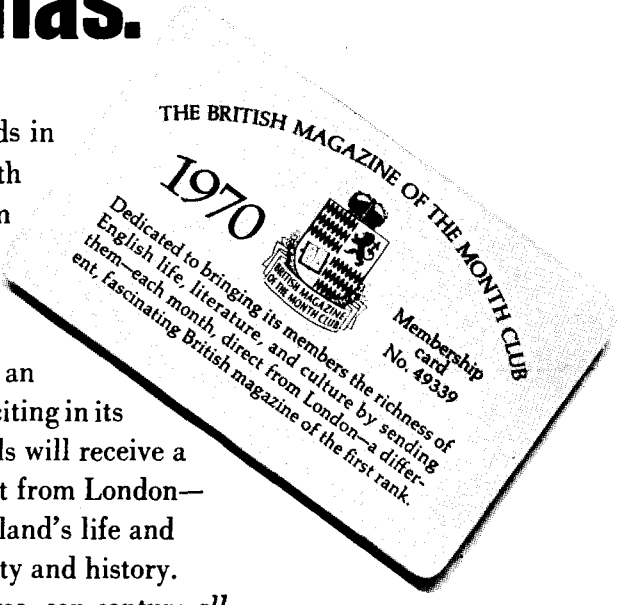
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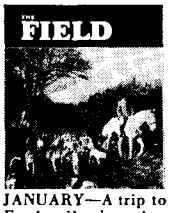

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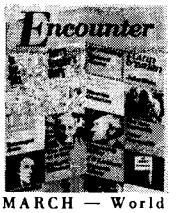

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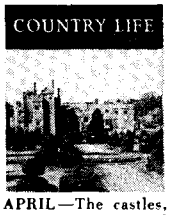

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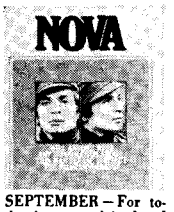
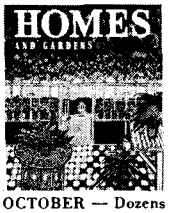
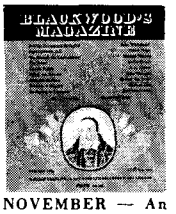


SEPTEMBER—For today's new kind of woman: a magazine that examines latest trends with candor.



OCTOBER — Dozens of distinctive home decorating ideas, all marked by impeccable British taste.



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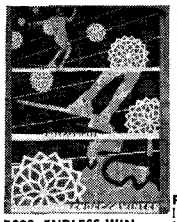

P238. ENDLESS WINTER. Ski bum paradise in blinding dayglo red, chartreuse, blue & white. 29" x 41". *Only* **1.98**

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P294. TIMOTHY LEARY for GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA. Silkscreen dayglo greens, cerise, blue, brown. 20"x28". *Only* **1.98**

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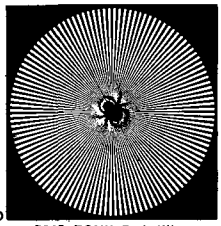
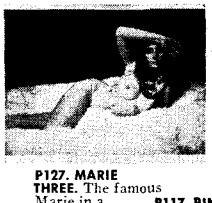
P147. Hug: LION'S HEAD *On Canvas:* in brown tones and yellows. 22"x 28". *Only* **5.95**



P963. ZONK. In brilliant dayglo colors on black. 39½" square. *Only* **2.49**

P146. Hug: LEOPARD. *On Canvas*— a leopard in repose, lithographed in brown tones and yellows. 28" x 22". *Only* **5.95**



P127. MARIE THREE. The famous Marie in a Recamier pose—clad in Saran Wrap; in full color. 42"x 29½". *Only* **1.98**

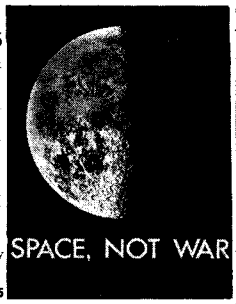
P117. PINK LADY. In dayglo pinks and burnt orange. 20¼" x 31¼". *Only* **1.98**

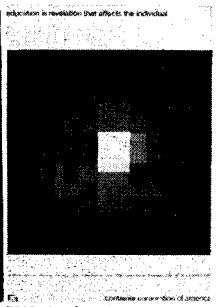
P110. Thoreau: ON INDIVIDUALITY. Painting by Hazard Durfee with greens predominating. 30" x 45". *Only* **3.95**

P876. MARIE. Photograph in full color— 29¼" x 52½". *Only* **1.98**

P676. OSAKA EXPO '70 POSTER. Chrysanthemum in bronze-gold with red center on black background. 29¼"x 42". *Special* **1.98**

P111. Faulkner: "I BELIEVE . . . that man will not merely endure/he will prevail/ . . ." 30" x 45" *Only* **3.95**





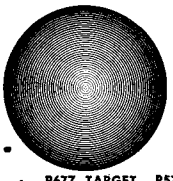
P215. SPACE, NOT WAR. Superbly detailed moon photo in black and white. 16" x 21". *Only* **1.00**

P109. Lessing: "EDUCATION IS REVELATION THAT AFFECTS THE INDIVIDUAL." Purples, reds, grays, yellow & white center. 30" x 45". *Only* **3.95**

P962. MORE MARIE. In full color on coated stock. 29½" x 42½" *Only* **1.98**

P775. KISS A TOAD TONIGHT. Toad in reds on olive green background. 25½" x 25½". *Special* **1.49**

P794. You don't have to be Jewish to love Levy's. The Levy's Rye Bread poster is now a full-fledged classic. Full Color; 30" x 45". *Only* **3.95**



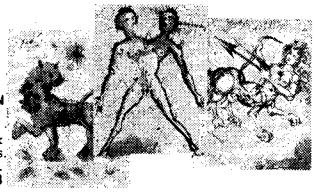
P677. TARGET. *HUGE* in blinding red, yellow, black and white. 40" x 40". *Special* **1.98**

P570. Toulouse-Lautrec: ARISTIDE BRUANT. Collotype in black, green and a subdued orange on a cream background. 20"x 28". *Special* **1.00**

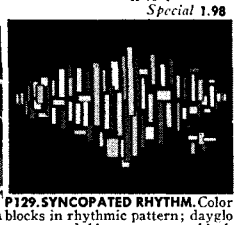
P880. BRIGITTE BARDOT. In Full Color—Bardot in necklace, golden hair, and water. 29½" x 42¼". *Only* **1.00**

P667. ENDLESS SUMMER. Iridescent hues of fuchsia, orange and mango with figures in black. 29¼" x 40". *Special* **1.98**

P737. Picasso: DON QUIXOTE. *On Artists' Canvas*— silkscreen in black on white canvas. 20" x 24". *Special* **2.98**



P187. GRETA. Painted lady motorcyclist athwart a Los Borrachos M.C. rod; full color. 42" x 29". *Only* **1.98**



P129. SYNCOPATED RHYTHM. Color blocks in rhythmic pattern; dayglo greens, red, blue, orange, on black. 29" x 23". *Only* **1.98**

P130. TOM THUMB Dayglo greens, reds & yellows on a blue background. 21" x 27". *Special* **1.98**

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P240. U&I. Dayglo burntorange, rose, cerise, chartreuse on matte black. 25" x 29". *Only* **1.98**

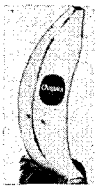
P242. WE SHALL OVERCOME. Matte black fist & rifle, black lettering, dayglo cerise & green circles on chartreuse. 28" square. *Only* **1.49**

P793. WANDA EMBRY. In full, delicious color, life like! and life size! 12" x 63". *Only* **4.95**

P301. Dali: SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC—12 Plate Portfolio. Reproduced in *eight* colors. Incredibly imaginative, each a masterpiece. Each 14" x 18". *Portfolio of 12, Only* **9.95**

P665. Klee: SENECIO. Hues of red, pink, yellow, cream and burnt orange. 15¾" x 17". *Only* **2.98**

P666. CHIQUITA BANANA. In ripe banana yellow. 19" x a 48¾" banana high. *Special* **1.00**



P788. SUPPOSE THEY GAVE A WAR—AND NOBODY CAME. Silkscreen in black and dayglo red. 25" x 38". *Special* **4.95**

P572. Toulouse-Lautrec: JANE AVRIL. Collotype in shades of green, yellow, subdued orange and gray. 20" x 28" on heavy stock. *Special* **1.00**

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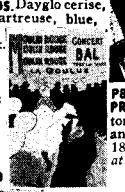

P571. Toulouse-Lautrec: MOULIN ROUGE. Collotype in shades of green, yellow, black and subdued orange. 20" x 28" on heavy stock. *Special* **1.00**

P837. Chagall: THE PRAYING JEW. In dark tones, icy blue-white, and yellow-green; 18¼" x 24". *Pub at $7.50. Only* **2.98**

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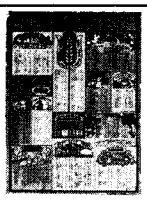

P175. CALORY GUIDE POSTER. 350 food and beverage items in several bright, attractive colors. 21" x 29". *Only* **1.98**

P871. Lorin Gillette: LOVE. Couple embracing against a background of sea and sand. 17¼" x 21½". *Only* **1.98**

P858. Ben Shahn: YOU HAVE NOT CONVERTED A MAN BECAUSE YOU HAVE SILENCED HIM. Black & brown on white. 30"x 45". *Only* **3.95**

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P115. CAT. In flaming dayglo green against dayglo cerise and orange background, 20¼" x 30" *Only* **1.98**

P193. THE DIFFERENT DRUMMER. Poster for the famous NYC clothing store après Rubens' Rape of the Sabine Women; reds, blues, browns. 22½" x 35". *Only* **1.98**

P233. LED ZEPPELIN— Atlanta Pop Festival. Dayglo red, orange & green on matte black. 21" x 30" *Only* **1.98**

P114. SPHERES. Vivid dayglo red, orange, and green spheres on a matte black background. 19" x 31". *Only* **1.98**

P190. HAVE YOU HAD YOUR PILL TODAY. Uncle Sam on the population explosion; black on white. 23" x 29". *Only* **1.98**

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P245. LA LUTTE CONTINUE. French student poster in dayglo red on white. 26" x 41". *Only* **1.49**

P986. LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR: Lily Pons' "Met" Debut, with Gigli, De Luca, Pinza. 12" x 16". *Only* **1.00**

P305. PEACE-GOODWILL. Doré in *Dayglo* silkscreened in blinding cerise, orange and green. 27" x 21". *Only* **1.98**

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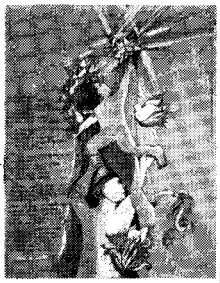

P157. PEACE ON EARTH. A young man's questions, with him since childhood, go unanswered, when he falls before an enemy bullet—shades of red & brown. 19" x 24". *Only* **1.98**

P282. SIX FOOT JOINT. A mighty six foot trip in shades of yellow and gray. 24" x 6 feet. *Only* **1.98**

P840. Andrew Wyeth: CHRISTINA'S WORLD. Magnificent collotype from the Museum of Modern Art: harvest colors on fine art stock. 28½" x 40". *Only* **7.49**

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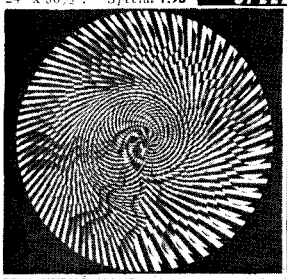

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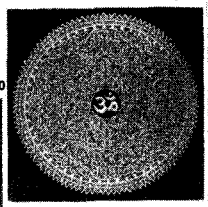

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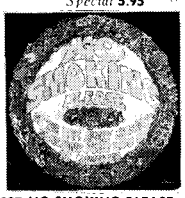

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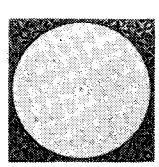

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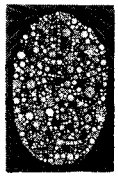

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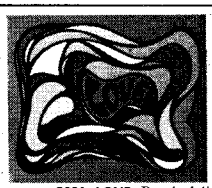

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Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

Thank God It's Friday:

JAW: Here's a poem by a twelve-year-old.

JC: By a twelve-year-old what?

JAW: A twelve-year-old girl.

JC: Send it back.

JAW: She's the daughter of my periodontist.

JC: Charge him thirty dollars for a consultation fee.

JAW: The poem is really rather sweet.

JC: All twelve-year-old girls are rather sweet, even the daughters of periodontists.

JAW: But it's cruel not to look at it.

JC: I *have* looked at it.

JAW: But it just came in. I just opened the envelope.

JC: A new envelope I can believe, but the poem did not just come in. It came in yesterday, and last year, and ten years ago, and forty years ago to the *Dial*, and fifty years ago to *Liberty*, and a hundred years ago to the *Atlantic*, and two thousand plus years ago to the *Greek Anthology*, and thirty thousand years ago to the *Stone Age Gazette*.

JAW: Isn't that quite a lot for one twelve-year-old girl child?

JC: This, baby, is the poetry department; don't be literal. I am talking about twelve-year-old girls as an eternal, sweet principle eternally subject to eternal limitations that eternally exclude them from this magazine.

JAW: You're being cynical.

JC: A cynic, I take it, is an evil boss who hires a compassionate secretary to bring into the office the tenderness of *argumentum ad hominem*.

JAW: But what if the poem is good?

JC: Twelve-year-olds do not write good poems.

JAW: Wait a minute—didn't you once review a book by a twelve-year-old girl?

JC: She was an eight-year-old. Minou Drouet. The book, translated from the French, was called *First Poems*. The child had swallowed French Romantic poetry whole and proceeded to work it into all sorts of recombinations.

JAW: Didn't you say it was astonishing?

JC: As Sam Johnson once said in another context: When a dog walks on its hind legs, we do not ask that it be done well, we are astonished that it should be tried at all. That's a misquote.

JAW: You're being professional again.

JC: An arrested but chronic condition not relevant to twelve-year-old girls.

JAW: Shall I send her a note?

JC: Please do.

JAW: What shall I say?

JC: Who is sending this note?

JAW: Well, I will. But what shall I say?

JC: Tell her all doggies grow old, all snowmen melt, all alert mommies serve Goodman's chicken noodle soup; and that all the world rejoices when little girls love their doggies, play with their snowmen, eat their soup, brush their teeth, and dream sweet dreams.

JAW: This poem is about a cat.

JC: Tell her I had a cat once, that it used to look at me the way her cat looks at her, and that I, too, thought about how far away it was thinking.

JAW: Why that's what her poem is about!

JC: That's one of the things her poems have always been about. Give me the first rhyme word.

JAW: From line one?

JC: That should do for a start.

JAW: "Cat."

JC: It rhymes with "fat" in the mysterious-eye poem; with "rat" in the where-does-she-go-at-night poem.

JAW: It's "fat."

JC: What's the next rhyme?

JAW: "Dream."

JC: Always rhymes with "cream." The cream is being, has been, or is about to be licked.

JAW: Well, what shall I write her?

JC: We do have a polite, blankly bland, and entirely sufficient rejection slip.

JAW: But this is a twelve-year-old girl!

JC: I can't, obviously, be entirely sufficient to twelve-year-old girls. What's wrong with being polite and blankly bland to them?

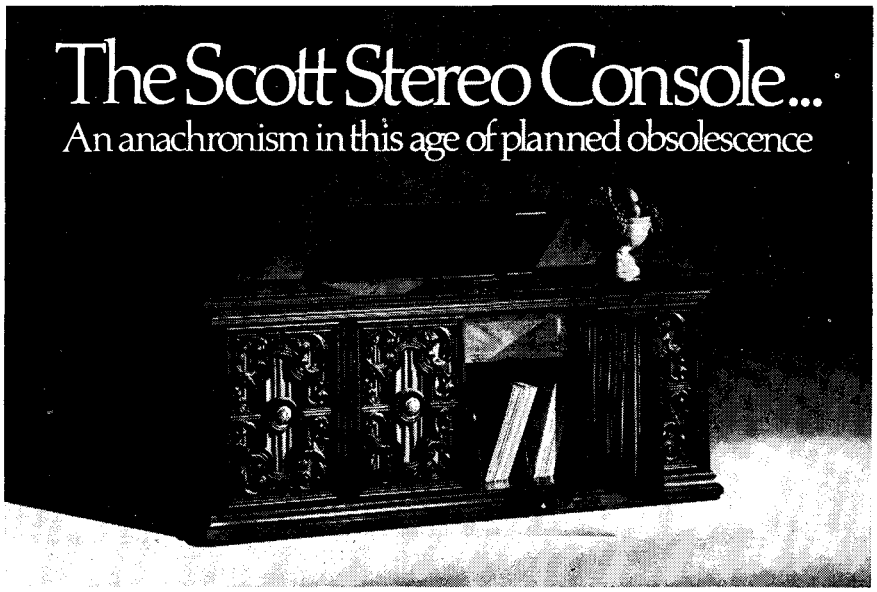
JAW: Oh, come on. Be nice to her.

JC: Very well. Take a letter.

Dear Blank:

I once knew a woman who had three cats she named Shirley, Goodness, and Mercy because they would follow after all the days of her life. I had a cat once but it went off and never came back.

I am glad you have a cat with far-away eyes and that you are having fun with poetry. Do you like poetry enough to practice it hard for the next twenty years? The people whose poems we publish have all practiced for a



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long time. We are that sort of magazine.

Your poem is sweet, but I am sure you could make it better if you worked hard at it and made sure every word was exactly right.

Thank you for letting me see it. Please pat your cat for me.

Your friend,

JAW: Now *that* is sweet!

JC: Anything for a new experience. You're fired.

JAW: What?

JC: All right, you're rehired—but without seniority. What's next?

JAW: There's a minister from Sheboygan who wants to know if you can identify the poem that contains the line: "I know the night is comin' when the twilight starts to thicken."

JC: A shrewd observation. Tell him it's "When Twilight Starts" by John Doe Warrant.

JAW: You mean you know it?

JC: Certainly. It goes:

I know the night is comin' when the
twilight starts to thicken,
When the first star, like my soul's cry,
winks its candle up above,
And my poor heart, like a new wound
watch, begins its happy tickin'
Till its two hands close forever on the
midnight of my love.

JAW: How *do* you remember such things?

JC: Who's remembering? I just made it up for him.

JAW: But you're misleading the man!

JC: Miss White, it is impossible to mislead a man who is looking for a poem that contains the line, "I know the night is comin' when the twilight starts to thicken." Take that as a quote from a man headed for the nearest bar.

JAW: Are you leaving?

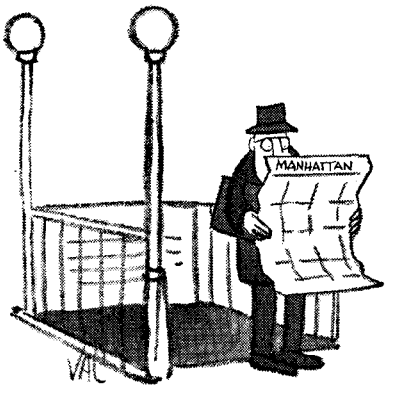
JC: Since *you* won't stay fired, *I* am quitting. Good-by.

JAW: Will you be in Monday?

JC: I suppose so.

JAW: Have a good weekend.

JC: Thank you. The same to you.



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Trade Winds

Jerome Beatty, Jr.

A story out of Ashland, Kentucky, last month aroused my interest. Apparently mountain families are still having feuds, but even though they don't use firearms the results can still be lethal. A teenager named Billy Jo Stone deliberately drove his jalopy into a car driven by his traditional enemies, Fred Boyd and his Uncle Rufus, killing one and sending the other to the hospital, where he lingers near death. I guess it was a case of killing two Boyds with one Stone.

From Geneva, Elinor Kamath relates that, on the 8 p.m. television news there on September 1, there was a background story on General Westmoreland, who was about to pay a visit to Switzerland. According to the newscaster, he "attended and was a graduate of that famous military school Fort Knox."

In the heyday of the motion picture business one of its most powerful men was Winfield R. Sheehan, who was in charge of production for the world-wide Fox film empire. In his biography of William Fox, *The Greatest Fox of Them All* (Stuart), Glendon Allvine tells how Sheehan, the discoverer of great talent, such as Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, once tried to manufacture it to his own specifications. On a walk through Central Park, Sheehan dreamed up "Dixie Lee" as the perfect name for a movie star. It was short, sweet, memorable, and would look good in lights. He then decided that the type to go with this ideal moniker had to be a red-headed blues singer, and he ordered Allvine, a Fox executive, to find one.

Allvine put an ad in the *Daily News* calling for blues singers with red hair to audition at the Globe Theater (now the Lunt-Fontanne). Sixty girls showed up—some whose hair had turned red very quickly—and sang the blues. Allvine didn't see much genuine talent, but finally settled on a young girl he liked. Although her name was Wilma Wyatt, she agreed that for $100 a week she would gladly change it to Dixie Lee. She was signed up and sent to Hollywood, where the studio began to turn her into a big star. In her first movie, she had a small part singing with Paul Whiteman's band. Sheehan found out two things. One was that Dixie Lee couldn't sing and would have to take voice lessons. The other was that she was getting serious about a male vocalist in the Whiteman band. She never took the lessons, married the vocalist, and became Mrs. Bing Crosby. A star wasn't born.

There are three self-service elevators in Belgrade's modern, fancy Hotel Slavija. Directions are given in Serb, French, and English. Roland V. Layton, Jr., of the faculty of Ohio's Hiram College copied the English instructions exactly (including a questionable question mark) and sent them to me:

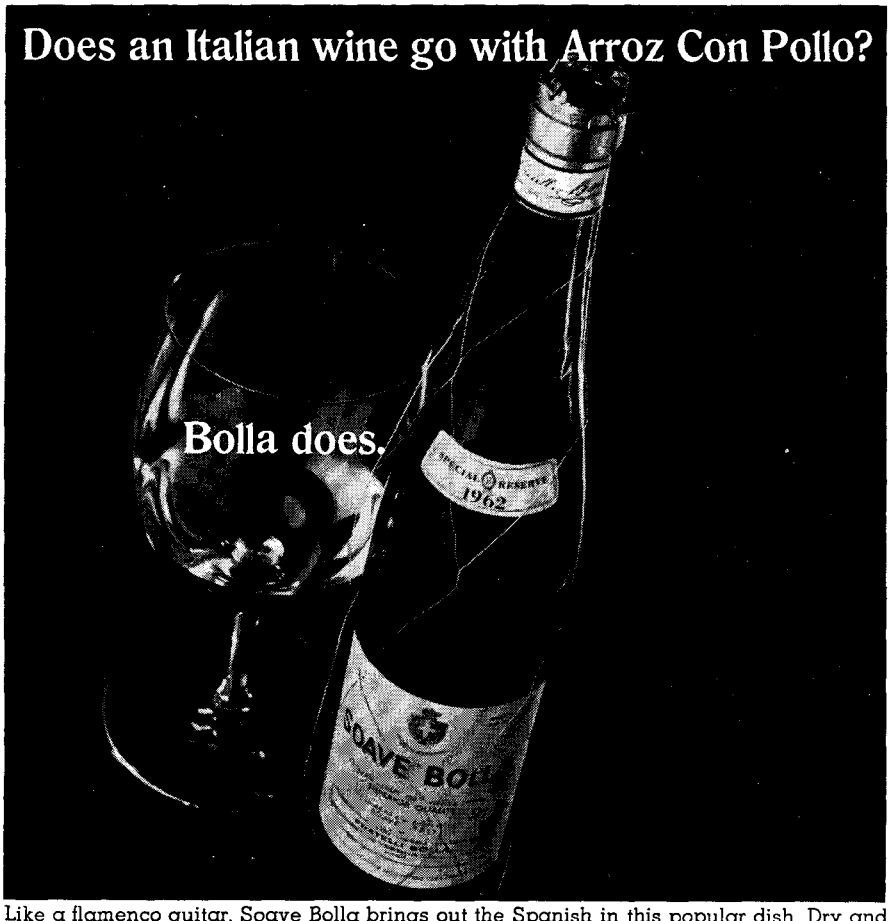
First elevator: "Eleveator call is make by pressing button of the wishing direction."

Second: "a) Please (?) press the button of the wanted floor in order to set in motion the lift. b) Button in pressid position means that the lift will stop at the wanted floor."

Third: "a) To move the cabin, push the button of the wishing floor. b) If the cabin enter more persons, each should press the button of the wishing floor. Driving is then going by natural order."

Back in the 1940s, George Frazier got to know John Steinbeck fairly well. In the November issue of *Esquire,* Frazier reminisces about what a contradictory guy Steinbeck was, pretending he didn't want fame, but actually desperately seeking to be praised and known. He used to ridicule Frazier's partiality toward the Cub Room at the Stork Club, where the famous folk hung out. Frazier, then entertainment editor of *Life* magazine, finally got Steinbeck into the Cub Room, and thereafter he loved the place, especially as he was always known there.

Then Steinbeck grew a beard be-



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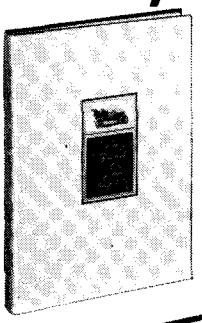

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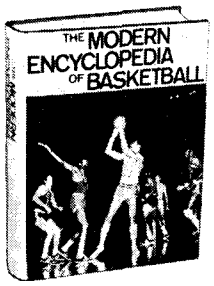

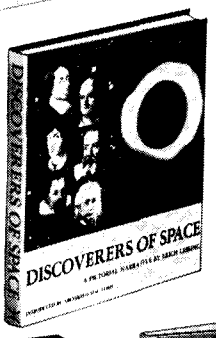

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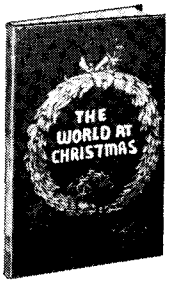

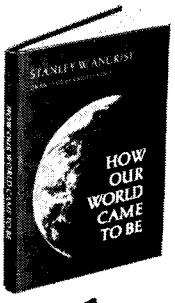

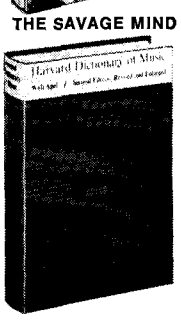

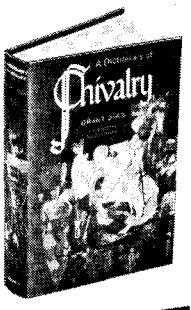

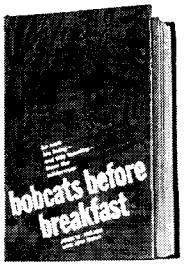

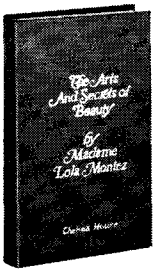

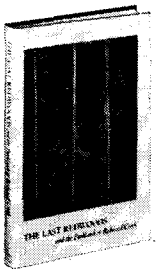

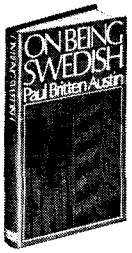

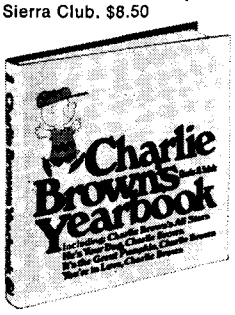

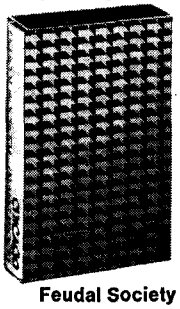

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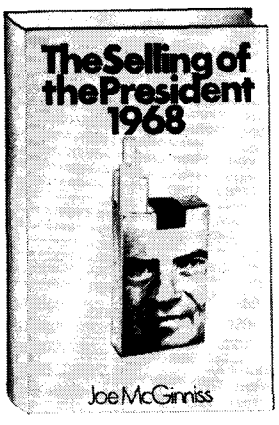

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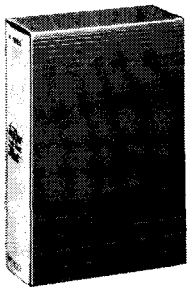

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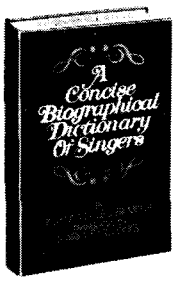

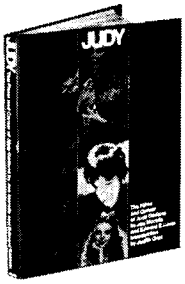

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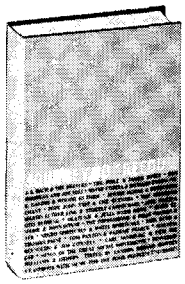

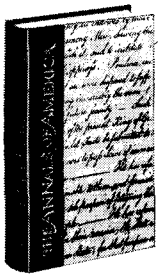

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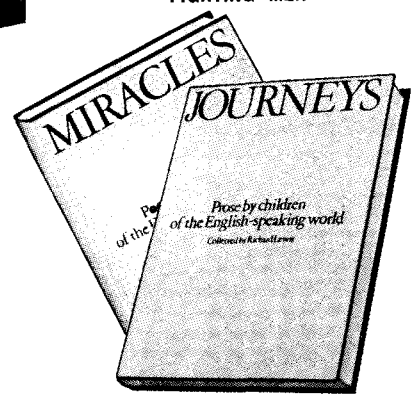

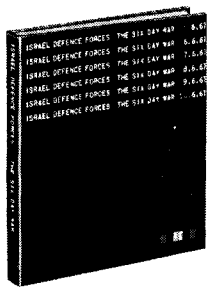

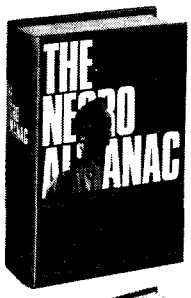

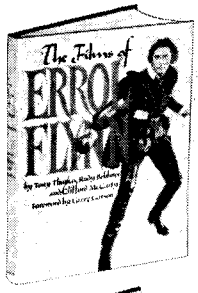

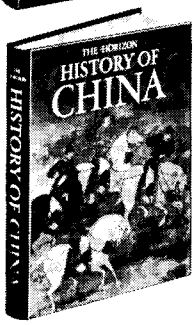

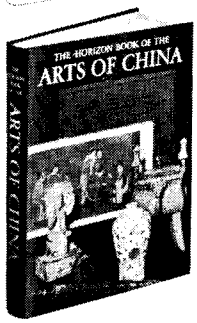

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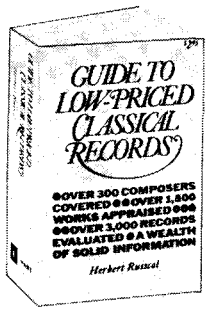
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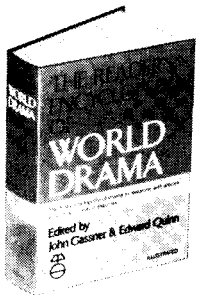

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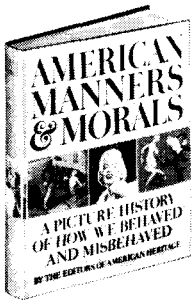

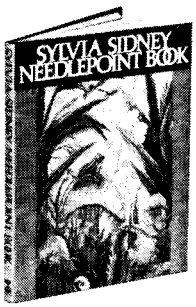

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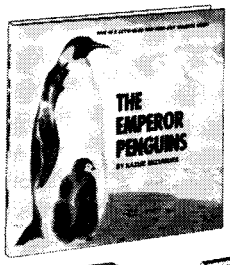

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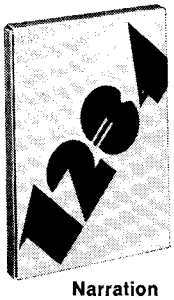

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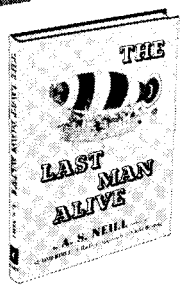

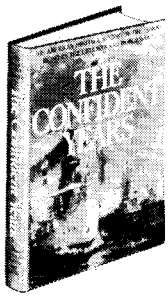

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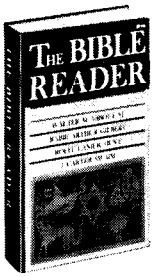

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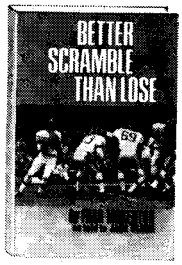

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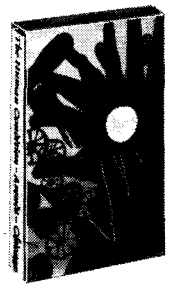

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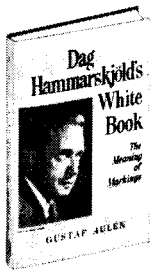

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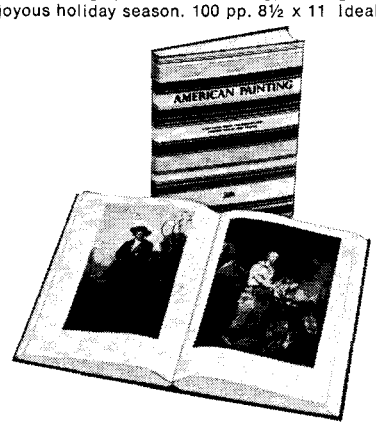

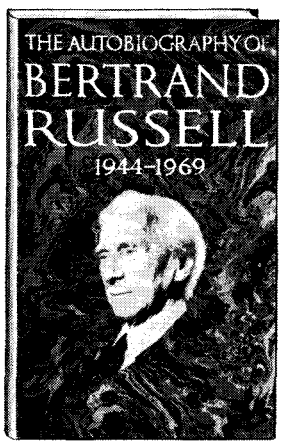

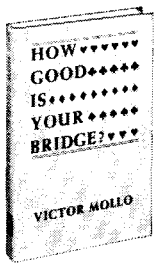

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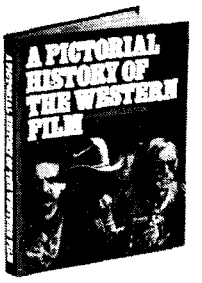

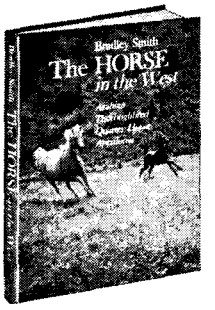

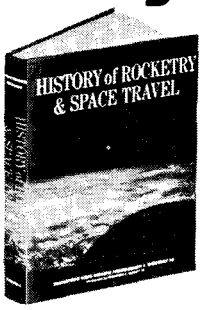

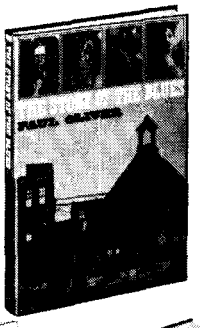

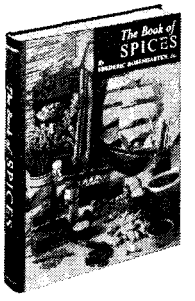

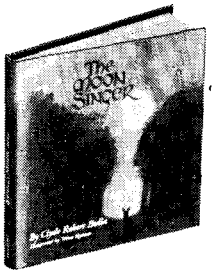

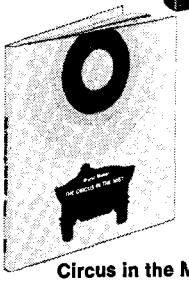

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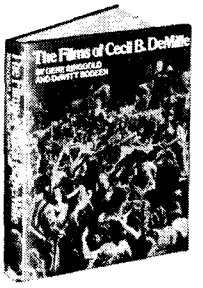

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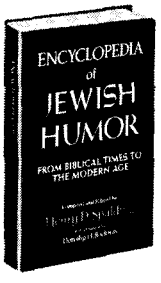

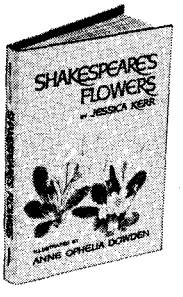

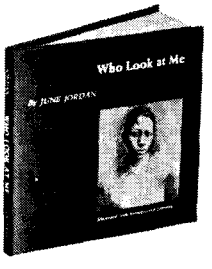

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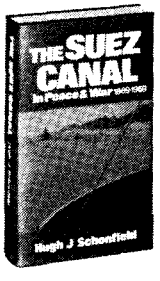

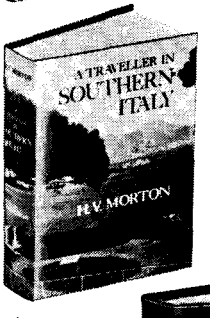

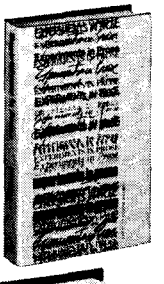

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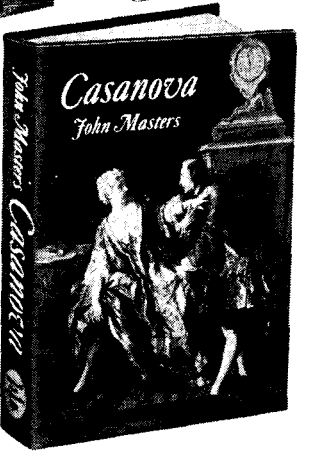

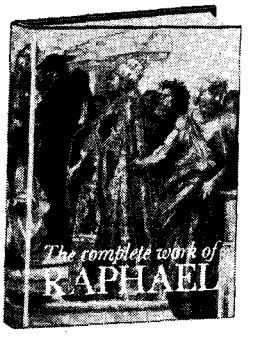

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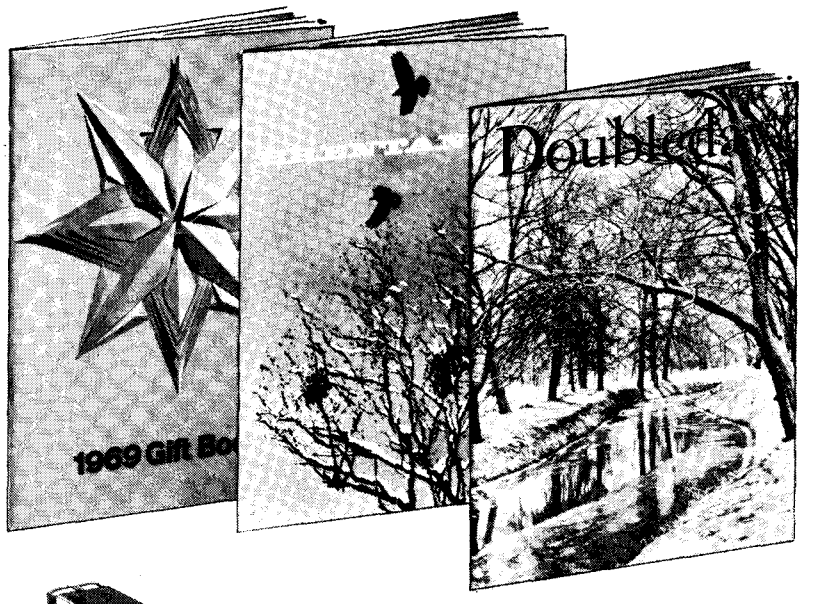

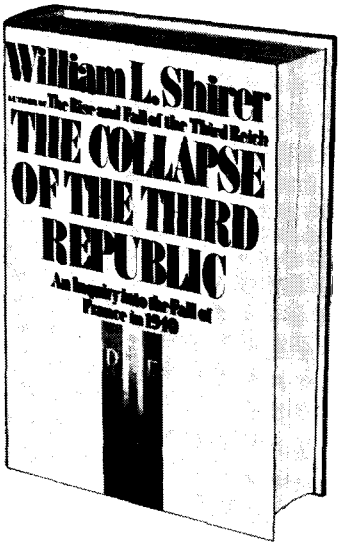

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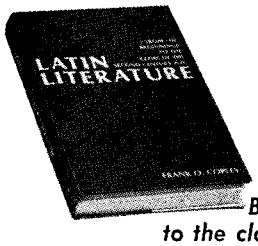

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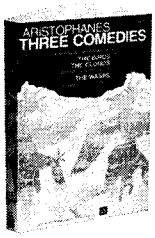

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cause, he claimed, he was being bothered by people who recognized him. One morning at 2 a.m. he phoned Frazier at home. "Damn it! They won't let me in the Stork. They say they don't know me. They claim John Steinbeck doesn't have a beard."

► **Sharps and Flats:** One New York publishing house really entered into the spirit of things by sending the following memo to staff members: "Employees who wish to support the spirit of Moratorium Day will be allowed to stop work from 11 a.m. to 11:15 a.m. on Wednesday, October 15. Those who are interested may listen to a broadcast by David Livingston and Senator Goodell at 11:50 a.m. on station WVNJ."

► David Goldman, reviewer for CBS radio, praised Liza Minnelli in *The Sterile Cuckoo* by saying, "Her performance must be seen to be appreciated." No kidding!

► Grayson Kirk, president emeritus of Columbia University, just sent a letter to the alumni requesting funds for the university to "ensure it's ability" to maintain high standards, etc.

► You'll probably be going to the movies the night of January 14, 1970. One million others will be, and you will all be watching the same film, Ely Landau's production of *King: A Filmed Record—Montgomery to Memphis.* Landau and others have arranged to have about 300 theaters around the country show the movie—the only time it will be exhibited in theaters—for a $5 admission fee. The entire proceeds will go into the Martin Luther King, Jr., Special Fund. That means that in one night conceivably $5-million in cash will materialize.

► In front of a house in Greenfield, Massachusetts: CAUTION—WILD CHILDREN.

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AMERICAN BUSINESS ABROAD

The New Industrial Revolution

■ American corporations abroad long have been a formidable force. In recent years, however, they have moved beyond their former status as purveyors of capital and conventional commerce and have been exporting a revolution—technological and managerial. Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, in *The American Challenge*, vividly portrayed the impact of this revolution on Europe. But, as *Fortune* noted later, Servan-Schreiber underemphasized the main point, which is "that business *everywhere* is outgrowing national boundaries." In short, an economic infrastructure is evolving that can provide the base for a true world political community.

In this special issue, prepared with the assistance of Alfred Balk, visiting editor of the *Columbia Journalism Review*, *SR* examines American corporations' role in this new era of multinational business.

In the first article, Judd Polk, director of program and studies for the U.S. Council of the International Chamber of Commerce, discusses "The Rise of World Corporations." Next, *Newsweek* Associate Editor William M. Reddig, Jr., reports on "The New Multinational Managers." The third article, by Raymond Vernon, addresses the question, "What Strategy for the Third World?" The author is professor of international trade and investment at the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration, and coordinator of its study series on "Multinational Enterprise and the Nation State." Finally, the new epoch's implications for monetary and trade policies are analyzed by Richard N. Gardner in "Hard Choices for the Embattled Dollar." The author is Henry L. Moses professor of law and international organization at Columbia. His book *Sterling-Dollar Diplomacy: The Origins and the Prospects of Our International Economic Order* recently was published by McGraw-Hill.

—THE EDITORS.

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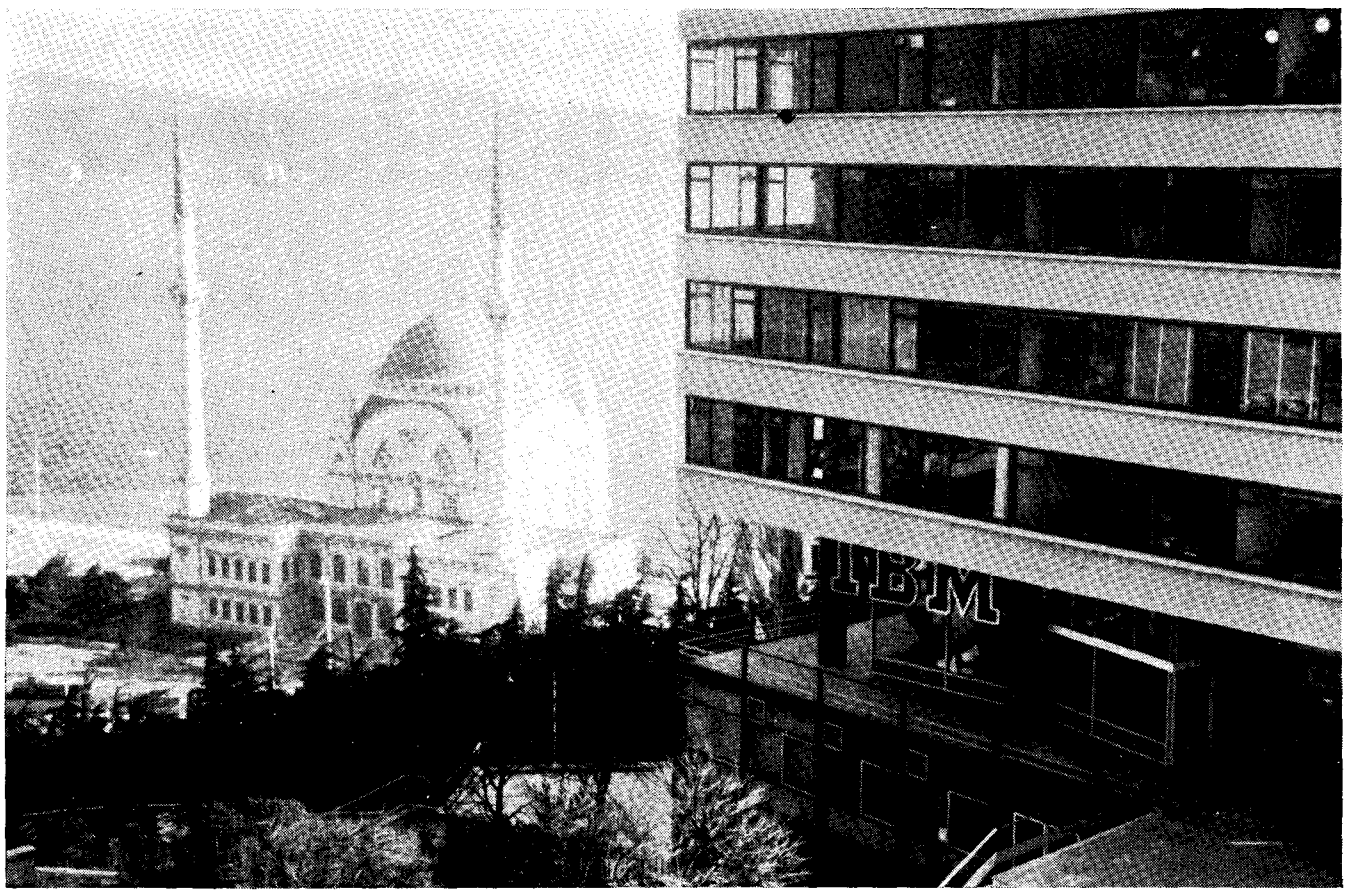
THE RISE OF WORLD CORPORATIONS



by JUDD POLK

Probably in the recollections of most people, foreign investment involves the early activities of the giant international oil companies and the drama of their long dispute over market-sharing. Memory particularly calls up the give-and-take about the extent of American company influence in foreign governments, and about companies' tendencies to operate abroad in ways foreclosed to them by law at home.

But memory of this early period serves us ill, for with the end of World War II came a metamorphosis. Investment abroad has taken on a substantially new revolutionary character, both in quantity and quality. It has given rise to distinctive new methods of management, marketing, and production—indeed, new ways of living. In these respects, the changes already wrought and implicit for the future are easily of comparable sweep to those of the Industrial Revolution some two centuries ago. The ultimate revolutionary impact of this investment will lie in distribution of bases of production throughout the world. The establisher of these bases—and therefore of the world economy—is the multinational company, or international company, or world company.

Some scholars define a world company as one whose foreign sales have reached a ratio of, say, 25 per cent of total sales. Some find the definition in organization, i.e., a company that has global product divisions rather than an international division. Others look to the distribution of ownership, or nationality mix of managers or directors. All of these are partially helpful but fall short of providing a complete description. If one is pressed, the best that can be done is to fall back on the Cartesian ball of wax: A company thinks world-wide; therefore it is a world company. It sees the world as one market and mobilizes its resources —capital, management, technology— to optimize its position everywhere.

It is impossible to say how many companies fall into this general category. A rough estimate of about 150, half of which are U.S.-based, is usually used. But this or any other figure depends on the rigor of the definitions employed. For all production and trade are merely alternate methods for reaching a given market. Thus, any roster of world companies would include such diverse enterprises as Unilever (Britain), Royal Dutch Shell (the Netherlands), Volkswagen (West Germany), Fiat (Italy), Sony (Japan), Nestlé (Switzerland), and, among others, the U.S. firms listed on page 51.

About $400-billion worth of goods are currently produced under international investment, and about half of this is U.S.-originated. Over the past two decades this international investment and its output have been growing about twice as fast as world Gross National Product. By the end of this century, if the growth of world GNP continues at the pace of the 1960s and output associated with international

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investment maintains its faster rate, the world economy will be more than half internationalized. If this seems surprising, it is only because we have been so embroiled in the production of our nationally defined economies that we have failed to notice the international trend of the past twenty years.

In this light the twenty-year economic miracles of Germany and Japan —miracles of growth and production —pale. Given nurturing, even the hundred-year miracle of the United States may be rivaled. For this international production is not just an external linking of national economies; it is a bonding process that has forged a world economy, incipient still but growing rapidly and probably irrevocably.

Consider the U.S. foreign investment pattern. In 1950, total U.S. investment abroad was far from insignificant at $32-billion. After eighteen years of growth at 10 per cent a year, it stood at $146-billion and, extrapolating into 1969, it now is probably about $155-billion. From available information on the relationship of asset values to sales, it is possible to infer a value of our output abroad exceeding $200-billion.

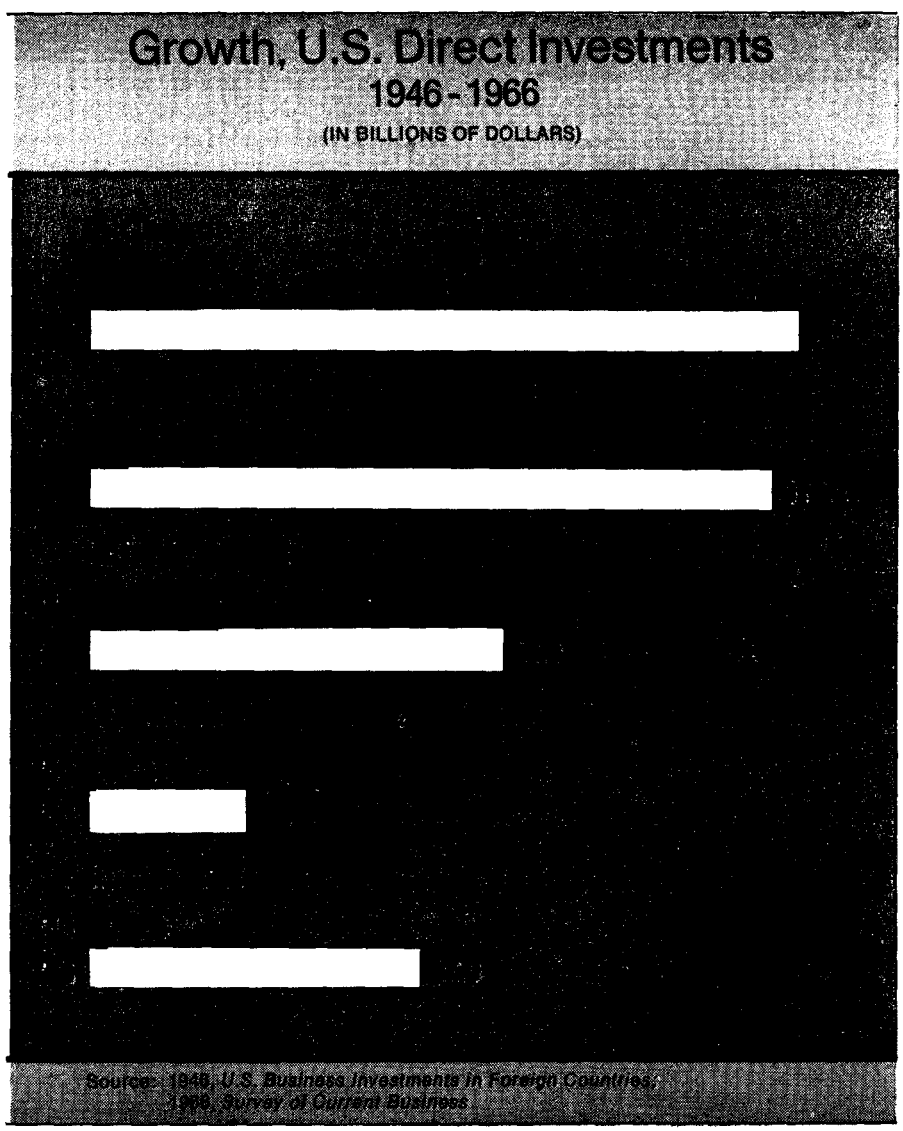
About a third of U.S. production abroad is in Canada, a third in Europe, and a third elsewhere. (About a tenth of this investment is in the United Kingdom, most of this new (in the 1960s.) By industrial classification, about a third is manufacturing, a third is oil, and a third all other. A substantial amount—about 30 per cent—is in the less-developed countries, a sizable portion of this in oil investment.

The total equals 20 per cent of our domestic production, or 10 per cent of the aggregate product of the noncommunist economies of the world, including ours, and it exceeds that of all national markets except those of the United States and Russia. It also exceeds by some five times the current high level of U.S. exports. Since it continues to grow at the same 10 per cent a year that is characteristic of investment—in contrast to a 6 to 7 per cent growth for exports—the relative importance of production abroad is likely to increase, even as exports continue to grow. As we have seen during the past twenty years of rapid growth of U.S. production abroad, broadly speaking, exports are not displaced, though in specific instances the foreign production base arises either as a cost-saving response to market possibilities already established by exports, or because exports have been interdicted by a foreign government's policies. But specific exports displaced in this process are in reality giving way to new ones. This is economics in operation—less productive uses of resources give way to more productive uses.

What has given rise to this new surge abroad by U.S. companies? It is a matter of normal evolution to establish subsidiaries, abroad as well as at home, whenever anticipated sales revenues in relation to costs present a reasonable profit expectation. In Europe, where the growth of U.S. direct investment has been the most impressive (15 per cent average annual rate 1950-1967), rapid industrial growth paced a rising level of demand. The lowering of trade barriers led to a remarkable consolidation of the market. The situation was ripe for normal evolution—the market became large enough to warrant direct application of American managerial and marketing techniques.

Local production promised economies of scale in competition with local suppliers, economies of transport and marketing technique in competition with other foreign suppliers, and often special incentives in the form of land or building grants and subsidies (for example, in depressed areas of the United Kingdom and Italy) and tax holidays or advantages such as depreciation allowances. In the Common Market, the value of being an insider became clear even before the market became a fact, and the anticipated value of inside status probably exceeded the fact.

The essential point is that American initiatives abroad occur as normal extensions of the methodology and efficiencies of a large integrated market. They happen only incidentally to be American, because of the relative state of development of the U.S. market in which they grew compared to foreign markets. A less developed market naturally invites the techniques of a more developed one. But this commonplace function of the "American" presence abroad is by no means a matter of common recognition, and the function is


Growth, U.S. Direct Investments
1946-1966
(IN BILLIONS OF DOLLARS)
Source: 1946, U.S. Business Investments in Foreign Countries;
1966, Survey of Current Business

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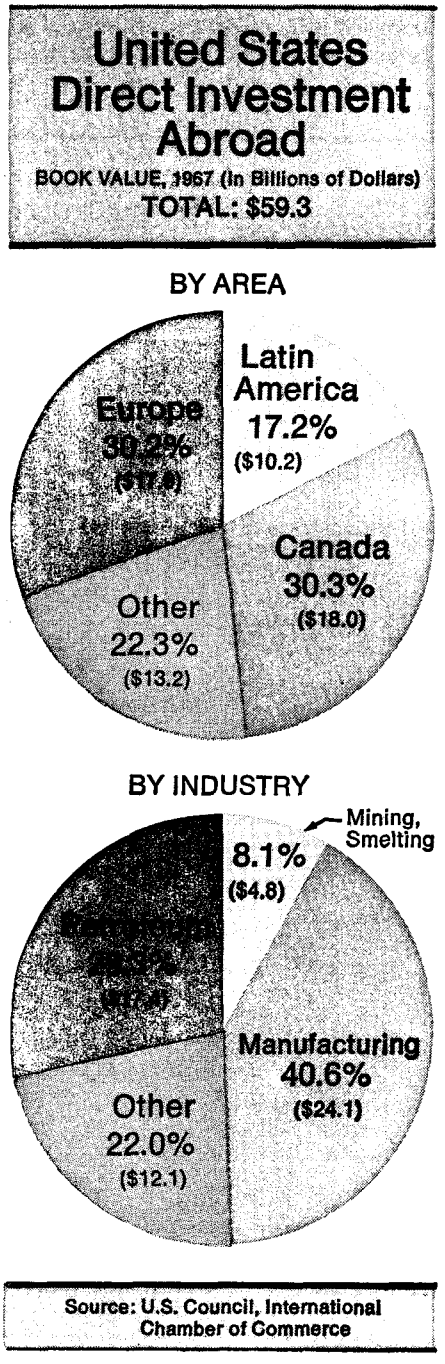
obscured by the brand label. Even in the widely known efforts of J.-J. Servan-Schreiber to identify the "American challenge," the specific source is distinguished more sharply than the general phenomenon.

This challenge is variously received in host countries and has given rise to a range of misgivings, some very real and others largely imagined. The general development process is always profoundly disturbing to economic structures, and usually to political ones as well. Resources and energy are withdrawn from present applications to new and different ones. During the 1930s when the groundwork for a U.S. nationwide market was being hammered out, the chain store was in the vanguard. It was, in fact, an early manifestation and builder of the full national market, but it was commonly identified as an opportunistic intruder in neighborhoods. The common version then of the too familiar "Yankee, Go Home" was "Patronize Your Neighborhood Store."



Many legitimate developmental impulses in foreign economies understandably originate in the more developed and capital-abundant U.S. economy. This provides a kind of running invitation to question useful changes because they happen to be American. Yet, were the initiatives indigenous, as were the assembly line and chain-store producer in the United States, they would be as disturbing politically as economically. In that case, however, they would somehow be thrashed out on their separate merits, without the distraction of a stigmatizing foreign label.

International economic development and integration are subject to persistent distortion, too, because of the separateness of political authority. In struggling toward an economics of international investment, we have no choice but to dub many problems "political" that in the context of a national economy would be treated as economic. When, for example, an eastern United States investor undertakes a project in the Far West, the changes induced in both regions would be noted, if at all, as economic. If the same investor undertakes a similar project in contiguous Canada, the questions raised are political questions—and important ones. Complicating matters is the fact that American companies' experiences in the huge domestic market have not conditioned them to a fully international mode of behavior. The charge that foreign subsidiaries look to the home office and the home office must conform to Washington contains an important though exaggerated element of truth.

Perhaps even more difficult problems in business diplomacy arise because headquarters' decisions may assign a different priority to expansion of a foreign facility than the host country would have preferred. Ordinarily, this is a question of commercial orientation that is too international rather than insufficiently so. If companies were to set policy on a local rather than a global basis, a penalty would have to be paid in production forgone.

But with all the teething troubles of these first moves into a world producing structure, there is no question about one reality: The impact of this country's initiative and technology is felt abroad not through the traditional process in which goods move *but factors of production do not*; rather the impact works through a fairly ready international *movement of factors* in response to national market differences. Where traditional analysis attributes product gains to efficiencies of nationally specialized production, the gains now appear in terms of the international dissemination of production techniques.

In place of the old order of national producers and international traders we now have international producing facilities as the most important link between various national economies. Barring almost unthinkable retreat into policies of economic autonomy, the growth of international production in the next two or three decades may well constitute the basis for any optimism an economist can develop for the resolution of the extremely stubborn problems of the less-developed countries.

The results will be far-reaching, indeed. To those who have carefully deliberated the implications of international production, it seems obvious that the international company will inevitably tend to standardize wages—indeed, in economists' terms, to equalize all factor returns—and any country is going to be hard pressed in terms of real income if it sets itself to interrupt this equalization. MIT economist Charles P. Kindleberger suggests the fundamental character of the world company's function in this respect:

> A case can be made that the development of the large international corporation in the twentieth century will prove in the long run to be a more effective device for equalizing wages, rents, and interest rates throughout the world than trade conducted in competitive markets by small merchants. The analogy is with the national corporation, which in the United States after about 1890 helped to equalize wages, interest rates, and rents within the country's borders, by borrowing in the cheapest market (New York) and investing where it was most productive in terms of costs and markets. The resultant movement of capital and shift in demand for labor was probably more effective in, say, raising wages in the South and lowering interest rates there than either trade by local companies or the limited direct movement of factors.

Though the international company may have stumbled into its role as direct allocator of resources and equalizer of factor returns on a world-wide basis, its ultimate health depends on the degree to which we see the world as an international economy instead of seeing it as a group of national economies.

Indeed, the trouble with trying to describe the revolutionary economic impact of multinational investment

(*Continued on page 70*)

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THE NEW MULTINATIONAL MANAGERS

by WILLIAM M. REDDIG, JR.

The vast, carpeted waiting room outside the New York office of Jacques G. Maisonrouge, president of the IBM World Trade Corporation, has an air of the members' lounge at the United Nations, which is just across the street. Men from France, Germany, Kenya, Japan, and other lands sit on modernistic couches, keeping one eye on Maisonrouge's office, the other on their attaché cases. They smile when he emerges, exuding the charm of a Frenchman and the frenetic pace of an American.

"Please excuse me if I was a bit slow," he says, "but I just flew in from Paris and my internal clock is still clanging away on French time." Smiling with boyish appeal, he lets his left arm sweep away the hours from Paris to New York. Maisonrouge, though he is French, speaks English with only a slight accent; his continental manner is a comfortable one, like a good bottle of wine, but he can also glow like an electron tube. He is obviously at home directing a U.S.-based company that operates in 106 countries.

Maisonrouge, however, is no international gadfly. Last year, the computers and office equipment sold by IBM World Trade accounted for 30 per cent of the $6.8-billion revenue of the parent IBM Corporation. In amassing a sales record that would have fired the pride of IBM's founder, Thomas J. Watson, Sr., Maisonrouge made more secure his niche as a distinctive type of executive, a multinational man who must cut across national boundaries to deal with people, capital, and products.

Maisonrouge, now forty-five, joined IBM in France after winning a scholarship to study electronics in the United States. He returned to France to plot uses for the computer, which was then in an early developmental stage. But he soon found that skill in electronics wasn't enough, and applied himself to marketing. In 1954, when the computer was beginning to win early acceptance, Maisonrouge was named assistant to IBM's sales chief in France, and by 1958 he had worked his way up to regional manager, responsible for IBM business in ten European countries. His abilities as a corporate generalist helped give IBM its commanding lead in European computer markets; its share of the French market, for instance, is 66 per cent. Another important factor, of course, was the company's willingness to pump out heavy doses of risk capital. IBM is believed to have invested about $5-billion over four years to develop its 360 Series of computers.

Another multinational executive, for-

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ty-eight-year-old E. Mandell DeWindt, contrasts sharply with Maisonrouge. Upon hearing his broad Midwestern accent and seeing his "strictly business" look, a movie director might be inclined to cast DeWindt as George Babbitt—if he didn't listen to what he was saying. DeWindt dropped out of Williams College as a sophomore to take an $80-a-week job with the Eaton Company in Cleveland. Eight years ago, he had worked his way up the hard way to become vice president and sales director of what is now Eaton Yale & Towne. His only responsibility in the international field had been to check on a handful of overseas licensing agreements. "But one day in an executive meeting," he recalls, "I tried to get the management interested in becoming more international-minded, especially because of the way world markets were growing. I came out of that meeting with a new title: vice president, international."

At the time, Eaton Yale, which makes automobile parts and materials-handling equipment as well as locks, took in only $1-million a year from foreign operations; last year, with plants in twenty-three foreign countries, the company gathered $250-million from its international side—one-quarter of the corporate sales pie. Before that meeting DeWindt scarcely had traveled outside of the country; recently he has spent two-thirds of his time outside of the United States, and during one week last month he was visiting Eaton Yale operations in Argentina, Brazil, Mexico, and Europe. DeWindt's country-hopping probably will be reduced since his having been named chairman of the company this fall.

Multinational executives such as Maisonrouge or DeWindt are different from the expatriate who used to man company outposts in lonely lands. They are usually in the cream of the corporation's executive pool. They are prepared to handle complex business problems with people of many cultures. Some cynics believe that too often they paper over real differences with sweet talk. But at least they take a broad-gauged view of conflict. And, quite often, they are on their way up in the firm. Men who have followed the overseas route to the top, in addition to DeWindt and Maisonrouge, include F. Perry Wilson of Union Carbide, Donald Kendall of Pepsico, and John K. Jamieson of Jersey Standard.

"It used to be that the international executive was kind of a surplus product in the company," says George W. Ball, partner in Lehman Brothers (investment bankers) and former Undersecretary of State. "But nowadays you often find them serving in this country and that, and pretty soon they return to the U.S. in charge of it all."

With more than 6,000 new U.S. company branches having located in foreign countries during the past fifteen years, corporate organization tables also have changed. "Ten years ago," DeWindt says, "when you wanted to do business in Mexico, you simply sent down a man to do it—and never mind whether he could speak Spanish. Today, we are developing a select and selective cadre of top-rank executives, some North Americans, some Latin Americans, some Europeans, and some from other countries, to form a management inventory available for duties in any country."

Adds Maisonrouge: "We have forty-five different nationalities working in IBM's European headquarters. What is important these days is getting the best man in the right place."

This upsurge of demand for overseas management talent is further reflected in the spread of executive-recruitment agencies, which were virtually unknown in Europe a few years ago. One of the busiest in finding the very top managers, Boyden Associates, Inc., just opened its eighth overseas office, in Brussels. "With the spurt of international business activity, the demand has become intense," says the agency's president, Sidney M. Boyden. His agency now places several hundred high-level managers overseas a year; besides seeking talented home-country nationals, it has begun to mine a relatively new source—U.S. managers who like it so well overseas that they are willing to shift companies rather than return home. Also intensely active are foreign recruiters such as Egon Zehnder, who has headquarters in Zurich and deploys some fifteen staff recruiters in four European cities; similarly U.S. management consultants such as Booz, Allen & Hamilton have taken up executive recruiting in Europe as a side line.

"I wish we knew more about what permits a man to transfer his executive talent from one place to another," says Frank Gaines, executive development coordinator for Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. "It doesn't seem to depend so much on where a man came from or what education he has received. His flexibility appears to be more a result of how he has taken his business experience. You learn to be pretty adaptable in the oil business." Jersey Standard, a company with overseas affiliates since 1882, now has 54 per cent of its total investment outside the United States, and of its 150,000 employees, some 90,000 work in foreign countries. "We're trying to develop general managers who can move into any country and do a good job," Gaines says.

He recently permitted twenty-eight Jersey Standard executives to take part in a Boston University study by Professor David Ashton on what makes an executive capable of shifting his managerial talents from one milieu to another. "I don't think much can be done with big orientation lectures before a man goes overseas," Gaines says. "You just can't teach him what he'll find, although managers who have already been there can help. But what is especially helpful is to hold a seminar for a man after he has been in a new country about six months. Then he can really evaluate what he ought to be doing."

Besides flexibility, the multinational executive needs infinite patience and a capacity for understanding, believes David H. Conklin, assistant general manager of the international department of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company. Conklin set up the giant chemical company's first subsidiary in Britain in 1957 when, as the Common Market came alive, du Pont launched a major overseas drive. International sales have climbed from $195-million in 1956 to $700-million last year.

When du Pont wanted to establish a synthetic rubber plant in Londonderry, Northern Ireland, Conklin found himself involved in drawn-out negotiations over use of the harbor to unload raw materials. Fortunately, while with the Navy in Londonderry during World War II, he had lived in the home of Sir Basil McFarland, who in 1957 was Londonderry's harbor commissioner. "Sir Basil was very helpful in our negotiations," Conklin recalls, "and when final stages of the agreement were reached, he referred me to a three-century-old law that helped solve our problem."

Having played the role of the patient citizen in the United Kingdom, Conklin then set up du Pont subsidiaries in the Netherlands, Switzerland, France, and Germany. The Swiss operation began in Geneva with Conklin and three employees working out of his hotel room. It now employs 900 persons. In building all of the overseas operations, Conklin had to engage in lengthy talks with local citizens to convince them that the du Pont plants would benefit their economies. "In almost all the cases I know of we have avoided acting like a bull in a china shop," he says. "You can't survive for too long in another culture if you try to impose your own."

When an executive goes overseas, his whole family, of course, usually travels along. When Conklin first went abroad, he recalls, his wife and children—a son and daughter, then ten and sixteen—were thrilled to learn new languages and to settle into new culture patterns. But the adjustment for many families

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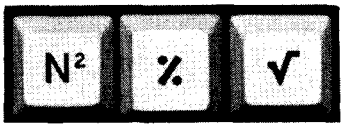
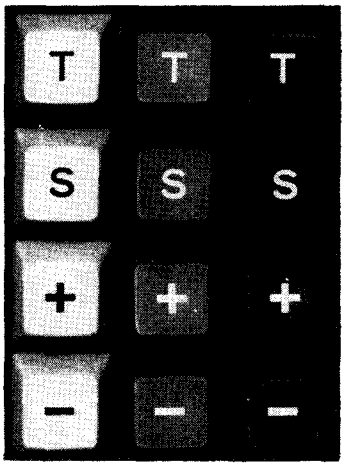


The Olivetti Logos 328: an electronic calculator that does more than just print.



Logos 328 has the most registers, six in all. It can hold on to intermediate results. And recall them automatically. It cuts big problems down to size. Logos 328 can solve your calculating problems. Look us up in the Yellow Pages under "Adding & Calculating Machines."

olivetti

Logos 328. Actual size: 15" x 10-1/2" x 18-2/3" deep. 115 volts AC.

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Maisonrouge of IBM

McDonald of Univac

is hard. Half the executives of one big firm operating in India are known to have moved back to the United States in the past three years, because either the wife or husband couldn't cope with alien ways.

Learning the native tongue is one way of easing cultural shock. IBM has long offered special language courses as preparation for overseas duty. In Geneva, Conklin had all the Americans learning French during the lunch period. Wives went to private lessons, paid for by the company, and they soon became more confident about their new surroundings. Gaines, who served Jersey Standard for seven years in Venezuela, learned Spanish in a six-week, seven-hour-a-day school where no English was spoken. "We did all right when we came out," he says. "But it still took a year for our understanding to evolve so that conversations were operating on a real two-way street."

Multinational companies also offer extra compensation to ease executives' adjustment to foreign countries. A recent National Industrial Conference Board survey of more than 100 American executives abroad found that "extras" often add up to 50 per cent of a manager's salary. These include an overseas premium of 10 per cent or more, and other increments for housing, education, cost of living, and taxes. "Many United States expatriates are compensated far in excess of their abilities simply because they are Americans," one foreigner told the conference board. On the other hand, many American executives contend that living abroad often involves hidden or unexpected expenses, such as bringing plumbing up to U.S. standards and paying for private schools. But most companies are willing to cover the cost of schools, and even will fly the children back to the United States to attend high school.

The high cost and psychological problems of moving Americans abroad are a major incentive to staff most subsidiaries with home-country nationals. But another and probably more important reason is the companies' desire for a low corporate profile and high product image. Of IBM World Trade's 95,000 employees, only about 300 are American managers abroad; of du Pont's 25,000 employees abroad, fewer than 1 per cent are American executives; and of the several hundred top-level executives placed by Boyden in the international field last year, 80 per cent were home-country nationals. While the top positions are often still manned by Americans, more and more subsidiaries of U.S. corporations are becoming, for instance, all-French or all-German.

Indeed, the dynamic multinational corporations are creating a new class of modern executive called the third-country national. "We just moved an Argentinian from Mexico, where he was a manager," says DeWindt, "to Turkey, where he'll do fine if he can learn the language, and I'm sure he will." Boyden recently located a U.S. mining executive in Latin America and placed him in a new Indonesian venture. Many firms, however, still maintain a special kind of foreign employee who translates his nation's ways for Americans, but finds it impossible to raise his station. "These are rather like the Indian warrant officers who waited on the British," says one executive. "They're often indispensable people."

While many Europeans in the past would become wedded to a company for life, more seem to take a cue from Americans and shift jobs when it will benefit them. Thus, some U.S. firms overseas see home-country nationals in whom they have invested great sums for training leave to man competitive firms. Jacques Masson, for instance, who had become director of IBM World Trade operations in the Mediterranean after seventeen years with the company, left recently to become chief executive of an old French metallurgical company; and Leonard Diepenbrock, director of marketing for Colgate-Palmolive in Germany, left to become general manager of a large German coffee company, Jacobs Kaffee, of Hamburg.

What the home-country nationals have often found, as J.-J. Servan-Schreiber pointed out in *The American Challenge*, is that American marketing techniques—and technology—can revolutionize ways of doing business, if allowed to do so. "It often remains advantageous to employ American technology," says Maisonrouge. "This can be a selling point. People have heard about it—they know it is first-rate." Yet even as American methods and products gain wider acceptance overseas—especially in Europe—most multinational executives would probably argue that the threat of the American challenge as postulated by Servan-Schreiber is grossly overdrawn. DeWindt, for one, believes that rather than the Americans' capturing Europe through superior technology, a two-way technical street is being built: U.S. advances in technology are exported and then further developed in the international mix; the higher degree of technical accomplishment then finds its way back into U.S. labs.

"I think all the talk about the American challenge has been way overdone," George Ball agrees. "The Japanese never worried about this. When they

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Conklin of du Pont

DeWindt of Eaton Yale

wanted to make something new they just went out, took a look, came home and started producing."

Indeed, American managers often speak of a counter-invasion that is bringing firms like British Petroleum, Imperial Chemical Industries, Volkswagen, and Badische Anilin & Soda Fabrik of West Germany into U.S. markets. Using home-country nationals (Americans) and their own technology, foreign companies can mount and hold expanding effective beachheads. A decade ago, for instance, the publicity-shy French millionaire Marcel Bich bought the Waterman Pen Company of Milford, Connecticut, and renamed it Waterman-Bic. Bich brought in his own automatic machines and his process for making a leakproof ballpoint pen. Robert P. Adler, a young, outspoken executive at Waterman, was named president. Good French technology and brash American marketing have now given Bic 54 per cent of the U.S. market for ballpoint pens. Adler also has opened a subsidiary in Canada, and has one quarter of that market, too. "Before long," he says, beaming confidently at the French art that Bich has placed in his Connecticut offices, "we will overtake the pencil in sales."

As the multinational corporation breaks down national barriers, it also changes ways of thinking. IBM's production planning in Europe must be done on a continent-wide basis: parts for a computer may be produced in Italy, France, and Germany. "An international firm can't allow its arteries to get clogged," Gaines says. IBM's emphasis on education has long been a legend. But for IBM World Trade this involves education centers in seventy-two cities in thirty-eight countries, including centers for customer executive training in the Netherlands, Mexico, and Japan. IBM competitor Sperry Rand Univac, meanwhile, operates a "computer college" in Rome for home-country nationals from throughout Western Europe and, its management hopes, eventually from Eastern Europe as well.

National politics remains a persistent problem, however. James Waters, General Motors' top manager in Brazil, reports that he must spend much of his time with U.S. Embassy officials, high Brazilian ministers, and important politicians visiting from the United States. Multinational executives, in fact, sometimes face official pressure from both sides: On the one hand, they may find a foreign country directly supporting a competitor with capital and protective legislation; on the other, they are pushed by U.S. State Department attempts to enforce foreign policy through a U.S. subsidiary overseas. In one such case, the U.S. government blocked the 1966 export of five Control Data Corporation computers ordered for a French H-bomb laboratory, until the French agreed not to use the machines to build nuclear weapons. At that point, both France and Germany began fostering their own computer industries in earnest. "We got some of the fallout from that, too," says Maisonrouge.

Hence, if the multinational corporation is to become truly international and immune to the shifting sentiments of nationalism, many businessmen and educators in the field think it must be desensitized in some way. George Ball has suggested "denationalizing" such giant companies under an international treaty providing for supervision of their cross-border business dealings. Only then, Ball believes, can they operate for the international good. "It would be an ideal situation to have some supranational provision for such companies," Maisonrouge agrees. "We can dream that it will come one day, or at least that governments will change and grant real freedom of trade."

Though the expanding multinational corporations get bumped from many sides, however, Maisonrouge believes that even now they are being aided by forces more powerful than the recurrent nationalism of Europe and trade protectionism in the United States. "I could see it in the recent meeting of our European managers," he says. "It used to be that we heard the French point of view, the German, the Italian, and so on. But last week it was Pierre's, Otto's, and Carlo's."

Sony executive meeting in Tokyo—"Using home-country nationals (Americans) and their own technology, foreign countries can mount and hold effective beachheads."

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WHAT STRATEGY FOR THE THIRD WORLD?

—*Wide World.*

October nationalization of Bolivia Gulf Oil — "a certain inexorability about their demands."

by RAYMOND VERNON

As recently as two decades ago, it would have been hard to say just how U.S. enterprises operated in less-developed nations. The prevailing descriptions, one now suspects, were part fact, part myth. U.S. mining and oil installations were often described as "export enclaves," an American pseudopod staked out on the turf of a backward country, yet separated from its economy by an impermeable barrier. Inside the compound, surrounded by the inevitable Cyclone fence, the U.S. firm was pictured as inexorably drawing the nonrenewable riches of the nation from its soil; when the supply of resources was exhausted, the firm could be expected to pack its tents and move to new pastures, leaving behind little more than abandoned personnel and slag heaps.

Whatever validity that caricature may have had has largely been lost. Some foreign raw-material producers, exasperated by problems of maintaining harmonious contact with the local economy, might wistfully like to have it that way. But in most countries, local governments no longer allow the raw-material producers much latitude in deciding whether to maintain an export enclave. Unremitting pressures within most less-developed countries, coupled with a learning process among the foreign enterprises, have broken down the Cyclone fences. Here and there, as in the mountain areas of northern Liberia, the remnants persist; but in these cases the enterprises are generally in inaccessible places where interaction between the foreign facility and the surrounding countryside would be hard to conceive.

One index of the interaction between foreign concession areas and the local economy is the proportion of profits taken by the local government. That index shows a dramatic increase in the past four or five decades. In the 1920s, for instance, the Chilean government's share of the profits of foreign-controlled copper companies was about 15

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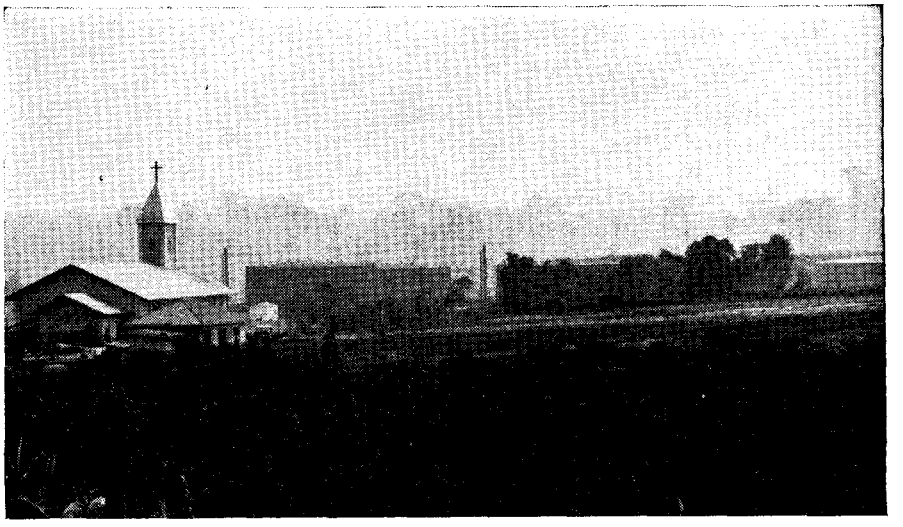
per cent; today, both Chile and Zambia, the world's two leading copper producers, take over 70 per cent of the profits. Oil provides another illustration. In the 1920s, the less-developed countries were lucky if they could levy as much as 10 or 15 per cent taxes on the crude-oil profits of the foreign companies operating in their areas. Today, the typical levy runs at about 70 per cent. As a result, the leading oil countries—including Libya, Iran, Kuwait, Saudi Arabia, and Venezuela—receive close to $5-billion in tax revenues from the foreign oil companies every year.

As a rule, nowadays 90 per cent or so of the staff of foreign-owned raw-material enterprises in less-developed countries is local personnel. Even at the very top, they fill about four out of five management jobs. In such places as Saudi Arabia or Libya, the figure is somewhat lower; but in Venezuela it is higher. Foreign concessionaires have grown accustomed to using local entrepreneurs to build roads, run bus systems, manage cafeterias, and maintain trucks. Sometimes these local businessmen are former employees. At other times, they simply appear out of the countryside, drawn by the opportunities offered by the foreign-owned enterprise.

As a result of such interaction, small cities have sprung up just outside some compound walls. In Indonesia, for instance, during the late 1950s Caltex set up a 5,000-man installation alongside the village of Pakanbaru. In a dozen years, stimulated by the Caltex presence, the village has grown to a thriving city of some 800,000. At that size, the basis for its existence has long since ceased to depend on Caltex.

It was generally assumed until very recently that foreign businessmen could not be persuaded to set up manufacturing facilities in the Third World. Today there is hardly a corner of the less-developed world, from Querétaro to Kumasi to Taipei, where one does not encounter the earnest industrial engineer from Pocatello or Peoria. Indeed, one recent survey of 187 large U.S. parent companies revealed that this group alone had started about 1,400 new manufacturing subsidiaries in less-developed countries since the end of World War II. Of the 1,400, there were 1,100 to be found in Latin America, while most of the remaining 300 were located in the under-developed portions of Africa and Asia. Friendly countries—especially friendly growing countries such as Mexico and Taiwan—attracted many more of these facilities than such stagnant countries as Uruguay, or such hostile countries as Algeria. Electronic plants and food processing facilities accounted for more investment than did steel mills.

Esso goes to market in Tanzania—"local businessmen and technicians may see the foreign subsidiary as a repressive and hostile force."



Caltex installation that spawned an Indonesian city from a village—"its basis for existence has long since ceased to depend on Caltex."

But the distribution was quite broad, both by industry and by area.

As the presence of U.S. manufacturing interests in the less-developed countries became more apparent over the years, the nature of the local response to foreign investment tended to change. The complaint that their economies were being neglected by foreign investors gave way to the view that they were being exploited. The foreign installations, it was commonly claimed, were nothing more than packaging and assembly plants, set up by the U.S. parent as a way of avoiding prohibitions or duties on the importation of finished products.

That view of U.S. manufacturing investment probably well describes the original motivations of many investors. Practically every plant set up by automobile producers abroad, for instance, began with the assembly of the knocked-down vehicle—a trivial operation involving a local expenditure of no more than $200 per vehicle. Pharmaceutical companies have generally used a comparable opening strategy; at first their local plants only molded pills or mixed preparations for the local market from imported ingredients—certainly not very productive undertakings.

In general, however, these initial operations have gradually been transformed. The changes have been due partly to the pressures of local governments and partly to the discovery by some foreign investors that local labor and suppliers could be cheap, able, and reliable. As a result, by the late 1960s, the automobiles being turned out by foreign-owned plants in Argentina, Brazil, and Mexico were built princi-

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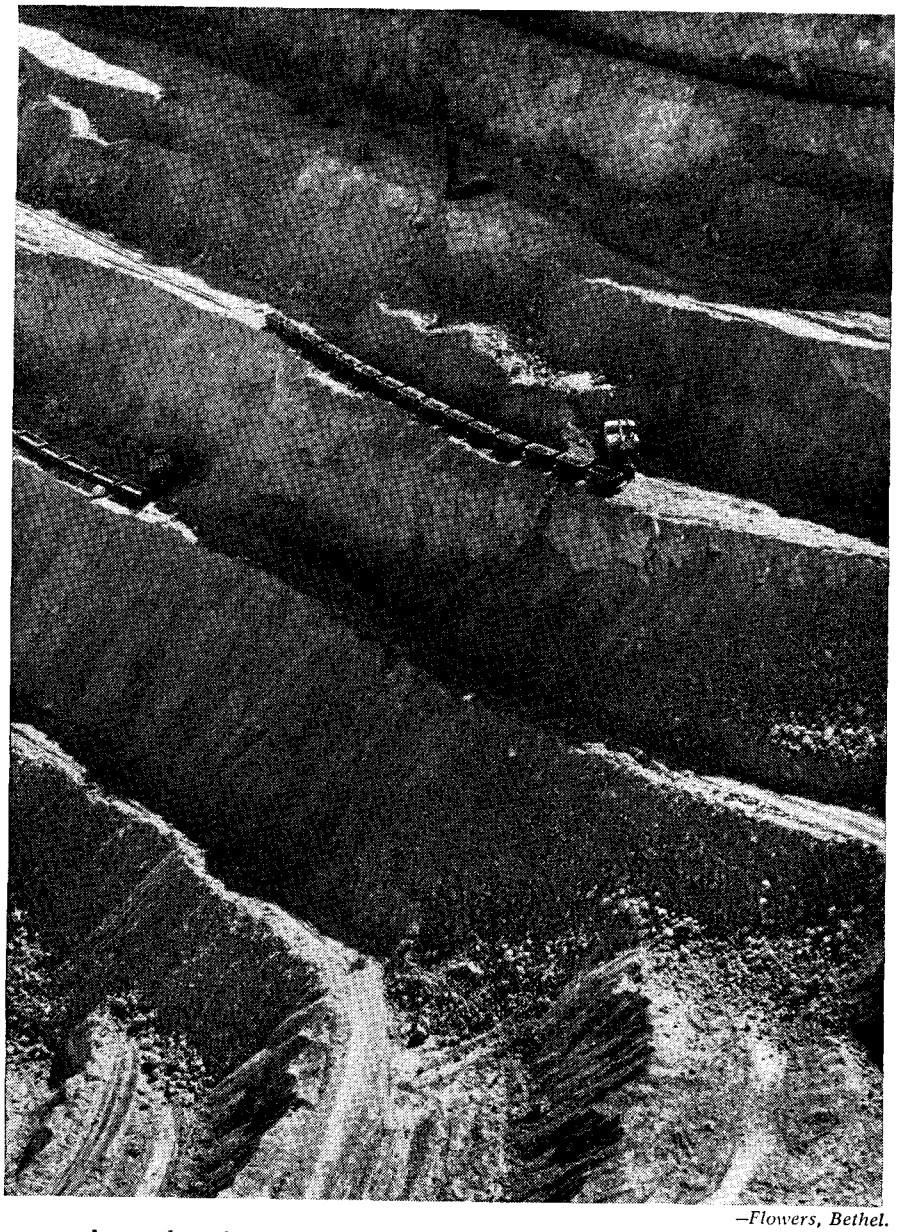

—*Flowers, Bethel.*

Anaconda mines copper in Chile—"If the government demands 'adjustments,' the foreigner's disposition is to make needed changes."

pally with local labor and materials. There are no comprehensive current figures on the extent of the deepening process for other industries; but the data for 1957—a remote date in this rapidly changing field—show that even by then the process had been advanced.

In the last decade or so, U.S. manufacturing enterprises have exhibited considerable interest in establishing subsidiaries in the less-developed countries for still another purpose: production of labor-intensive products for markets in the more advanced countries. American manufacturers have used Puerto Rican subsidiaries for that purpose in recent years, and might have made greater use of Japan for this need if Japan had permitted it. But Japan's own businessmen, backed by their government, have been reluctant to allow U.S. and European subsidiaries to operate inside the Japanese economy. Besides, Japan has rapidly been running out of low-cost labor for its own needs. Accordingly, U.S. businessmen have turned to such places as Mexico, Spain, and Portugal for manufacturing activities that require a certain amount of skilled labor; and to the Philippines, Taiwan, Hong Kong, Korea, and Singapore for those requiring a lower level of skill. U.S. subsidiaries in the Philippines, for instance, now make plywood out of logs that used to be shipped unprocessed to U.S. factories. Similar subsidiaries in Taiwan and Korea manufacture electronic circuits for sale in Europe and the United States.

Today one finds U.S. firms studying even more remote places with a tentative and speculative eye—Indonesia and Thailand, among others. When air freight acquires the high speed and low cost that the jumbo jets seem about to provide, one can foresee the promise—or, as it appears to some, the threat—of much more international specialization and cross-hauling.

What has triggered this wave of activity by U.S. businessmen and the responses of the less-developed countries? The popular view of the foreign investor's motives in less-developed countries contains large elements of folklore, with the usual stress on monstrous villains and innocent victims. There may be a few cases in history to which such casting applies. One candidate for that dubious distinction would be the Belgian Congo in the nineteenth century. Cuba would be a little harder to classify; there, a rapidly growing middle class and a rapacious dictatorship both fared well from the presence of foreign investment, while a large peasant group was left behind in the growth of the economy.

But one would be hard put to find many independent nations that have settled on such terms for very long. The experiences of Mexico and Chile already have been mentioned. Venezuela, widely portrayed in the popular press of the 1940s and 1950s as the classic case of exploitation by international oil companies, actually was aggressively enlarging its share of benefits from oil production and reinvesting in roads, education, health, and electric power. Kuwait and Libya have been transformed by oil riches in a very few years; Iran and Saudi Arabia are taking longer. One may have misgivings about the style and purpose of development in these countries, but in most cases material wealth and political power are being increasingly shared by ordinary people.

In today's political world there appears to be a certain inexorability about the forces that constantly lead less-developed countries to raise their demands on foreign investors. At the time governments generally invite foreign companies, at company risk, to undertake initial exploration and eventual exploitation, both sides see the gamble as very chancy. Given the risk, the foreigner looks for every way to increase his benefits; and given the uncertainty, the government is often prepared to make the necessary commitments for tax waivers, foreign exchange guarantees, and so on. If the gamble fails, as it often does, the incident passes into history; the U.S. investor enters his operating loss on his income tax statement and shares its impact with the U.S. Treasury. If the investment succeeds, the foreigner may profit handsomely—so handsomely that the deal whose terms earlier seemed reasonable appears after the fact as unconscionable and rapacious. By that time, however, the foreigner's

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foot is already half stuck in the local economy; if the government demands "adjustments" in light of the new situation, the foreigner's disposition is to make the marginal changes that seem needed to save the investment.

What history suggests is that the adjustment process goes on unremittingly. As long as the process generates added benefits for the less-developed country, one feels impelled to look on the pattern with a certain sympathy. When the less-developed countries improve the terms of their bargains with foreign investors—especially with U.S. investors—there are two kinds of payouts: in the national pleasure and pride over winning a struggle against powerful foreign interests, and in the economic benefits of a better business bargain. No outsider, of course, is in a position to put a value on the first kind of coin. Mexicans' euphoria over the nationalization of the oil companies in 1938 and Peruvians' apparent delight over their President's tough handling of the recent International Petroleum Company case presumably represent a high psychic payout.

But the economic benefits of winning such a struggle are more equivocal. As long as the less-developed countries were getting only a small share, each victory was without doubt an improvement in position. Today, with the characteristic split of profits running 70-30 in favor of government, the results begin to be uncertain. Situations in the international oil and copper markets—which account for most of the U.S. raw-material interests in the less-developed world—illustrate this.

In oil, the six or seven huge international companies that used to dominate are beginning to lose some control over world oil prices. This is probably bad news for the less-developed countries that export oil. As long as a few large companies controlled the market, they could maintain high crude oil prices, and as long as these prices remained high the exporting countries could demand and receive increasing shares of a rapidly increasing profit. In the new order of things, however, crude oil profits could very well shrink. Possible Congressional modification of the U.S. oil depletion allowance and discovery of huge new deposits on the shores of North America—a comparatively trouble-free area in contrast to the forbidding sands of Libya and Saudi Arabia—also may have an effect, as will growing public demands for avoidance of "sour" crude oils (those rich in sulphur). While these demands could improve the position of countries such as Libya, they will badly hurt others such as Venezuela. Despite this formidable array of negative factors, it is nearly inevitable, given the internal dynamics of Venezuelan politics, that local authorities will make new demands of foreign oil companies during the 1970s.

The story is not much different in copper. In recent years, Chile and Zambia have both been blessed with sober and sensible heads of state in Eduardo Frei and Kenneth D. Kaunda. Each leader has borne down on the international copper companies in his jurisdiction with force and effect. One cannot yet say that these pressures have been counterproductive; in both countries, however, the timing and extent of the demands have been decided by political, not economic, considerations. When new leaders take power, they will have little choice about escalating demands on the copper companies, and, at some point, the leaders of Peru will feel impelled to join in the process. In the end, the odds are that the activities of the international companies will be choked off in these countries, as they already have been in Mexico; and eventually the U.S. companies may find a safer answer to their needs through research on the recovery of low-grade copper ores that apparently exist in abundance north of the Rio Grande.

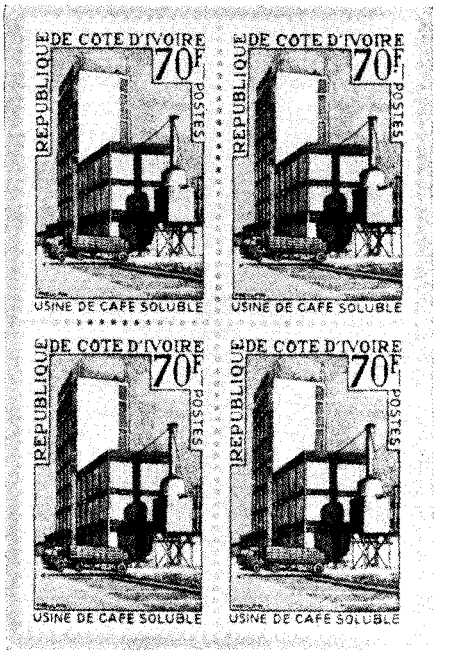
Where U.S. investors have set up manufacturing facilities in the less-developed countries, their vulnerability is less obvious. This may be partly due to the special status of nonrenewable raw materials in the public mind in many less-developed countries. Copper or oil or gold is often perceived as the country's nest egg, its patrimony, to be husbanded against a rainy day; if not sold today, so the assumption goes, it can be sold tomorrow. But manufacturing is another story: the hallmark of development, an indispensable requisite for growth.

Still, the manufacturing enterprises of U.S. investors in less-developed countries are not wholly free from risk. Like the raw-material producers, such undertakings are seen in their most favorable light by the local public just before the investor has taken the investment plunge. Once the enterprise is well established, the money flow may be outward as profits, not inward as capital, and the manufacturing technology may seem less esoteric and formidable in local eyes; indeed, local businessmen and technicians may see the foreign subsidiary as a repressive and hostile force, "unfairly" pre-empting a limited market by its strength and size. So far, U.S. manufacturers have generally managed to avoid this slippery slide, and on the whole their political security in the less-developed countries probably has not deteriorated over the past decade; in fact, in some countries and some industries U.S. investors have improved their position. These countries show great interest in exporting manufactured products. Accordingly, they tend to see the foreign-owned facility as a burden to be borne with some grace.

If one had to make a simple judgment of the net economic effects of U.S. business investments in the less-developed countries, pushing aside all complexities and qualifications, that judgment would be strongly positive. So far, the ovarian output of this particular goose has generally been shared by all concerned, including the governments and workers of the less-developed countries, and the foreign businessman as well. But the U.S. investor confronts a hostile world in the less-developed countries, where survival depends upon keeping one's powder dry.

Because of the uncertainty and the pain, there is an unremitting search by businessmen for a less parlous outlook. Two approaches in particular have had widespread support. One is a proposal that businessmen who invest abroad subscribe to a "code of good conduct," and, having subscribed, be entitled to less rocky prospects. This approach has drawn considerable support in various international forums. The second approach, on which there is less unanimity, is that businessmen avoid total ownership of their subsidiaries in the less-developed countries and enter into more joint ventures with local business interests. Mexico and Japan are given as examples in which joint ventures have brought peace and security to the foreign investor.

While the code of fair conduct is generally regarded outside the business world as superficial and cosmetic, the attraction to the joint venture is quite widespread. Yet I have serious doubts about that approach as an answer to



Stamps commemorating Nestlé factory in Ivory Coast—rewards and risks.

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the latent hostility of less-developed countries. Here and there one encounters sentiment akin to that of the robber baron period of the late nineteenth century. In such countries as Mexico, Chile, Pakistan, and India, intellectuals are using verbal cudgels against the new banking and industrial groups emerging from the industrialization process. These groups are portrayed as oligarchs no better than the old landlords and military men, prepared to exploit the common people through domestic monopoly, fortified by partnership with foreign interests. As a consequence, according to one version especially popular in Latin America, the less-developed world is becoming more dependent upon the advanced countries, despite economic growth and rising incomes; one form of bondage is merely being substituted for another.

For anyone who follows the complex interplay between less-developed countries and foreign investors, this issue seems unreal. It is meaningful principally for those who cling to a view of foreign investment as being synonymous with imperialist exploitation. Unreal or not, however, the question may yet lie at the center of political crises in less-developed countries in years to come. If it does, foreign investors who are the partners of local industrialists may again be vulnerable.

If there is one type of joint venture that can hope to escape this political onus, it is one in which the local partner of the foreign investor is a government-owned entity. Such partnerships exist in many countries. There are, for instance, du Pont's partnership with Mexico in manufacture of tetraethyl lead; Firestone's partnership with Tunisia in manufacture of tires; Allied Chemical's partnership with Iran in manufacture of fertilizers. The public partner in such arrangements usually is not a government ministry but a government-owned corporate body, operating on a fairly long leash from the government ministries.

On the whole, such partnerships have not worked badly; the tendency is for the government representatives to develop as much commitment to the venture as they hold to the government; as a consequence, private creativity and public responsibility are sometimes combined in an effective blend. In a world whose history is a succession of makeshifts, perhaps this is one more makeshift that will prolong the usefulness and vitality of direct investment in the less-developed world. But it would be an illusion to suppose that this arrangement will greatly alter the level of tension induced by the presence of large foreign enterprises in less-developed countries. That is simply not on the horizon.

HARD CHOICES FOR THE EMBATTLED DOLLAR

by RICHARD N. GARDNER

At the recent annual meetings of the International Monetary Fund and World Bank in Washington this story was circulated about a conversation among three leading experts on the world economy:

"When is the next crisis coming?" said the first.

"Things are so mixed up," said the second, "we don't even know if we're in a crisis."

"Oh yes we do," said the third. "When we have to meet on a weekend, it's a crisis!"

The story makes an important point about the unease and confusion that now prevail about the future of the dollar and the international economic system. Although a number of important steps have been taken to repair the system, the experts are still deeply divided on whether there is a crisis, and if there is one, what should be done about it.

This state of affairs is understandable. The United States has a deep balance of payments deficit by one method of accounting and a modest surplus by another. After two decades of unprecedented growth and prosperity, the Western industrial countries feel threatened by both inflation and depression. The growth in living standards in the less-developed world as a whole is disappointingly slow. To complicate matters further, the fantastic growth in international capital movements and in the activities of multinational corporations poses new challenges to conventional economic wisdom.

The layman may be confused by the mysterious language in which experts debate these questions and may feel that the answers do not really concern him. Yet what is done to defend the dollar and the international system of payments and trade can directly affect his cost of living, his freedom to travel and invest abroad, his ability to buy foreign goods, and possibly even his chance to keep or find a job. These decisions also affect the ability of his government to deal with its urban and racial crises, to maintain troops overseas, and to play its full part in aiding less-developed countries.

The stock of gold possessed by the United States now has shrunk to about $11-billion, while foreign official and private dollar holdings have reached some $40-billion—a dramatic reversal of the situation that prevailed at the end of the Second World War. Then the United States had more than $20-billion in gold and less than $10-billion in short-term dollar obligations. This extraordinary alteration in our liquidity position has been the result of large balance of payments deficits sustained almost without interruption during the 1950s and the 1960s.

At first, the U.S. deficits were benign rather than malignant—they helped revive a devastated world economy by making dollars available as reserves to supplement the world's sluggishly growing stock of gold. Without these deficits the unprecedented growth in income, trade, and employment enjoyed by the industrialized nations since World War II would not have been possible. The problem, of course, is that such large deficits cannot go on forever; the United States cannot indefinitely be the world's central banker any more than it can be the world's policeman. In both cases, a broader sharing of responsibility is a political as well as an economic imperative.

But reducing the chronic U.S. payments deficits has proved much more difficult than anyone expected. In the first half of this year the deficit was over $5-billion by the traditional liquidity method of accounting. The total for the year probably will be close to $8-billion—an all-time high. To be sure, few experts believe it necessary to reduce the deficit to zero, since modest annual increases in foreign private dollar holdings may appropriately reflect the attractiveness of the dollar as a currency for trade and investment. The steady growth in the Eurodollar market is partly a reflection of the

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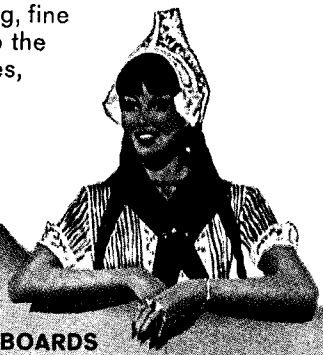
...the whole town stops to watch.

Some 20 times a day, Queen Emma—a floating bridge—swings open to allow ocean-going ships into the harbor of Curacao, a spic-and-span Dutch island on the southern edge of the Caribbean. And when Queen Emma swings, people stop, relax, wait... and watch. Curacao also has quaint pastel-colored buildings, fabulous free port shopping, fine hotels, gourmet restaurants and plush casinos. And, just 20 miles to the East, there's the Island of Bonaire. Quiet villages, secluded beaches, fishing, skindiving and beautiful wild flamingoes. You can get both islands for the price of one round trip jet fare from New York or Miami. Year 'round cruises, too. No passport required for U.S. citizens. See Curacao and Bonaire. There's a lot of swinging going on!



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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Lock That Up in Your Funk & Wagnalls

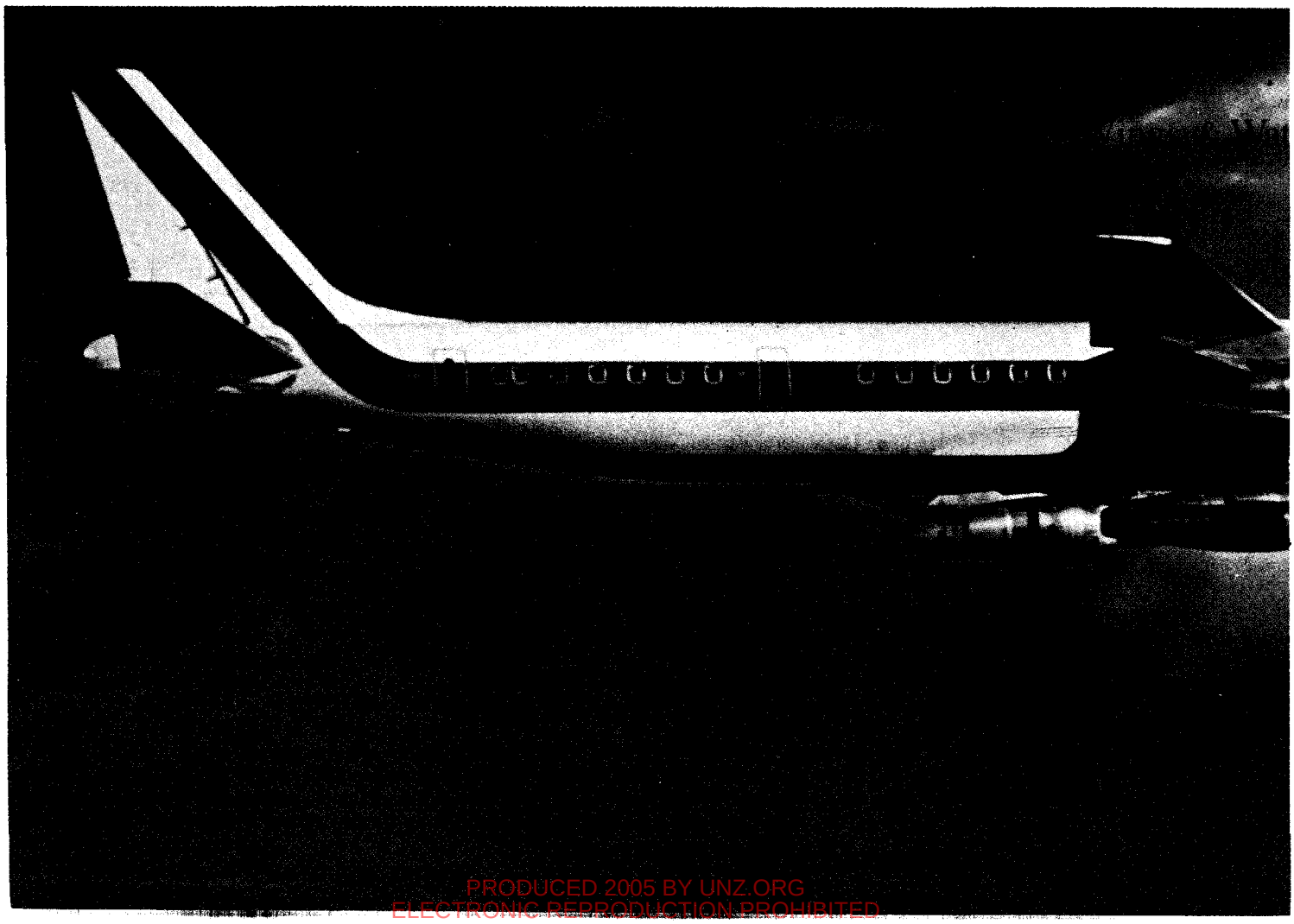
THE OLD AXIOM that for every plus there's a minus certainly applies to the relationship between broadcasting and book publishing. When he appeared on *The Dick Cavett Show* (ABC-TV) last August, Federal Communications Commissioner Nicholas Johnson reported that Walter Cronkite was proud of the fact that he had promoted the sale of a book by merely mentioning it on his evening news program. The next day the book had sold 9,000 copies. Commissioner Johnson added that the day after Rowan and Martin started using the phrase, "Look that up in your *Funk & Wagnalls*," the dictionary's sales went up 20 per cent.

Samm Sinclair Baker, author of *The Permissible Lie: The Inside Truth About Advertising*, can balance such testimony with his own personal evidence of television's countervailing power to prevent sales. Ex-adman Baker received "a million dollars worth of free publicity" last summer when Reader's Digest stopped the publication of his volume, which documents the fundamental ethic of advertising that lies are permissible in ads if they help to sell the product.

SR's communications editor, Richard L. Tobin, ran an editorial (August 10, 1968) in which he noted that Funk & Wagnalls, the original publisher, was about to ship 5,500 finished copies of the book to distributors and retailers. Reader's Digest Association (of which Funk & Wagnalls had become a division after the book's printing) withdrew from publication and shipment because its president judged the book to be "against the best interests of *Reader's Digest* magazine" (which draws $60-million worth of ads annually).

The story has a sequel that has never been revealed publicly. Baker recaptured the rights to his book, broke the story of its suppression to the press, and resold the book to World Publishing Company, an acquisition of Times Mirror Company, another communications conglomerate. World executives enthusiastically promised full-page ads with the headline, THE BOOK THAT READER'S DIGEST SUPPRESSED. A top Times Mirror executive was "horrified," according to Baker, when he discovered at a cocktail party that the conglomerate's own book division had bought the controversial volume. The Times Mirror man elected not to stop publication a second time; but when the book was finally released to the public and the ads went out, the fact that Reader's Digest had withdrawn the book was not publicized. "Bad taste" was the reason given to the author; "bad business" was Baker's own interpretation, in view of the fact that World sells reprint rights to its publications to the magazine in Pleasantville, New York.

At this point, broadcasting enters the story. The author, seeing his hope for a quick best seller fading, sought TV and radio talk-show appearances to advertise his book. He appeared twice on *The Mike Douglas Show* (Group W), on *Arthur Godfrey* (CBS), and on *The Dick Cavett Show*, as well as on a number of local radio and TV programs in Eastern cities. Repeated efforts, however, to achieve appearances on important network shows *Today*, *Tonight* (NBC), and *The Merv Griffin Show* (then Group W) met with failure.



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Members of the staffs of these shows encouraged him on the telephone; in preparation for the Griffin show he was interviewed by a writer and told to "count on a definite date." In the end he was advised: "Forget it; our show carries too much advertising."

Douglas, however, told Baker: "I believe people should hear both sides of an important controversial subject, even if it might be against my own interests." Godfrey, watching a TV screen in a Cincinnati hotel, saw Baker and said to his secretary: "Get him for my show." It seems that some entertainers who command the attention of millions of viewers and listeners have courage or power or both.

The scene, of course, is America, home of the First Amendment and the Fairness Doctrine, where the Supreme Court says that frequencies must be shared in order to illuminate the public interest. In England, Denmark, and Holland, where Baker recently promoted his book, press and electronic media attention were first-rate. He received many TV and radio interviews, during which he expressed his praise for honest advertising and his detailed condemnation of "dishonest hucksterism" or "blandishment," depending on which side of Madison Avenue one settles.

Baker says that World never spent the full, agreed-upon advertising budget on his book. Neither did it push very hard to find a paperback publisher. Paperback companies are also divisions of conglomerates. Not only the force of Reader's Digest is involved, but also the economic interests of the networks and stations that gross about $3-billion annually in advertising billings—as well as the advertising community as a whole.

The New York Times reported the original banning of *The Permissible Lie* as "the first instance of such censorship in book publishing history." Of equal significance is the fact that this action and its train of subsequent events came as a great personal shock to Samm Baker. The author is a thirty-year veteran of Madison Avenue; he has written eighteen books, been a writer-producer of programs, an advertising agency copy chief and account executive; and for a time he was president of his own advertising agency. Yet he now admits that before his sobering experience, he was "incredibly naïve . . . hadn't realized the prevalence and overriding power of censorship by conglomerate communications interests." He once thought that "*Reader's Digest* was published for people and not for its advertisers." He knew, "in a vague way, that a book about fraudulent ads would have a tough time getting on the air," but he felt that the big-time stars of the important national talk shows would welcome a subject that listeners find so absorbing. When he appeared on local talk shows, switchboards were jammed.

In the future, Baker thinks, books will not be withdrawn, once published. Instead publishers that are divisions of conglomerates will look carefully at controversial manuscripts and reject those that might offend companion divisions of the same conglomerate. "When I tell people about this quadruple censorship involving conglomerate communications interests," Baker declares, "some say, 'It can't happen here.' But my case proves that it *is* happening here!"

The wholeness is the thing, the conglomerate togetherness of our time, widening the corporate embrace and shrinking the autonomy of writers whose traditional role in the culture of civility is the spreading of the truth. A conglomerate for the random citizen is a faraway notion: A book is what you can hold in your hand. Television, it seems, has the awesome power to say to us all: "Now you see it, now you don't." Ask Samm Sinclair Baker.

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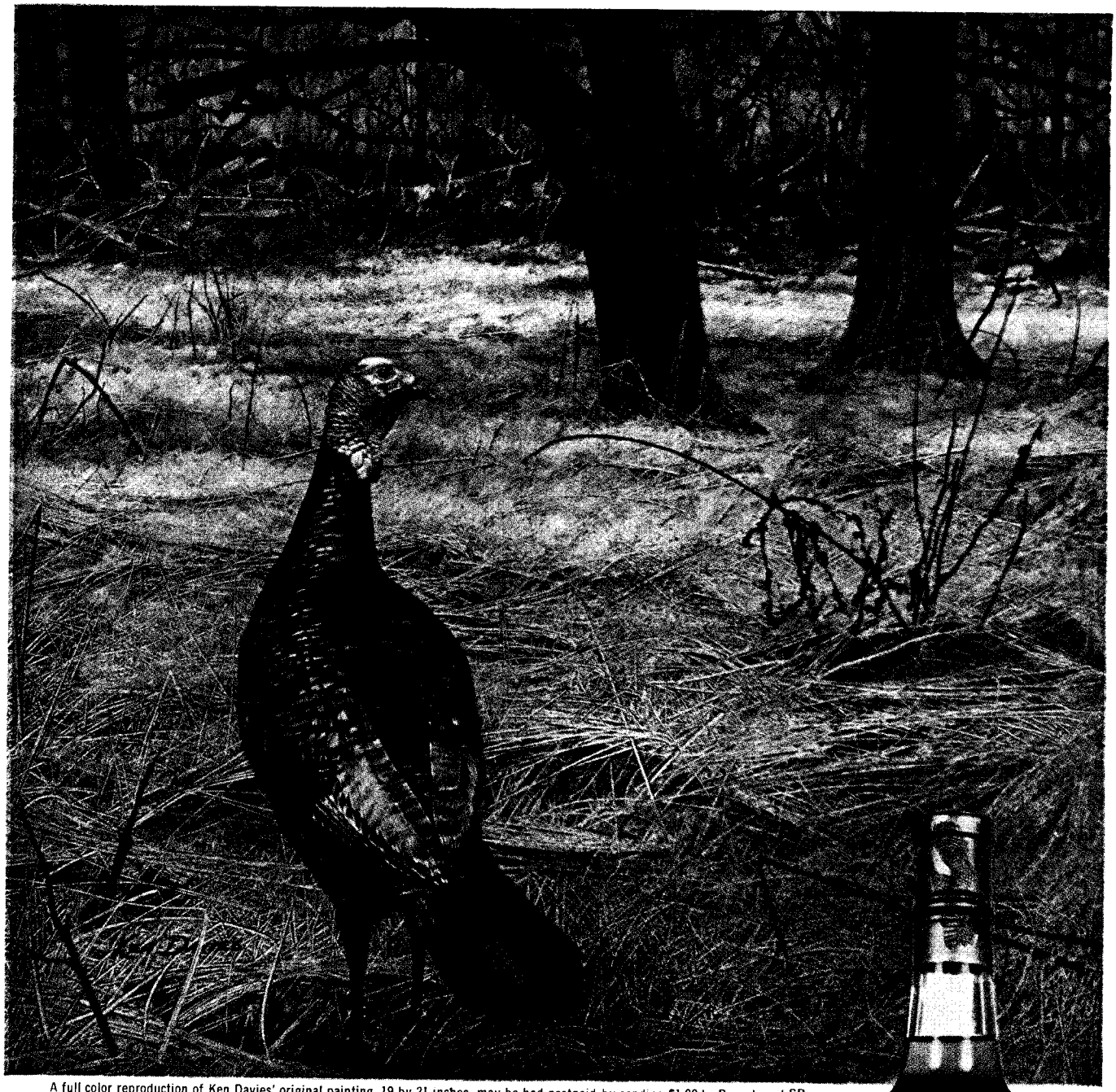


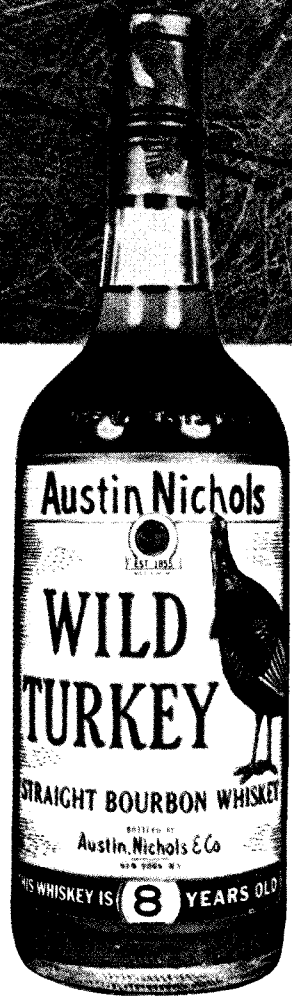
A full color reproduction of Ken Davies' original painting, 19 by 21 inches, may be had postpaid by sending $1.00 to Department SR, P.O. Box 432, Maspeth, New York 11378.

The Responsibility of Being the Best—

There is always *one* best—a tribute to its producers, a recurrent delight to those privileged to enjoy it.

Rightly proud of their position, the proprietors of such a brand must also be deeply aware of the responsibility.

Every unit of their classic product must be the essence of perfection in all, and every, detail. It must stand comparison to the utmost if necessary, and yet by itself should be so completely satisfying that the suggestion of making any comparison is never broached.



101 Proof—8 Years Old—AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC. New York-New York

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growing activities of U.S.-based multinational companies that need access to foreign dollar balances.

Still, huge deficits of the current magnitude cannot be sustained much longer. Much of this year's extraordinary growth in foreign private dollar holdings has been due to unusually high U.S. interest rates. (Our interest rates have actually pulled dollars out of foreign-government and central-bank holdings to feed the private demand for dollars, thus creating a U.S. payments *surplus* on the "official settlements" method of accounting.) When the interest rates decline, as they inevitably will when our economy begins to cool off, private foreign dollar holdings also will decline. Foreign governments and central banks may acquire some of them, but there is a limit—probably not too far distant—beyond which foreign countries will not want to increase dollar holdings. Beyond that point they will want to redeem their dollars in gold.

Why, after years of pledging to eliminate or reduce the deficit, does the United States now seem further than ever from this objective? One answer is the growth of the multinational company. Another is the frightening evaporation of our trade surplus. We need a surplus of exports over imports to finance our substantial payments for foreign aid, foreign military spending, and private foreign investment. In 1964 this trade surplus was about $7-billion. This year we will be lucky if it reaches $1-billion. This trade-surplus shrinkage is the most dramatic international economic consequence of our tragic military involvement in Vietnam and our failure to pay for it in time with taxation. After years of relative price stability, we have had four years of accelerating inflation—now at an annual rate of 6 per cent.

Trade figures for the last few years show eloquently how far the United States has lost its competitive position. Between 1964 and this year, U.S. imports have nearly doubled, while U.S. exports have increased by less than half. Inflation is the principal reason, but the multinational company also may be partly responsible, in that foreign markets formerly reached by exports now are being reached through foreign-based branches or subsidiaries of U.S. companies, and some of this foreign-based production is being sent back to the United States.

What is to be done about it? As always, there are those who would solve the problem by unilateral measures—by imposing import quotas or higher tariffs, by cutting off foreign aid, or even by declaring the dollar inconvertible into gold. But all of these measures would tear the fabric of international cooperation, bring foreign retaliation, and diminish our own welfare and that of other countries. If we are to avoid these regressive possibilities, we must forge a foreign economic policy equal to the new challenges that confront us. This means facing—and implementing—hard decisions on four main fronts:

First, we must bring our domestic inflation under control. This is the fundamental prerequisite for restoring our export surplus so we can resume our proper role as a long-term capital exporter and pay for reduced but essential military commitments that we decide to maintain in Europe and elsewhere. This year, notwithstanding the virtual disappearance of our trade surplus, we avoided a crisis by attracting, with high interest rates, vast amounts of foreign capital into dollar holdings. As our economy levels off and interest rates decline, we must increase our trade surplus sufficiently to make up for the outflow of these short-term funds—no mean accomplishment.

The dilemma of the Nixon administration is painfully obvious. As one member of the administration has put it, the economy must be slowed by steady pressure on the brakes—but not such drastic braking as to throw it into a ditch. Even a 4 per cent unemployment rate may mean a rate of 10 to 12 per cent in the urban ghettos. Certainly we must accept some increase in unemployment, but very fine economic tuning will be necessary to keep the social costs within acceptable bounds and prevent a slackening of inflation from becoming a depression. It is doubtful that the administration can find a depression-free inflation cure without taking a more active role than heretofore in persuading labor and management to limit wage and price increases.

Second, we must find ways of sharing our inherited role as central banker to the world. Fortunately, we have taken belated steps in this direction with the activation of the new plan for "paper gold." The International Monetary Fund will distribute $9.5-billion in Special Drawing Rights (SDRs) to its members over a three-year period beginning in 1970. The SDRs come none too soon. Almost everyone now agrees that the fantastic growth in world trade and capital flows has so greatly increased the need for international reserves that needed increases cannot be satisfied by the world's inadequate supply of gold.

To be sure, a few people still argue that the reserve problem should be met

American Shares Quoted on at Least Two European Exchanges

Company	Brussels	Paris	Amsterdam	Frankfurt or Dusseldorf
Alcoa	■			■
AT&T	■	■		■
Dow	■		■	
Du Pont	■	■	■	■
Eastman Kodak	■	■	■	■
Ford	■	■	■	■
General Electric	■	■	■	■
General Motors	■	■	■	■
Goodyear	■	■	■	■
IBM	■	■	■	
ITT	■		■	■
Standard Oil (N.J.)	■	■	■	■
U.S. Steel	■		■	■
Union Carbide	■		■	
Westinghouse	■		■	
National Biscuit		■	■	
Kennecott Copper		■	■	■
Socony Mobil Oil		■	■	
Merck		■	■	
Monsanto Chemical		■	■	
Procter & Gamble		■	■	
Gillette Co.		■	■	
Philip Morris		■	■	

Source: *The International Corporation*, Sidney E. Rolfe, International Chamber of Commerce

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by doubling or tripling the price of gold. But this would accelerate inflation; it would increase reserves in a most arbitrary way, giving windfall profits to the gold-producing countries (South Africa and the Soviet Union) and countries holding reserves mainly in gold (e.g., France); it would make nations less willing to hold dollars as reserves in the future; and it would undermine the whole present endeavor to adjust reserves gradually through intergovernmental cooperation in the new SDR facility.

The SDR plan makes possible financing the continued growth of trade and production mainly from SDRs rather than from continued large increases in foreign dollar holdings. Reserves thus can be created through cooperative decision-making without a further large deterioration in the U.S. liquidity position. But several problems related to the SDRs lie ahead. One is the relation between SDRs and the flow of development assistance. Some bold spirits have proposed that a portion of the SDRs be issued to international lending agencies for relending to the less-developed countries. The process of reserve creation thus could automatically provide funds for development aid without the need for annual Congressional appropriations.

Unfortunately, the more conservative European countries insisted on eliminating this very possibility during negotiation of the SDR plan, so it cannot be done in the near future—certainly not during the first three-year allocation of "paper gold." But the idea deserves to be revived. Moreover, we should certainly pursue the alternative suggestion offered by the Italian government that the developed countries (which are getting the lion's share of SDRs) promise to increase their foreign-aid contributions by some portion of their SDR allocations.

Another item of unfinished business is international reserve management. Though the SDR facility will help increase the total volume of reserves, it will not prevent dangerous shifts from one reserve asset to another. There is nothing, for example, to prevent governments and central banks from cashing their dollars and SDRs into gold. One solution to this "confidence problem" is harmonization of reserve policies so central banks hold gold, dollars, and SDRs in agreed proportions. A more ambitious approach would be to have countries turn in dollar and gold reserves to the International Monetary Fund for combining with SDRs into "consolidated reserve accounts." Countries then would have to draw proportionately on all their reserves in making international settlements.

Such a plan would forestall a run on Fort Knox gold stock, but would also limit our power to pump dollars into world reserves through payments deficits. The dollar-holding countries, in return for losing their freedom to cash in dollars for gold, would receive a guarantee of the value of their dollar balances and be given a reasonable voice in deciding the total amount of new reserves to be created. They would be freed of pressure to finance our payments deficits through continual increases in their dollar holdings.

These plans involve difficult negotiations and a greater explicit surrender of national sovereignty than the United States and its trading partners have hitherto been willing to make. Yet, in the middle and long run, the United States needs the security of a consolidated reserve system, and other countries will want assurance that reserve creation will take place primarily through the SDR process, in which they have a reasonable voice, rather than through U.S. payments deficits, in which they do not.

The Nixon administration does not yet regard as a priority matter reserve consolidation or the linking of SDRs to development aid. Perhaps this is justifiable today. But the two ideas will deserve serious consideration at the highest levels of government before we are far into the 1970s.

The third area requiring leadership is improvement of the international adjustment mechanism—the system by which deficit and surplus countries restore balance in their international accounts. The U.S. and British currency plans drafted during the Second World War provided for far-reaching international control over the economic policies of deficit and surplus countries. But in negotiations before the Bretton Woods Conference of 1944 these provisions were removed because of differences over the relative emphasis on the responsibilities of deficit and surplus countries—and because of the fear that too explicit qualifications of economic sovereignty would prevent approval of any plan by Parliament and Congress.

The Bretton Woods compromise ruled out adjustment by exchange controls or by freely fluctuating exchange rates. But it said very little about how adjustment was to be achieved. The hope was that, with the aid of resources from the International Monetary Fund, deficit and surplus countries could be relied on to correct a "fundamental disequilibrium" within a relatively short time by reasonable domestic policies and by occasional changes in exchange rates. But the system hasn't worked that way.

One way to improve the international adjustment process would be to give international agencies the kind of influence over the economic policies of deficit and surplus countries that was envisaged in the original U.S. and British currency plans. There could be, for example, more regular and systematic consultation among senior government officials so that international adjustment is given greater weight in national policymaking. More progress could also be made in the adjustment of national policies on military spending, foreign aid, and private capital flows to help reduce imbalances of payments. In the years immediately ahead, however, it is unlikely that the adjustment problem will be fully resolved by measures of this kind. Economic sovereignty dies hard. Deficit and surplus countries are reluctant to sacrifice domestic economic objectives for external balance; even when prepared to do so, they do not always have the policy instruments available to get quick results. And there are limits to their willingness to adjust foreign spending in the interest of payments balance.

For these reasons the international community is taking a new look at easing the adjustment problem through greater flexibility in exchange rates. The present "adjustable peg" system of the International Monetary Fund permits changes to take place, but only after the political leaders of a country find them necessary to cure the fundamental disequilibrium. For reasons of prestige or domestic politics, national leaders are frequently reluctant to devalue or revalue a currency; as in the case of the pound sterling and the mark, they tend to postpone changes too long and to make them only after a currency crisis has developed.

In an effort to provide a greater measure of flexibility, the United States and other countries are now exploring an idea known as the "crawling peg," under which a currency could move up or down one or two percentage points a year through a series of tiny changes every week or so. The changes would occur in response to a formula, thus taking the responsibility off the shoulders of political leaders. Another suggestion being studied is to permit exchange rates to fluctuate within a "wider band"—2 per cent on either side of parity rather than the 1 per cent allowed under the present system. Although some have argued that greater exchange flexibility will unsettle the confidence of international traders and investors, a modest combination crawling peg and wider band should appeal to the financial community as a desirable substitute for the present arrangement. After all, a substantial risk of a very small rate change may be preferable to the small (but far from negligible) possibility of a very

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Does anyone care where Ellen Farley lives?

Equitable cares. We think there's no reason in the world why being old should mean being deprived, especially when it comes to housing. We think old people should live better. That's why we're lending over a million dollars to build apartments for the elderly in Spokane. It's a small step, but it's a beginning—of one of the most important jobs we face today.

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substantial change that exists at present, particularly if the new system makes exchange and trade restrictions less likely and eases the adjustment problem of a troubled world economy.

Various technical, economic, and political questions on the subject are now being studied by the International Monetary Fund. If the study yields a sufficient measure of agreement, the matter will be taken up in the "Group of Ten"—the key financial countries that negotiated the agreement on paper gold. If all goes well, a new plan for greater exchange flexibility could be ready for approval at the annual meeting of the International Monetary Fund in September 1971. Technical as this matter may seem, it could determine whether the United States can balance its international accounts without resorting to harmful trade and payment restrictions or a strait jacket on domestic growth. This is why many (though by no means all) key advisers in the Nixon administration consider the crawling peg the No. 1 priority for international monetary reform.

The fourth area where action is needed is reduction of trade barriers so that the United States can solve payments problems in a climate of trade freedom rather than trade restriction. The challenges to U.S. trade policy have never been greater than today. We have lost our traditional export surplus; key sectors of American industry, such as steel and textiles, are demanding increased protection against a flood of competitive imports. The Common Market continues a protectionist agricultural policy that threatens U.S. farm exports. Our exports of manufactures are also obstructed by a host of non-tariff barriers—for example, tax systems or government purchasing arrangements that discriminate in favor of home production. The refusal of our European trading partners to grant full equality to Japan as a trading partner has forced us to take a disproportionate share of low-cost goods. And little has been done to remove trade restrictions in Europe and the United States on the exports of the less-developed countries.

An appropriate strategy to cope with these challenges will probably have to unfold in two stages. The first stage, covering the next two or three years, should be used for modest but not unimportant action—fighting off protectionist demands, starting an international assault on non-tariff barriers, and adopting "housekeeping" trade legislation to enable us to complete and safeguard the work of the Kennedy Round of tariff renegotiations. The second stage, which could begin in 1971 but is more likely to have to wait until 1973, should involve the launching of a bold new aproach to the reduction of trade barriers on a world-wide basis. The best method would be a free-trade treaty calling for annual percentage reductions in industrial tariffs across the board (for example, reductions by 10 per cent a year for ten years) and the complete elimination of non-tariff barriers.

Adoption of such a plan would eliminate or at least reduce the discrimination against American exports resulting from the European Common Market and the European Free Trade Area—a discrimination that could grow to very serious proportions if the two groups merge or make a special trade arrangement without U.S. participation. Moreover, a free-trade treaty could provide for accelerated reductions in trade barriers on behalf of less-developed countries.

The clearing away of barriers to exports and imports, however, will not be sufficient to assure cooperation between governments in support of free trade. Thanks to the growth of multinational companies, the United States now reaches foreign markets more through foreign-based production than through exports. We need to consider new ways of dealing with the problems that arise when, for example, the United States seeks to force on foreign subsidiaries of American corporations U.S. balance-of-payments controls, U.S. concepts of competition, or U.S. regulations on trade with communist countries, or when there is discrimination against such firms by host governments.

At the very least, the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT), established in 1947, should be a forum for discussion of such problems, and GATT could be amended to include some general principles in this area. Looking further ahead, we might envisage the registration and supervision of multinational corporations by an international agency. The problem of the multinational corporation can be made more manageable, of course, if these corporations become multinational in fact as well as name—with foreign participation in ownership and management of the parent company as well as in ownership and management of the foreign subsidiary.

These ideas add up to an ambitious agenda for the reshaping of international economic policy. It is far from certain that we will have the wisdom and the will to implement them—to curb our inflation without sliding into depression; to develop a more equitable system of international reserve management; to devise a new arrangement for the timelier adjustment of exchange rates; to negotiate an effective regime of free trade. Yet, we have no choice except to try. At stake is our ability to realize our most valued domestic and international objectives in the years ahead.

"The headache's connected to the earache, the earache's connected to the neck ache, the neck ache's connected to the backache, the backache's connected to the bellyache, the bellyache's connected . . ."

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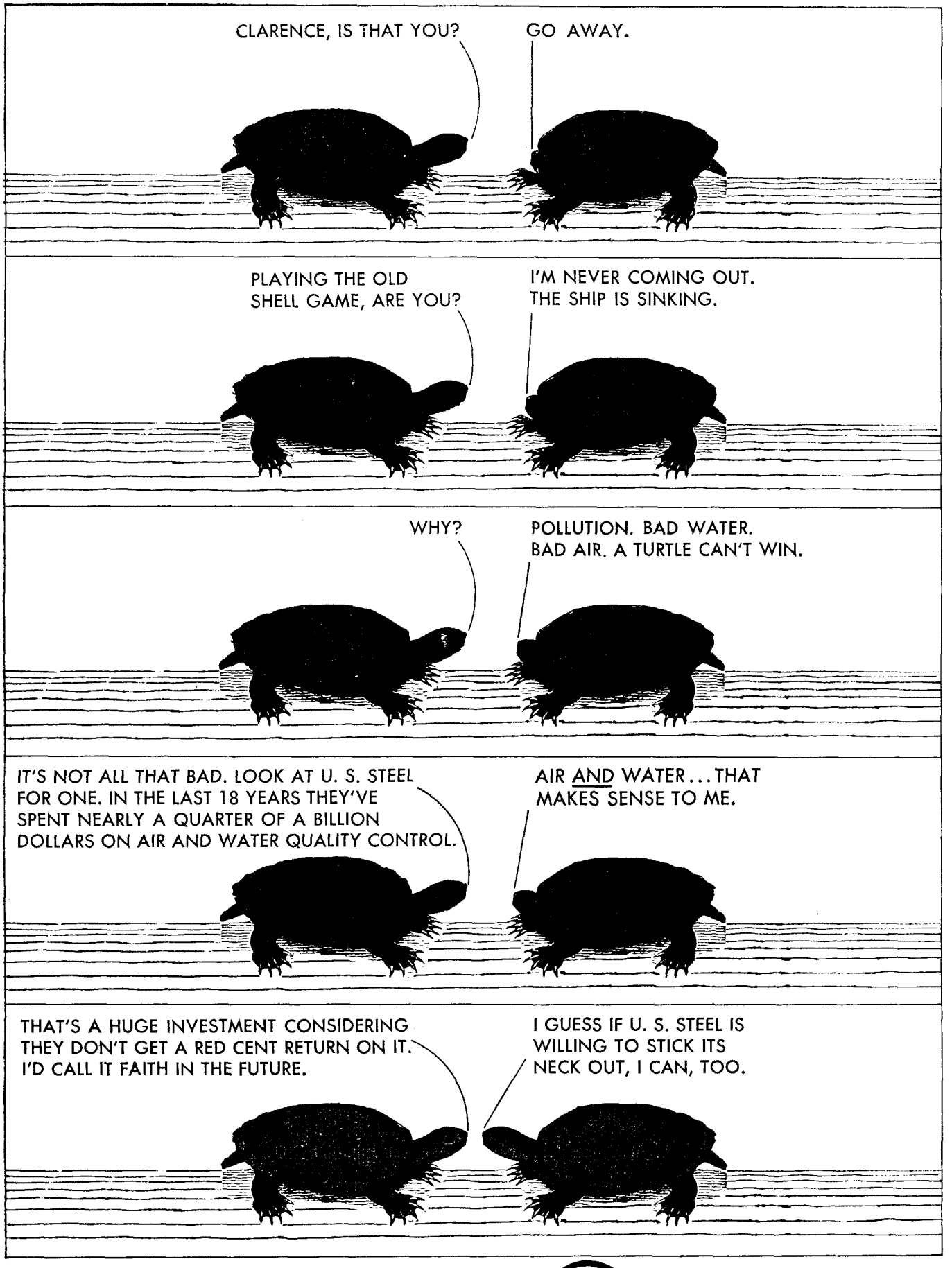
CLARENCE, IS THAT YOU?
GO AWAY.
PLAYING THE OLD SHELL GAME, ARE YOU?
I'M NEVER COMING OUT. THE SHIP IS SINKING.
WHY?
POLLUTION. BAD WATER. BAD AIR. A TURTLE CAN'T WIN.
IT'S NOT ALL THAT BAD. LOOK AT U. S. STEEL FOR ONE. IN THE LAST 18 YEARS THEY'VE SPENT NEARLY A QUARTER OF A BILLION DOLLARS ON AIR AND WATER QUALITY CONTROL.
AIR AND WATER... THAT MAKES SENSE TO ME.
THAT'S A HUGE INVESTMENT CONSIDERING THEY DON'T GET A RED CENT RETURN ON IT. I'D CALL IT FAITH IN THE FUTURE.
I GUESS IF U. S. STEEL IS WILLING TO STICK ITS NECK OUT, I CAN, TOO.

USS United States Steel

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A New World Symphony

Seldom in the annals of man has there been a time when the unusual has become so commonplace. Change is ubiquitous in the environment; it surrounds man; he cannot escape. Looked at from the broad perspective of time, the world may be in the midst of one of those historical periods when a ground swell of change occurs in attitudes that has major significance for the entire human condition. This has happened before. It occurred when the spiritualism of the medieval world gave way to more material interest. It occurred as the exquisite artistry of the Renaissance was replaced by preoccupation with science. It is occurring in politics now.

But the vision of a golden future loses its luster in a tarnished present. The tragic asymmetry of the world is an enlarged reflection of the condition of local populations in the cities and rural regions of most nations. The difficulties of the present are amplified and made more intractable by disparate population growth, racial dissension, and what seems to be a growing acceptance of group violence as the only effective means of protest. Even if all of the surplus resources available to man might be assigned to the alleviation or eradication of present social ills, the task would still be enormous. With military conflict and the preparation for conflict the priority claimants, it may be impossible. In the meanwhile, change proceeds at its dizzy pace and expectations for the halcyon future rise still further.

National prestige and sovereignty—even tribal ambitions—are still very much in evidence as determinants of human behavior. More humanitarian impulses, however, have begun to assert themselves with increasing insistence. There is a global desire to alleviate conditions of life for those who are deprived of the opportunity for full personal development. The priorities of life for those who are deprived are not for an illusive political security but for greater physical comforts and personal security. That distinguished phrasemaker James Reston recently put these seminal issues succinctly: "In short, there is now a cry in the world, not so much for new personalities—but for a new philosophy, for the priorities of life rather than the priorities of death, for some unity of purpose and common control of human affairs, not only for a League of Nations, but for a League of Minds."

The provision of material abundance is the business of business. Whether publicly or privately owned, local or global in nature, business organizations are the social instruments with the demonstrated capability and adaptability to pour forth an ever increasing flow of the goods and services that make possible—but do not necessarily assure—the "good" life. Now, as this special issue of *SR* makes clear, a new role for business is being shaped by far-reaching changes in the structure of world commerce. Comparative advantage is less a matter of geography than of superior technical knowledge and service efficiency. As the importance of resource endowment diminishes and that of knowledge and service increases, the logic of localized production and marketing becomes inescapable. The stage is set for the emergence of business organizations that, ideally, are dedicated to pursuing profits anywhere in the world and are not necessarily limited by identification with a given national home or particular operational headquarters.

Thus, great manufacturing and trading companies are becoming multinational at a faster pace than is sometimes realized. And, concurrently, they have developed a vast interwoven network of reciprocal interests, of open communications for exchange of technology and commercial intelligence, of personnel and of cultural patterns—even of new friendships and loyalties that cut across national boundaries. The multinational company thereby has become a major vehicle to carry the have-nots toward "take-off" and the haves into frontier fields.

Yet despite the benefits they promise, these new world enterprises have not had an easy time. Major difficulties arise from the continued strength of nationalistic commitments, attitudes inherited from a feudalistic past, and political distrust of private motivations in many areas. No uniform global regulatory machinery has been devised, and it is hardly inconceivable that some marginal businessmen will take advantage of situations unprotected by competition, local laws, or established habits of rectitude. They always have.

Still, the emergence of the multinational corporation has brought a new and profoundly important influence to bear in world affairs. For global companies, unlike political entities, operate in an environment in which their negotiations do not carry a heavy baggage of emotional commitment, but in which the resolutions are most often mutually beneficial to both parties to the transaction. They provide a network of interconnected conduits that facilitate optimum utilization of financial and technical resources. Indeed, these multinational corporations that have developed so quietly, but so suddenly, may be the hoped-for force that will ultimately provide a means of unifying and reconciling the aspirations of mankind—a task which all the politicians have utterly failed to achieve. —COURTNEY C. BROWN.

Dr. Brown, who recently retired as dean of the Columbia Graduate School of Business, is editor of the "Columbia Journal of World Business." This guest editorial is adapted from the forthcoming book "World Business: Promise and Problems."

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Letters to the Editor

Getting in Touch

CHARLES FRANKEL'S "Out of Touch in Washington" [*SR*, Nov. 1] should be read by everyone who voices concern about American political processes. But in so doing, they should recognize that Mr. Frankel doesn't get at the distinctions between the public *wants* and the public *needs*. Nor does he indicate that the main reason for much of the gap between public sentiment and opinion is apathy on the part of so many who say they are concerned but aren't willing to participate in political processes—save perhaps via protest devices.

Political parties and legislators and bureaucrats will be responsive only when there is sufficient participation by those concerned with the current alleged lack of responsiveness. It won't happen from opinion polls, at least not wisely.

ADAM C. BRECKENRIDGE,
Lincoln, Neb.

Macaulay's History

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER'S "The Americanization of History" [*SR*, Nov. 1] contains what must be a typographical error in a sentence beginning "Just before the Revolution, John Adams praised Mr. Macaulay's *History of England*. . . ."

For "Mr." read "Mrs." Thomas Babington Macaulay was not born until 1800. The work John Adams praised must have been an early volume of *The History of England from the Accession of James I to that of the Brunswick Line* (8 vols., 1763-83) by Catharine Macaulay, nee Sawbridge, wife of George Macaulay, M.D.

GORDON G. HILL,
Riverside, Conn.

Praiseworthiness of Festivity

I AGREE with Harvey Cox in his "In Praise of Festivity" [*SR*, Oct. 25] on man's unmet need for festivity and fantasy, although joyless science paradoxically provides a more compelling reason than Professor Cox does.

If science is correct, ecological systems necessary to sustain life have been crucially altered, poisoned, and overburdened through human industrial and reproductive avarice. The penalty for this is consequential and apparently unalterable after a certain point, a point we may well be passing now. But even in face of this, man does not seem collectively rational enough to save that disappearing margin which may permit survival. The penalty seems imminent.

So, we can make up for the lack of festivity in our previous two centuries while we await the consequences of that expansive enterprise to which our joyful impulses have been sublimated. We might as well go offstage dancing.

DANIEL MADAR,
Toronto, Ontario.

AT THE RISK of being irreverent, I would like to voice a joyous "Hallelujah!" to Harvey Cox. When is it going to hit us as a people that the Renaissance is a most ironic title for an era that incorporated into its very cornerstone Praxiteles, who, with Euripides and Euclid, was the death knell of Greek civilization. How much more vital than the works of the Renaissance are the illuminated manuscripts of the Middle Ages in spite of (because of?) their blatant ignorance of anatomy. How full of dreaming, of yearning for the impossible (but never of *knowing*) they are.

Here's to Harvey Cox and to Rilke's "Unicorn," and to the savagely bitter ending of *A Thousand Clowns*.

JEANNE P. BOYD,
New York, N.Y.

Veteran's Mailcall

RE: Lt. Col. William C. Haponski's "Reply to a Vietnam Veteran" [*SR*, Oct. 25] in response to Dr. Gordon S. Livingston's "Letter from a Vietnam Veteran" [*SR*, Sept. 20]. Lt. Col. Haponski's reply is so out of context from the general Vietnam war picture that after reading it one could almost imagine the U.S. Army in Vietnam as a philanthropic organization. While Dr. Livingston's letter also concentrated on a small segment of military operations, somehow I got the impression that his feelings were more related to the entire picture.

MRS. BERT F. HOSELITZ,
Chicago, Ill.

LT. COL. HAPONSKI'S method of using *one* example (Capt. Lee Fulmer) to challenge Dr. Livingston's charge—"the evident fact that at an operational level *most* Americans simply do not care about the Vietnamese"—is poor logic. His intent is, by refuting one point (and that poorly done), to give the impression that Livingston's whole letter is invalid, the work of an extremely sensitive individual whose judgment of the situation cannot be trusted. I won't buy that. If anything, Haponski's letter proves the validity of Livingston's.

DOUGLAS K. HAYTHORNE,
Clemson, S.C.

IT WAS A pleasure to read Lt. Col. Haponski's lucid, factual reply to Dr. Livingston's emotional description of treatment of Vietnam citizens by the American armed forces. Livingston's "Letter" leads me to believe that either he is so emotionally unstable that he cannot think rationally, or he is a purposive, unmitigated liar.

As the father of Capt. Lee Fulmer, referred to in Haponski's reply, I have kept informed of the actions of the Eleventh ACR concerning the welfare of the citizens of Vietnam.

L. L. FULMER,
Dean, College of Education,
Louisiana State University,
Baton Rouge, La.

"No question about it, you really have a grievance. Have you thought of a marriage counselor?"

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

A Week of Song as Well as Singers

THE LAST time Gérard Souzay was listed to sing in Philharmonic Hall, he didn't. That was the occasion of a New York Philharmonic performance of Berlioz's *Damnation de Faust* when, between one night's effort and the next day's repetition, he decided he couldn't. But there is a new atmosphere in Philharmonic Hall, and there was a fresh effort within it recently by Souzay to wipe out any prior memories.

This was, in fact, a model of what a recital can be and seldom is: an application of effort in which everything flowed in the same direction of communication from composer to listener, with the performer as intermediary. Artfully varied as it was to include matter as separated in distance as the Greek Islands and the American South, it nevertheless had one ironclad element of unity. That was Souzay's innate awareness of strengths and limitations. It directed him almost unerringly to what he could do well, and away from what he should not do at all.

His voice, of course, has never been his greatest asset; but now, after a decade and a half of prominence, it is as good as it ever was, and in some respects better. The former condition relates to care in its use, the latter to a determined avoidance of abuse. Thus, as a fine instrument should, it has grown more responsive with age, the more so since Souzay plays upon it with a master's discrimination. Whether it was the artful elaborations by Ravel of *Cinq mélodies populaires grecques*, or Poulenc's affecting *Chansons villageoises*, or a skillfully selected assortment of Fauré ("Claire de lune," "Madrigal," "Le parfum impérissable," or "Toujours"), Souzay and his indispensable associate at the piano, Dalton Baldwin, had everything plotted to a rare coincidence of control and spontaneity. There was, in between, a Schubert group of such tasteful rarities as "Bei dir allein," "Meeres Stille," and "Der Schiffer" that had equal control if less spontaneity. They were followed by the program's one outright miscalculation, a version of "Der Doppelgänger," which is really beyond his vocal capacity (in the purely quantitative sense). But it led to an "extra" that turned out to be Berlioz's "L'Absence" (from *Nuits d'été*), something few male singers would attempt and no singer, of whatever gender, could surpass. Here was the finesse of all finesses, an encore ending with a *pianissimo* that kept those who could appreciate it marveling silently through the intermission.

This would have been enough to characterize the evening as a success, but what made it the model alluded to earlier was the subsequent digression to new material by Ned Rorem and Thomas J. Flanagan. The latter's three settings of texts by John Clare could be accounted for by the circumstance that the Souzay recital was one in a series sponsored by St. John's University (to celebrate its centennial year) and Flanagan is a member of its faculty. This need be no implication of the kind of family connection that brings on artistic nepotism, for this Flanagan's compositional capabilities (not to be confused with those of the late William Flanagan) are solid and aptly employed in a vocal context. The settings tended to be a little conventional in method, but skillfully directed to the ends for which the composer elected these texts.

In his own quietly distinctive way, Rorem has trumped all the recent music of protest (and many of the written words, too) in his bitterly eloquent treatment of four selections from Whitman's *Specimen Days* to which he has given the title of *War Scenes*, and for which he has named as dedicatees "those who died in Vietnam, both sides, during the time of composition, June 20-30, 1969." There is the implication of journalism, or, at least, opportunism, in the context thus established; but Rorem has vindicated his option by the artistry he has brought to its fulfillment. As often a kind of declamation as it is a musicalization of the texts—the dying and the dead, the wounded and the maimed are its sad cast of characters—Rorem's results nevertheless become *compositions* through the constant interplay of intervallic values, the rise and fall of the prosody, the illuminating interjections of a shaft of pianistic color here, a muffled throb of silence there. It is a sizable accomplishment for Rorem, and he deserved not only the obeisance tendered by Souzay, but every bit of the applause that the performers directed toward him.

Brave man that he is, Souzay sang both the Flanagan and the Rorem sequences in the language of the poets as

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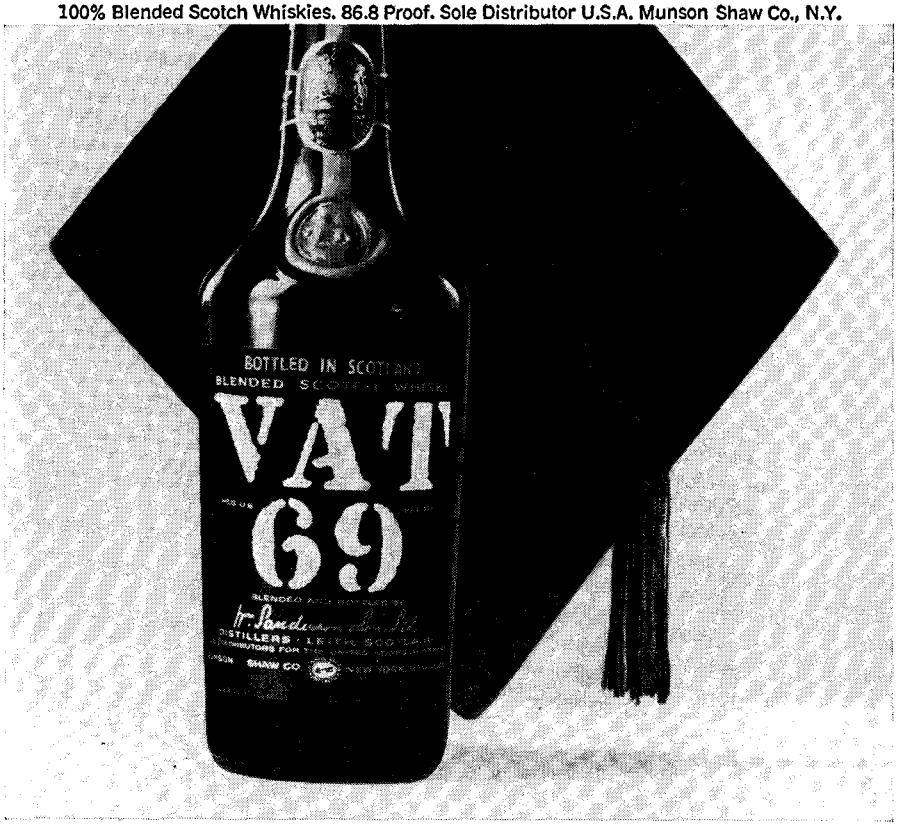

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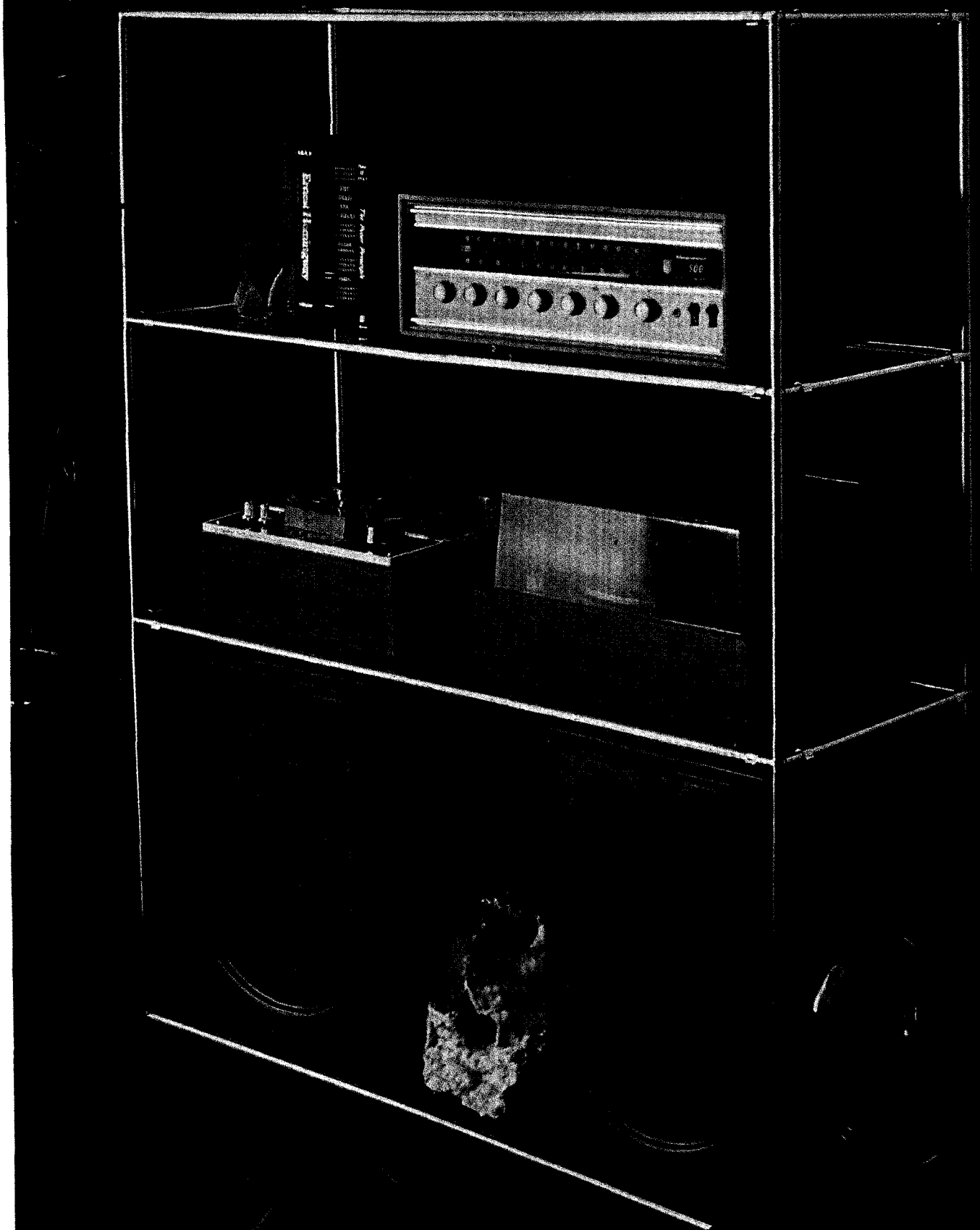

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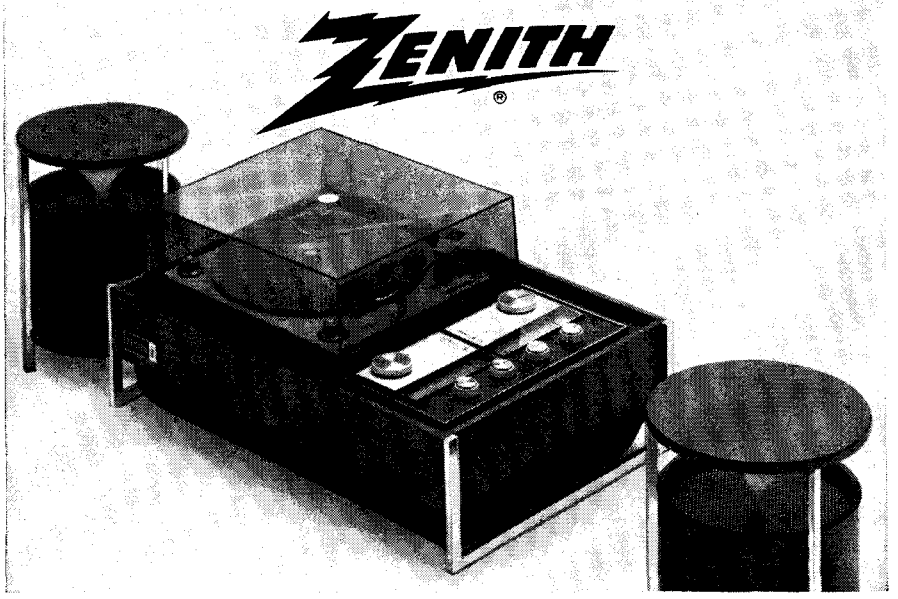
well as the composers, which is to say English. Accomplished linguist though he is, this posed some difficulties of comprehension at the outset, for the best French-English is never quite the same as the best English-English. But, after a while, it really didn't matter too much, for Souzay's capacity to involve the audience with whatever he does enabled him to cast a much wider net of attention than might have been available to a performer with impeccable enunciation. And there were the texts in the program to rely upon (save when they offered a confusingly musical reference to "distant canon" in Whitman's description of "A Night Battle").

The debut program of Korean tenor Philip Cho in Alice Tully Hall was similarly segmented. It began and ended with repertory matter, surrounding a section in between that was devoted to the first public hearing of material from Virgil Thomson's opera-in-progress, *Lord Byron*. Among the factors immediately to Cho's credit were a light, fresh, agreeable tenor sound, a well-schooled manner of using it, and considerable indications of artistic instincts, even temperament. He was clearly inside the sentiments of Beethoven's "Adelaide" and Schubert's "Nacht und Träume" as well as "Die Forelle," if not quite abreast of the darker mood of "Die böse Farbe." Something approaching real ardor made itself apparent in Strauss's "Die Nacht," and he had the mood of "Ständchen" well in mind, if, as yet, not all the technic needed to trace the vocal involutions under concert conditions.

The three excerpts from *Lord Byron* (beginning "Alas! The Love of Woman," "The Wanderer from the British World of Fashion," and "Sweet Lady, Once My Heart Was Warm") had a mixture of expectable and unexpectable elements. In the former category was Thomson's discriminating treatment of the more than ordinarily literate texts by Jack Larsen; in the latter, a musical idiom whose "Englishness" suggested some conscious reference to the vernacular of the early nineteenth-century British period. Interest really transcended performance values, for a wholly successful performance required both a more experienced and a stronger-voiced singer than Cho. Also, as his own pianist, Thomson represented the composer like a composer —with more feeling than technique. In other portions of the program Cho profited by expert pianistic assistance from Allen Rogers.



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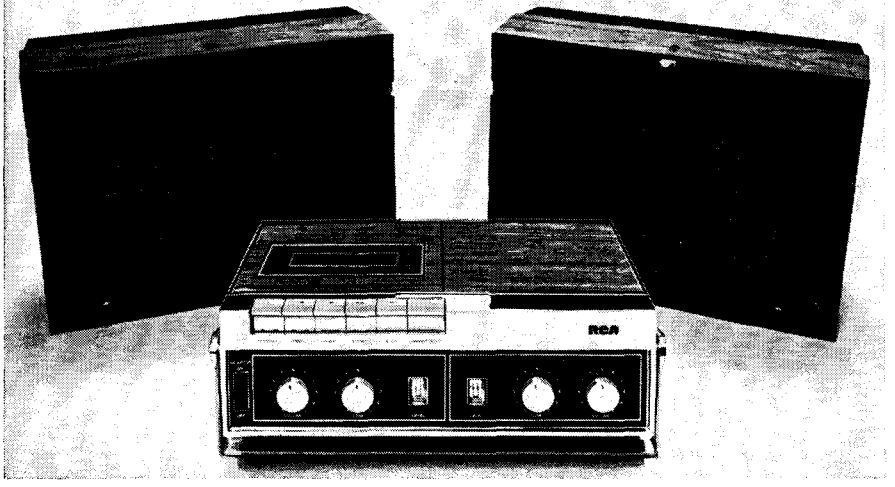

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

The New Ford's

WASHINGTON, D.C.

THIS IS A GOOD theater town. Its National Theatre is a popular spot for shows on their way to or coming from Broadway. Arena Stage is one of the oldest and best resident professional theater operations in the country (*The Great White Hope* and *Indians* are essentially Arena Stage productions transferred to Broadway). The Washington Theater Club, with its persistent policy of giving priority to new untested scripts won this year's Margo Jones Award. And now, at historic, recently renovated Ford's Theatre, Washington will have a series of interesting revivals produced by New York's Circle in the Square. Since Circle in the Square has an unmatched record for producing long-running revivals at its 299-seat Off-Broadway playhouse (*Little Murders, A Moon for the Misbegotten, Iphigenia in Aulis, Eh?, Desire Under the Elms, The Trojan Women, The White Devil,* plus *The Iceman Cometh* and *Summer and Smoke* at its previous theater), it would seem reasonable to expect that it could bring the same high quality and success to Ford's Theatre, which although it has twice as many seats to fill each night requires runs only one-sixth as long as Circle in the Square's New York average.

This season's opening play at Ford's is a happy choice. Director Ted Mann, whose career has included several O'Neill revivals, is on secure ground with the playwright, and *Ah, Wilderness!*, which over the years has been the most steadily performed of all O'Neill's works, is a sure-fire audience-pleasing comedy. It is a portrait of 1906 American family normalcy, spiced with just enough aberration to make it credible. Its characters have impulses that could lead to profound experiences, but "healthy" family ties always pull them back into a cozier comic existence.

Happily, Mr. Mann has assembled a solid cast for his tenderly amusing production. Larry Gates is splendidly dry in the role of the father, and his embarrassed double-talk sex lecture to his son is a hilarious gem. Stefan Gierasch is equally unsentimental as the alcoholic Uncle Sid; his entrance where he glides unsteadily past the door he had intended to enter, only to come through a second door instead, is an inspired piece of comic business. Geraldine Fitzgerald catches the comic incongruity of a mother who in one breath insists that her husband punish their son, and in the next is concerned because the boy is suffering. Tony Schwab plays the sixteen-year-old son with a touch of today's long-haired rebelliousness that gives the play a little modern relevance to go with its nostalgic quaintness. And Peggy Pope adds an amusing bit as the floozy who is perplexed by the difficulties of trying to corrupt a minor.

Marsha Eck's settings beautifully capture the feel of the period, and they turn the unworkable forestage of Ford's Theatre into a box set so that the action does not become remote. Leigh Rand's costumes exaggerate ever so slightly the old fashions to emphasize the comic nature of a play that could easily become too sentimental. And the Ford's Theatre Society has enhanced the whole experience by putting cushions on the playhouse's hard chairs. Extremism in the maintenance of historical verisimilitude may be a sore point with some. But with the advance of democracy, today's theatergoers now have the right to be as comfortable in their seats as were those privileged personages who used to sit in the boxes of Ford's Theatre.

At Arena Stage, director Zelda Fichandler is currently attempting an ambitious new play by Arthur Giron called *Edith Stein*. Although it is based upon the life of a German Jew's conversion to Roman Catholicism and her persecution by the Nazis, its most interesting aspect is a love-hate relationship between an obsessed storm trooper and the nun he must eventually exterminate at Auschwitz. The play suggests that both Miss Stein and her persecutor shared a violent fanaticism that needed to be tempered into a compassionate love. This is valid, and a cast headed by Marketa Kimbrell, James Luisi, Anne Meacham, and Anne Ives gives the play's parade of short scenes an earnest performance. However, one feels that our glimpses of Edith Stein's theological metamorphosis are unsatisfyingly nominal and abrupt.

Back in New York, Jerzy Grotowski's Polish Laboratory Theatre followed its acclaimed opening presentation of *The Constant Prince* [*SR*, Nov. 1] with its very contemporary version of Stanislaw Wyspianski's turn-of-the-century play, *Acropolis*. For it, the Washington Square Methodist Church auditorium

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is completely rearranged so that the audience sits both around and in the Auschwitz concentration camp Grotowski and his designer, Josef Szajna, have artistically created out of bits of old stovepipe, wheelbarrows, an iron bathtub, and an overhead spider web of ropes. The prisoners enter dressed in patched burlap work clothes; they wear wooden shoes that clatter as they scurry about doing their work. This suggests that the daily routines in such a place are bearable because they are completely mechanical and meaningless. The actors demonstrate the real horror of imprisonment in a series of conflicts in which each must make the other a victim so as not to be a victim himself.

However, there is another way to escape victimization, and that is the creation of absurdity and fantasy. While we watch the prisoners gaily going about the grim task of arranging the pipes for their own crematorium, we also see them re-enact Homeric and biblical myths, as one of their number plays ridiculously sweet background music on a violin. During one of these re-enactments, the prisoners imaginatively create a wedding procession in which the bride is a piece of pipe draped in what looks like the remains of a shower curtain.

Much of the proceedings have a formal religious quality with speeches intoned as litanies and responses. Perhaps this is to imply that the prisoners' religious heritage continues to operate even in these malevolent circumstances. Furthermore, it underlines the intentionally boring redundancy of prison life.

At the end of *Acropolis* there is a religious procession in which the prisoners lift onto their shoulders a stuffed suit of long underwear that represents their Saviour. And then quite voluntarily they, Saviour and all, jump through a trap door that obviously leads to the gas chamber. It is a devastating theatrical statement.

The imagination of the director and the disciplined concentration of the actors are again extraordinary. Indeed, at some points, sensing the real physical discomfort being endured by the actors, we feel an intense personal sympathy that tends to interrupt our connection with the play. Moreover, for some reason, we keep finding ourselves admiring rather than sharing the powerful feelings the actors are so explosively generating. The more visceral they behave, the more cerebral we become. This is strange, for the Polish Laboratory Theatre is supposedly dedicated to discovering new ways for the actor and the audience to increase the strength and profundity of their relationship.

PLAYBOY, COMING UP

DECEMBER ISSUES

For the last few months, we've used this space to talk at some length about three or four selected features in the current PLAYBOY. But this month and next—reflecting the tempo of all our lives during the holiday season, and the more-than-double measure of good reading in both the December and January PLAYBOYs—we'll be short on rumination and long on information.

In December, then:

Love, Dad, an unpublished chapter from JOSEPH HELLER'S *Catch 22,* deepens his characterization of Edward Nately—and reminds us again of the power of the century's greatest anti-war farce.

* * *

ELDRIDGE CLEAVER, in *The Flashlight,* his first published work of fiction, sensitively and realistically re-creates the cruelty of coming of age in the ghetto.

* * *

TIMOTHY LEARY develops an analysis of what he considers the germinal conflict in our society—between the desire to do good, and to feel good—from an account of his four-year legal battles, in *Episode and Postscript.*

* * *

Genius, by ROBERT GRAVES, laments the fact that our logic-dominated culture stifles the development of that most rare and mysterious of human endowments.

* * *

U.S. SENATOR JACOB JAVITS, in *Hunger In America,* prescribes a cure for this country's feast-and-famine malaise.

* * *

LESLIE FIEDLER contends in *Cross the Border, Close the Gap* that the best new writing – which mixes myth, passion and sentimentality – is beyond the pale of traditional rational analysis.

* * *

ALLAN WATTS calls for a loving approach to food—and to life—in *Murder in the Kitchen.*

* * *

WOODY ALLEN – in *Snow White?* – tongue-in-cheekly reviews a fantasy stage version of the Disney classic starring Rod Steiger as a "frustrated, alcoholic, impotent Doc."

* * *

TINY TIM, the captain of the Good Ship Lollipop himself, conjures up the departed spirits of America's most popular pre-swing singers in *The Great Crooners.*

* * *

RONALD SEARLE – the nonpareil British cartoonist, caricaturist and lithographer – pays lighthearted tribute to another master in *Homage to Toulouse-Lautrec.*

* * *

Also in December: *The Harold Robbins Co.,* by JOHN SKOW, an illuminating look at the personality and appeal of the prolific literary sexploiter; what we think is the most candid interview with JOE NAMATH yet published; and Part II of our three part serialization of the new GRAHAM GREENE entertainment, *Crook's Tour.* An embarrassment of riches? Only for those whom riches embarrass, a sentiment out of keeping with this bounteous season—and certainly with the next two issues of PLAYBOY.

Cordially,

THE EDITORS OF PLAYBOY®

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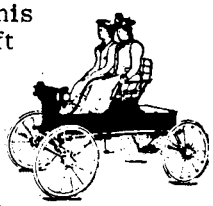

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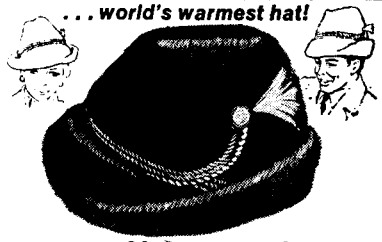

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

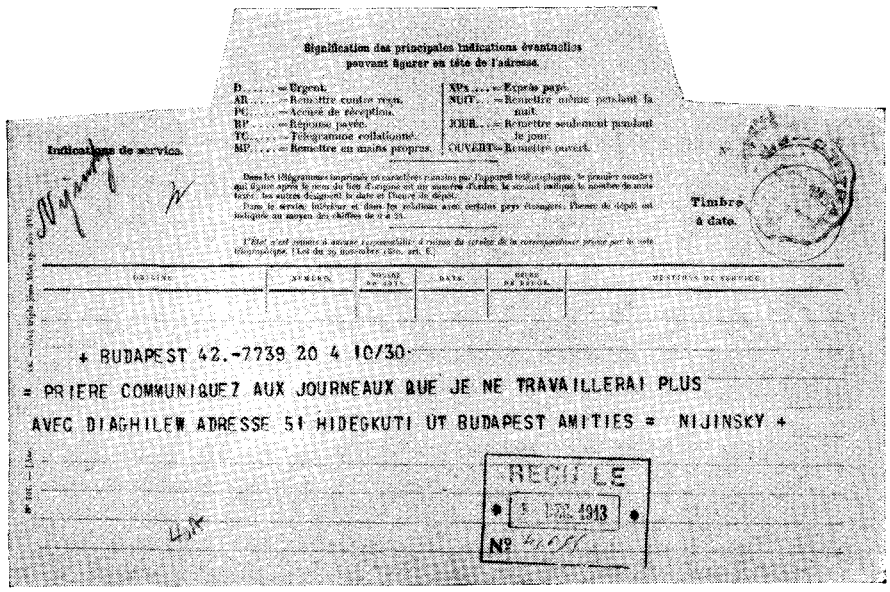
Anniversary

FONTEYN or Plisetskaya, Bruhn or Nureyev, Graham or Balanchine—are they the final symbols of dance achievement? No, no, no! What of Pavlova and Nijinsky, Taglioni and Vestris, Louis XIV and Catherine de Medici, and that nameless lass with such great agility in spinal flexibility that she could do a backbend with hands on the floor (known as "the bridge") to the delight of pharaohs? These and thousands more constitute the symbols of dance achievement, the dance of the ages, and they still live in various media and are on view at the Dance Collection, now twenty-five years old, at the Library and Museum of the Performing Arts (dance, music, theater) at Lincoln Center, a branch of the New York Public Library.

At the start, the now world-renowned Dance Collection was nothing but a tiny segment of the library's Music Division, housed in a small corner in the building at 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue. Dr. Carleton Sprague Smith, the division's head, was deeply interested in dance and foresaw the day when a vast dance collection would come to serve the literate world of dance followers and scholars. After a few years of organizing the library's dance items into a collection, Dr. Smith realized that a full-time dance curator would be necessary. For this still minor post, he engaged a very pretty girl who was an accomplished musician and who had both danced and composed for dance. She was eager, she was winning, and she was determined —an enviable trio of qualities—and, despite discouraging words from some important people, she set out to build a little collection into the greatest dance collection in the world. She has done just that. Her name is Genevieve Oswald, and over the years she has lost none of the eagerness, the determination, the winning ways, and the prettiness that continue to make her requests, in behalf of the Dance Collection (now of Division status), irresistible.

The growth of the Dance Collection under Miss Oswald's direction is truly unbelievable. "In the old office," she says, "I used to sit on much of the collection, because there was no place else to put it. For example, we used to have about five thousand manuscripts, and, as we received more, the donors would have to keep them for us or put them in vaults. Today, we have space for our more than sixty thousand manuscripts.

"In 1947, the Dance Collection had exactly five lithographs; today, we have six thousand lithographs and prints, all of them rarities. And they're rare because many of them are from the 1700s, and when you think about it, it's remarkable not only that they have survived, but crossed the ocean and found their place in an American library. Books are not much more than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three per cent of our collection, but in 1947 we had a thousand and today we have thirty-one thousand. Photos have jumped from a hundred and fifty to over a million, and the clippings from a thousand to . . . well, they are almost beyond count. Among our many treasures is a program for *Le Ballet Comique de la Reine*, from 1581, the first major ballet. Our copy belonged to Ben Jonson."

Miss Oswald—known as "Gegi" to her friends—began her building of the Dance Collection with this premise: "I knew that eventually dance—certainly the finest of the arts—would become one of the most learned and respected of the arts, and the most literate. Today it should be said that the function of the Dance Collection is to record, retain, and make available not only the charming moments of dance but the profundities of dance, the great art works that the art of dance has inspired outside its own realm of activity.

"I can't even begin to tell you what we have in the Dance Collection. There is the great Denishawn collection, given to us by Ted Shawn and the late Ruth St. Denis. And, incidentally, our files cover Rita Hayworth as well as Miss Ruth, both attractive women! There is the huge collection that Walter Toscanini gave in memory of his ballerina wife, Cia Fornaroli. This contains priceless lithographs and all kinds of marvels, including a manuscript written by a Jewish dancing master in 1460—it's his own notebook—that describes all the dances of the day, the style, the people who took part, the ballets with their stories and steps. It's a real working manual. He also had a method of notation, and recorded two dances that Lorenzo de Medici had choreographed."

There are many additional collections within the Collection. There is an Isadora Duncan collection, including a trunk Isadora used; a movie film archive generously supported by Jerome Robbins; a Lincoln Kirstein collection; a new collection of materials of Serge Diaghilev, the genius behind his own Ballets Russes and the renascence of ballet in Western Europe, a collection that includes his own private notebook, his doodles, letters, and telegrams; plus many other individual collections (Humphrey-Weidman, Holm, Tamiris, La Meri, and on and on).

Who uses all this vast material, now computerized, microfilmed, and otherwise organized by the most contemporary sciences? Naturally, choreographers, dancers, writers, students, costume and stage designers, composers and musicians, and teachers are the first to benefit from the Dance Collection. So beautifully organized is it that

(*Continued on page* 90)

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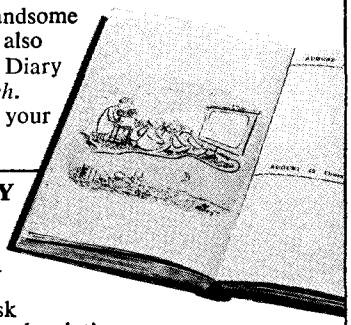

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

Manhattan's Hibernian Haunts

IT IS OUTRAGEOUS, the deprivations an Irishman has to endure in New York City. Why, just the other night a friend of mine, Sean White, was bemoaning the scarcity of good mature Irish whisky in local pubs. Rare is the bar that carries his cherished Jameson Twelve, so named because it is aged at least twelve years. He does well to get a Jameson Seven.

In Ireland, White had a dream of a newspaper job, a sort of roving, free-wheeling gig that took him out of Dublin and into the countryside whenever he pleased, in search of whatever he chose to write about. By the time he left Ireland four years ago there wasn't a pub or a publican he didn't know. His favorite was, of course, his own local pub, the White Horse, on Burgh Quay in Dublin, managed by Michael O'Connell.

There was no sod caked to White's boots when he arrived in New York—he had a good job waiting, and he knew his way around—but for a long time he went about with this lost-soul look in his eyes. He was searching for a local pub, a place around the corner he could count on, relax in, return to—as to a trusted mistress. One night he was drinking in the West 50s when he heard that Michael O'Connell's boy, Eddie, had come to New York and was working at a pub down on Third and 23rd, the Molly Malone. White set out on foot and walked all the way. Overnight the Molly Malone became his local pub, and Eddie O'Connell his barman; they remain so today, even though Sean White's flat is miles away on West 81st Street.

White prefers to end the night drinking Jameson Twelve at the Molly Malone, but he is by no means a stranger to other Irish pubs in the five boroughs of New York. There are hundreds, I suppose, for hundreds of occasions—for singing, eating, slumming, talking, and sometimes being alone. We criss-crossed Manhattan the other night, trying to take in the whole range in seven or eight hours so I could go off to Ireland a week later with the right taste in my mouth.

5:50 p.m., Costello's, Third Avenue and 44th Street. In the 1940s and 1950s Costello's was a literary haunt, a favorite refuge of James Thurber and his *New Yorker* friends. Burl Ives used to sit in the corner and strum "The Blue Tail Fly." Thurber's faded drawings are plastered on a wall opposite the bar, dozens of funny little figures chasing one another all the way from the front door to the john in back. Above the bar hangs a collection of canes, blackthorn sticks, and shillelaghs—the kind of adornment you seldom see in a Dublin pub. White calls it "stage Irish." One cane is broken in two and tied together with cord. In 1949, just after Tim Costello moved his pub from next door, Hemingway bet O'Hara a drink he could break the cane over his own head.

Today's literary crowd runs more to the *Daily News* and Madison Avenue ad writers. Tim Costello, who died seven years ago, looks down from an oil painting above the canes and shillelaghs, and he is missed. The building has been condemned, and there are rumors the pub will close down. Earlier this year Frankie Conefery, a legendary New York barman, came across town from Jim Downey's on Eighth Avenue to work for Costello's, and he is reason enough to keep the ghosts away a few more years.

Conefery is a big, florid-faced man with wavy white hair and beefy hands. You expect his voice to drown out foghorns on the East River, but instead it comes out in little croaks because his trachea has been removed. When Frankie stands back from the bar, his arms folded across his expansive middle, a becalming smile lighting his round face, he effects a kind of benign, lordly presence. His vocabulary, though, tends more to earthiness, a habit that has—along with the hefty drinks he pours—won him enduring fame.

"This place," slurred an owlish man with large tortoise-shell glasses, standing at the bar, "this place is for drinkers. For guys who want eight or nine good hits. You can go up and down Third Avenue from 24th to 96th and you won't find a bar that gives a stiffer belt. And there's no bummy ladies in here, no fancy come-on. If John here"—he nodded toward John Gallagher, the day manager—"if he says 'Eighty-six' then you're out on your ear. Right, John?"

Gallagher explained that "Eighty-six" is the traditional way of telling a patron he's had too much to drink. We left before he could tell it to the owl.

6:50 p.m., the Blarney Stone, next door. Through the open front door came the smell of pigs' knuckles, sauerkraut, corned beef, and other steaming fare heaped on trays beside the bar. "This is strictly a drinking station," White said of the Blarney Stone, a chain of New York pubs favored by workingmen and dead-end drinkers. Instead of shillelaghs above the bar there is a row of signs advertising cheap drinks for sale. LARGE MUG OF BASS

(*Continued on page* 88)

Frankie Conefery (right) and Tim Costello, Jr.—In former days a favorite refuge of Thurber, Hemingway, and O'Hara.

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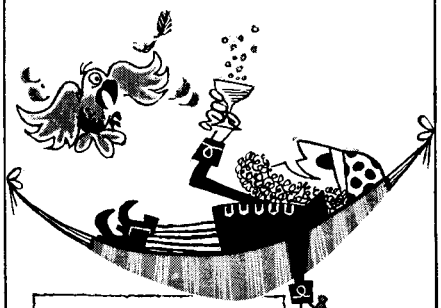

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SR Goes to the Movies

Roland Gelatt

Kazan's Rearrangement

FAYE DUNAWAY, coolly contemporary in her pale makeup and lavender sunglasses, is about the only thing that's really up to date in Elia Kazan's movie version of *The Arrangement*. She confers a whiff of today on an otherwise day-before-yesterday film—the kind that unfolds a protracted personal history in lavish detail and lasts for at least two boxes of popcorn. Is this so bad? Let's agree that *The Arrangement* doesn't advance the cinematic art one iota. Still, it's a brilliantly crafted production, and I confess to having relished every cornball minute of it.

Since Kazan's novel has sold in the millions, it must be common knowledge by now that it concerns the coming-to-terms-with-himself of Eddie Anderson—successful advertising man, indefatigable womanizer, possessor of an elegant Los Angeles home equipped with swimming pool, three cars, and a resolutely understanding wife. It takes Eddie some four hundred pages to rid himself of his discontents and these unwanted encumbrances, and in the process he stirs up a good deal of *Sturm und Drang*, attempting suicide, burning down the old family mansion, getting shot, and in general creating nothing but mayhem until he finally finds a measure of stability with Gwen, the other woman in his life. When the book apeared two years ago, nobody claimed much literary distinction for it, but there was no denying the compelling vitality of the story, and it was abundantly clear that some day it would make a good movie.

It has. The film is long, but unlike the novel it doesn't sprawl. In adapting *The Arrangement* for the screen, Kazan has tightened its structure and sharpened its scenes without abandoning any of the principal characters or incidents. To achieve this he makes use of flashbacks to an almost ludicrous extent. Eddie rarely has a present thought that doesn't trigger some past image. But for all their metronomic regularity, the flashbacks do succeed in rounding out the plot and illuminating the sources of Eddie's torment. They are also terse and to the point. Indeed, throughout the movie there is little of the prolixity that blemished the novel. Seldom has the art of compression worked such wonders.

In addition to preparing the script, Kazan also functioned as producer and director. Needless to say, he managed to elicit some high-voltage performances. Kirk Douglas plays Eddie Anderson in his customary square-jawed manner, crackling with debonair assurance in the early scenes as the invincible idea man for Zephyr cigarettes, then visibly losing his grip as he withdraws from his old world and sinks deeper and deeper into the slough of despond (looking more and more like Elia Kazan, incidentally, as the film progresses). Deborah Kerr is the patient and still handsome wife, determined to save her marriage come hell or high water. This is not exactly a new role for Miss Kerr, and by now she must be the most accomplished lip-biter in the business. I'm not convinced that Faye Dunaway is the same Gwen one encounters in the book. I hadn't pictured her as that mod or classy. But it really doesn't matter, since she's just the kind of girl to lead a susceptible man into oceans of trouble.

There's certainly an abundance of trouble in *The Arrangement*, and if you think about it afterward, you may wonder whether all the tumult was necessary. While the film is unspooling, however, the professional polish—helped appreciably by Robert Surtees's photography—covers the imperfections quite acceptably.

The opening scene in Claude Chabrol's *La Femme Infidèle* closely parallels that of *The Arrangement*. Again there is a handsome house (here on the outskirts of Paris) and one of those comfortable marriages filled with unspoken frustrations. This time it's the wife who wanders, and before long the husband is on her track. He visits her lover, engages him in some preliminary chitchat, then clouts him on the head, and sinks the body in a scummy pond.

Not a word to the wife. The two carry on as if nothing had happened. Then the police arrive. A man has mysteriously disappeared and they are checking all the names in his address book for possible clues. Of course, the wife feigns ignorance of his whereabouts. The man was a chance acquaintance at a cocktail party, someone she hardly knew. But of course she begins to suspect her husband.

Again nothing is said between them, and as the film ends the two are still eyeing each other silently, each waiting for the other to crack. It's an engrossing piece of uptight psychological drama, and Chabrol handles it with appropriately low-keyed intensity.

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The Fine Arts

Katharine Kuh

Hooked on Bigness

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM'S first major centennial exhibition, "New York Painting and Sculpture: 1940-1970," is a stunning display, and this is precisely what's wrong with it. Overeasy to digest because its main thrust is decorative, the mammoth aggregation is beautifully installed in spacious, well-lighted galleries. The cumulative effect is gay, brash, optimistic, chic, bold, technically more than competent, yet lacking in those thoughtful qualities that lead to contemplation. The whole experience, except for certain dutiful inclusions from the near past, recalls a super interior decorating job. Everything is placed correctly; everything is splendidly lighted and labeled. All we miss is the runway with exotic models posturing in maxi or mini costumes.

The emphasis here is narrow. It focuses on up-to-date works chiefly related to primary colors, minimal forms, or both, and almost invariably of gigantic size. Indeed, the paintings often seem little more than superbly designed backdrops for a glittering world of "beautiful people" who somehow forgot to appear. The sheer size of individual objects (and basically these paintings and sculptures are deliberately intended as objects) poses two questions. Why this Napoleonic obsession? Why this zeal to duplicate the scale of nature and technology?

It is not the number of works by certain cool young artists that dominates the show; it is the physical dimensions of these works. Men from the immediate past (women, by the way, are totally absent except for Helen Frankenthaler, who, for my money, is grossly overrepresented) might better have been omitted. Examples by them selected idiosyncratically, though at times separately arrayed in individual rooms, present these artists almost as obligatory afterthoughts. For them there is rarely the *mot juste*, the involved commitment that has gone into the choice of such hot-off-the-griddle items as those by Frank Stella, Kenneth Noland, Jules Olitski, Larry Poons, and Ellsworth Kelly, the last with forty-two paintings, drawings, and constructions, though not a single example of his forerunner, Leon Polk Smith, appears.

There are, to be sure, handsome paintings by Clyfford Still, Mark Rothko, Edward Hopper, Josef Albers, but for some reason the emotional content and historical sequence of these works are blunted. Notable exceptions are David Smith and Hans Hofmann, both of whom emerge in full glory, perhaps because their work is more aggressive. Any meditative voice tends to be extinguished here, though Joseph Cornell's fragile poetry has not been hurt. It seems to live alone and apart despite a melodramatic setting.

Thomas P. F. Hoving, director of the Metropolitan, is quoted as saying that Curator Henry Geldzahler, who chose the show, is "always on the firing line and everyone is trying to pick him off." That may be true, but in the case of this reviewer it is not. Having held a similar job, she is in sympathy with any museum staff member who wants to break with rigid conventions and give freedom to personal convictions. This, I am sure, is what Mr. Geldzahler was after; yet one can only regret that his convictions were strictly in the groove. He himself admits that a "guiding principle in deciding which artists to include in the exhibition has been the extent to which their work has commanded critical attention." We must presume then that his choices were directed less by his own convictions than by those of the critics he admires. Or possibly it is these critics, especially Clement Greenberg, who seem to have formed his convictions. So why not have Mr. Greenberg do the show?

There are occasions when an exhibition of this kind might have been welcome, but as the opening event in our greatest art museum's centennial celebration it is a mistake and a misleading one. At some other time, offered merely as a brilliant optical commentary on recent years, the exhibition's highly biased nature might have proved less offensive. For the implied slur on the reputations of many influential artists who were omitted is difficult to overlook. That some of them had to be eliminated is obvious, but men and women who established major guidelines, even though today they are temporarily out of fashion, were too important to discard purely because of one man's personal taste. Or are we to believe that pivotal figures of the last three decades have meaning only as their work contributes directly to the latest up-to-the-minute trends?

Because the Metropolitan's collections have rich historical and international connotations, an American show commemorating the museum's hundredth birthday presupposes more general and more generous treatment. Here was an opportunity missed. Why not have faced up to the last hundred years? Pervasive indigenous tendencies might have been traced from 1870 to 1970, the period that saw the Metropolitan blossom into one of the world's most celebrated institutions. We could have witnessed our own native brand of humor from Quidor to Lichtenstein, our own native brand of realism from Eakins to Warhol, our own native brand of romanticism from Ryder and Blakelock to Morris Louis. And in the end we could have better judged why the brave young painters of today are accepted more readily abroad than were their forebears. Such a comprehensive exhibition, purposely historical, might have encouraged a book-catalogue of permanent value.

A museum throw-away describing the show states, "In 'New York Painting and Sculpture: 1940-1970,' the luxury of historical perspective doesn't exist. The exhibition resists such comfort, both for us and for the many thousands of visitors who will walk through it between October 18, 1969, and February 1, 1970. Yet in this," the museum adds, "lies the challenge *and* the significance of this immense effort toward understanding." Surely history is scarcely a "comfort"; it is a "challenge," and its pursuit is one of the Metropolitan's prime functions. Otherwise why does this institution collect, preserve, and exhibit the art of all periods? There is no reason to believe that inclusion of a relevant past interferes with our understanding of the present. Quite the contrary.

The self-congratulatory throw-away blurb actually perverts history when it goes on to compare artists in the current show with "Cézanne, Manet, Degas, Van Gogh, Picasso [who were] all originally . . . outcasts in a world scandalized by their work." Which artists, may I ask, among the Metropolitan's "critically" acclaimed choices are outcasts? Oddly enough, in the present show the larger the works, particularly recent ones, the more they have already been purchased, often by private collectors who sometimes build additional wings to accommodate their new treasures. In any case, these artists are not pariahs. They are in, in, in! How long they will stay in is another matter.

The catalogue accompanying the exhibit is an embarrassing salute to hand-picked dealers and critics who often receive more attention than the artists themselves. Hallowed commercial galleries are singled out for warm applause—a dubious gesture since many of the works they are praised for promoting have not yet proved themselves and may vanish from the

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scene in short order. And why not? The Pop artists Geldzahler ardently championed a few short years ago he now finds disappointing. Says he, "It seems today that Pop art was an episode," and, feeling no guilt for past errors of judgment, he trips lightly on to his new favorites, namely minimal structures and color abstractions. Not long ago he was rapping our knuckles for doubting the transcendental value of the very movement he now questions.

I do not propose to list person by person the artists who were cavalierly omitted, nor cover in detail those who were included. Sometimes the show sings with vitality. Sometimes it stumbles. But by and large it is an eye-filling if not a mind-filling experience. What I claim is that this was hardly the moment or place for the projection of such an unequivocal personality cult and such undue exclusiveness. Take, if you will, the case of Willem de Kooning. Apparently Geldzahler is not fond of the late *Women*, those violent emotion-soaked canvases. The artist is represented by twelve paintings, but definitive works from the early Fifties are nowhere to be found, though the omitted group was crucial to the history of American art.

Clyfford Still, an acknowledged pioneer of Abstract Expressionism, is seen sparsely in five examples. His enormous influence on action painting is neither evident nor indicated; yet lesser followers are inflated to unreasonable dimensions. It is almost as if personal contacts had weighted the scales. When the Metropolitan bets on a man, it bets all the way. The painter Adolph Gottlieb suddenly bursts forth as a sculptor with, in addition to his canvases, two large and what seemed to me derivative works that certainly have not affected the course of American art. But authentic experiments by committed sculptors who were influential during these same decades have been bypassed because, alas, they did not correspond to Geldzahler's taste this year. Fortunately, even the Metropolitan cannot in the long run change the course of history.

If much of the show grows out of a European past, much of it also is patently American. The hardness, the clarity, the vulgarity, the humor are all endearingly native. For that matter, so too is the emphasis on size. These days we're hooked on bigness, on its ocular demands, on its indomitable presence. Yet, curiously, the "new bigness" is neither frightening nor enveloping. It is simply big and often bland. It might be bigger and thus better, for these simplified giant works depend largely on size. When small, they cannot function. It is their frank, physical immensity that gives them power. Perhaps, as Gauguin once said, a meter of green *is* greener than a centimeter of the same color.

Walloping canvases and magnified structures are as much a part of our world as are explosive billboards, well-designed factories, and vast, meticulous shiny machines. It's all one; there's no escape, not even at the Metropolitan. But perhaps if we look long and carefully, the exhibition, despite itself, will tell us something about our life, about its bigness and emptiness, about our yearning for a clean, pure, uncluttered environment. Minimal art, whether two- or three-dimensional, and for all its pride in self-identification, ends up as the same old escapist art we have always known.

"I know I've retired, Edna, but I insist on being showered and shaved before the market opens!"

World Corporations

Continued from page 34

and the emergence of the world economy is that the operation goes beyond the still highly national tinge of most economic concepts and terms. Economics has to do with the art of householding, as we know at least from Aristotle on. It has to do with the effective disposition of available resources for production, and the distribution of the production for consumption and for further production. As such, it is an art to be practiced within the limits of whatever is the relevant household. Presumably today's almost instant communication makes realistic the whole world as a society and potential household.

Yet, we find ourselves trapped in such anomalies as balance-of-payments accounting that tends to force world operations into national perspectives. There is a lack of intergovernmental machinery to assure suitable money and credit conditions. The international legal structure is far from coherent —uncertainties and conflicts of laws are a constant embarrassment to international producers. Furthermore, conditions affecting the operation of international companies differ—to a large extent arbitrarily—from country to country.

These barriers to economic internationality all involve very difficult political action. But, if our policy does not take into account internationalization, not just one country's but the world's household will suffer. And conversely, if internationalization is made the nub of policy, not only will we be able to face hopefully and realistically our own problems of development, but those of the world as well.

As economists, we build our models on the present—which is actually the past. The influence of the steam engine could not have been projected from its first convulsive puffs, and the ultimate impact of American investment abroad cannot yet be glimpsed for all the details at hand. Because of the United States' differentially high degree of development, we would expect it to continue to be on the transmitting end of technology and capital to facilitate more rapid economic growth abroad. Its ability to do so depends directly on the maintenance of a substantial domestic growth rate. In fact, it may be wondered whether the demands in the period ahead may not require a considerably more substantial growth rate than the 4 to 6 per cent of the past twenty years. Ten per cent is not a bad rate to suggest. Interest rates, unhappily, have made it; why not economic growth?

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An essay review of "them," by Joyce Carol Oates
(Vanguard, 508 pp. $6.95)

The Necessity in Art of a Reflective Intelligence

by BENJAMIN DEMOTT

Miss Oates's prefatory "Author's Note" to *them* points at some difficulties of her situation that have general cultural significance. The Note addresses the question how a professor of literature could come by the knowledge that lies at the heart of this tale. (Joyce Carol Oates teaches at the University of Windsor in Ontario; *them* deals chiefly with the experience of truck drivers, counter girls, parking-lot attendants, prostitutes, hapless aged in homes and welfare clinics, slum-dwellers, murderers, looters, rapists, and thieves.) The author has raised similar questions before, in relation to her earlier books, usually answering by speaking about slogging up source material in libraries. (The racing-car background in her first novel, *With Shuddering Fall*, for example, is said to have been pulled from trade journals.) But *them* is a different story. In writing it, says Miss Oates, she had the help of a former student—a young girl with a "disadvantaged" past who provided a generously detailed autobiographical confession, and at length became the central character of the book:

> . . . the "Maureen Wendall" of this narrative [was] a student of mine in a night course, and a few years later she wrote to me and we became acquainted. Her various problems and complexities overwhelmed me, and I became aware of her life story. . . . My initial feeling about her life was, "This must be fiction, this can't all be real!" My more permanent feeling was, "This is the only kind of fiction that is real." And so the novel *them*, which is truly about a specific "them" and not just a literary technique of pointing to us all, is based mainly upon Maureen's numerous recollections. Her remarks, where possible, have been incorporated into the narrative verbatim, and it is to her terrible obsession with her personal history that I owe the voluminous details of this novel.

Miss Oates acknowledges that the personal history wasn't in every instance allowed to stand, on the ms. page, in the form in which it first became available to her. ". . . the various sordid and shocking events of slum life, detailed in other naturalistic works, have been understated here, mainly because of my fear that too much reality would become unbearable." She adds, somewhat obscurely, that "certain episodes [were] revised after careful research indicated that their context was confused." But she repeatedly stresses that, in substance as in detail, *them* is no imaginary voyage. The basis of the whole was solid fact—so furious an outpouring of fact, indeed, that, as the author tells it, her own life and sense of self almost vanished in the welter:

> For Maureen, this "confession" had the effect of a kind of psychological therapy, of probably temporary benefit; for me, as a witness, so much material had the effect of temporarily blocking out my own reality, my personal life, and substituting for it the various nightmare adventures of the Wendalls. Their lives pressed upon mine eerily, so that I began to dream about them instead of about myself, dreaming and redreaming their lives. Because their world was so remote from me it entered me with tremendous power, and in a sense the novel wrote itself.

Read in their entirety, the remarks just quoted seem a shade disingenuous.

BENJAMIN DEMOTT's most recent book is *Supergrow: Essays and Reports on Imagination in America*. He is also the author of the novel *A Married Man*.

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Occasional shakiness of tone, for instance, hints that Miss Oates might have hoped, by writing the Note, to disarm speculation that "Maureen Wendall" was in any sense herself, and that her conversancy with conditions of mean life was bought at a personal cost. (The jacket copy for *them* speaks only of Miss Oates's university degrees and literary honors; promotion for her earlier books, though, made much of her humble beginnings—early life on a farm outside a factory town, education in a one-room schoolhouse, escape via state scholarship to an undistinguished nearby university, etc.)

And the insistence on the "verbatim" character of the transcript also stirs mild skepticism. Whoever "Maureen Wendall" was, it's clear that Miss Oates's skill in shaping and pacing a narrative exceeds that of any conceivable non-literary mind. A family chronicle covering three decades (1937-1967), *them* shuttles between the life stories of a working-class mother, Loretta Botsford, and two of her children, Jules and Maureen. (The major settings are a small industrial canal city —it resembles Lockport, New York, where Miss Oates grew up—and Detroit before and during the '67 riots.) All three stories are clotted with violence. The book begins and ends with killings; parental beatings send children to the hospital for months; there are police clubbings, car and airplane crashes, barn burnings, bombings, stabbings . . . All three characters live for long moments on the chased side of the law, as thieves or prostitutes or rioting revolutionaries. And, to repeat, the crises of these lives—a series of desperate flights from one or another murderous pursuer — are recounted with speed, breathlessness and a communicated sense of anxiety that non-professional confessions (lax, rambling affairs that rarely attach themselves vividly to any particular instant of feeling) never attain. In short, facts of art as well as of life diminish the credibility of the author's account of her sources.

Yet her comments, as indicated, do possess interest. These fumblings with the "problem of esthetic distance," this uncertainty about how that problem can be met—both are signs which, when considered together with the public reception of Miss Oates's work, constitute a portent. Miss Oates's way of meeting the problem of "distance," her way of asserting her separateness as an artist, is to announce that she's writing a true story—about another girl, not herself. And implicit in that explanation is obliviousness to a series of truths about writing which, once familiar and well respected, have lately lost visibility and authority. Chief among them is the truth that it's unimportant whether "the experience" is or isn't the writer's own. What tells is whether the writer has achieved comprehensive power in, through and over the experience, whether he has terms for considering the experience, understanding it, registering its meaning and value, comparing it with other possible kinds of experience.

Joyce Carol Oates—"knowingness."

"Achieving a distance" means, in other words, holding in mind other possible responses besides those of a particular character, even in the act of representing the particular character's responses exactly; it means, more generally, maintaining a constant alertness to life-possibility, the possibility of stronger, worthier, more life-enhancing patterns or forces than those which may momentarily, by necessity, be represented. The prime requirement for achievement of distance in this sense is the possession, as a result of toil, meditation and risk, of a wider knowledge and deeper sympathy than are found in most men. And the purpose of laboring to attain it is to carry forward the endless work of enlarging human understanding.

To say that these commonplaces have lost authority for Miss Oates isn't to say that *them*—or any of her previous books—lacks narrative vigor. It is to say that she continues to appear as an *un*developing talent, a writer making no apparent advance toward reflective intelligence. *them*, like Miss Oates's earlier books, registers no distinctions among qualities of experience. The crudities and flatnesses of its characters' responses never are set in any perspective broader or subtler than their own. More important, at those moments when one or another of her people moves tentatively toward a dilation of mind or feeling—becomes for a moment, say, an enthralled reader of a classic novel in a quiet library—Miss Oates ruthlessly suppresses the sense of possibility, cutting and fitting the occasion to a systematic, schematic, reductive version of things.

The single principle or assumption carried in the texture of her narrative is that in every instance, every circumstance, the poor are vicious, their inwardness is blank; and the mind of the narrator, the teller of the story, is seldom tempted to move a step beyond this hopelessly abstract and restrictive vision. The book's epigraph does, to be sure, question the moral necessity of such a continuum of brutality and blankness. ". . . because we are poor, shall we be vicious?" (John Webster, *The White Devil.*) But in the body of the work there's no suggestion that alternatives to viciousness—or, at the least, interruptions of it—could exist in the presented world. And, saying it again, the novelist is utterly unwilling to allow herself to "stand in" through nuance or gesture for the intelligence or humane response "necessarily" erased from her story because of the nature of her characters. Not once, not even in the tone-shattering, clumsy moment midway in the book when Miss Oates enters in her own person and speaks of "Miss Oates" and of "her" student Maureen, does she enable her reader to believe that a mind subtler than that of the characters has been silently viewing the action with an appropriately compassionate and critical decency.

Why does this matter? says a voice. Miss Oates is thirty-one, enormously energetic and ambitious: is it not oversolemn to be foreclosing on her, denying the likelihood of a development? On its face, yes. At closer glance, though, the problem does look serious, for although Miss Oates is young, facts both of the contemporary literary culture and of her own special situation as a writer appear to be working against her chances. Her six books, most of them published while she was in her twenties, have been enthusiastically received. Reviewers have assigned one of her novels a place on a level with Dreiser's *An American Tragedy*. Two of her books have been nominated for a

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National Book Award, and it's probable that *them* will win the prize in 1970. Her fiction is sought after by the imposing literary reviews of the day, journals whose editors take firm, well-publicized positions on television against the corruption of literature by Miss Jacqueline Susann. Few of the living writers whose work could provide invaluable models for Miss Oates have sufficient fame to compel her eye. (For keys to the humane penetration of lives lacking in privilege, Miss Oates could study the stories of Tillie Olsen; for knowledge of how to sustain an evaluative perspective on public events of a magnitude comparable to that of the Detroit riots she could study Anthony Powell's *The Military Philosophers*; for a model of natural, reflective sensibility, she could study John Barth's *The Floating Opera.*) Those who praise Miss Oates, moreover, do so in a vein that encourages her to regard an inability to perceive or create meaning as a virtue—a "courageous" eschewal of judgment, a new foray into the meaning of meaninglessness. And this "critical line" is but part of a wider body of conviction throughout the culture at large—conviction hostile to the sequential and the reflective, impatient with effort at discriminating the quality of this or that response to life on the ground that such effort is un-involved, secondary, less like an action than an imitation of an action, hence unproductive of excitement or profit or pleasure.

And then beyond all this—a further obstacle to Miss Oates's development—there's the matter of her sense of herself as a teacher of literature in a university. Speaking of this subject without wallowing in self-elevating self-hatred is, for the present writer (himself a professor), no easy trick—but still it's wrong to evade it. The case is that people paid to ruminate about books in front of young people are powerfully tempted to believe they have entered the penetralia of art, have learned "the secrets," know the thing from inside. And this knowingness inevitably complicates a writer's proper understanding of himself as an apprentice. And knowingness does cast a shadow everywhere in Miss Oates's work. It shows itself sometimes in needlessly pretentious titles and epigraphs. Sometimes it takes the form of displays of self-reference—allusions in her own stories to the progress of her literary reputation, quotations from her earlier work, etc. (see Miss Oates's *Expensive People*). On still other occasions it surfaces as a pretense of bored superiority to mere reviewers—as when Miss Oates included in a novel parodies of the reviews she expected in various

(*Continued on page* 89)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

For the Record

IT LOOKS LIKE MY COLLECTION, *The Death of the Novel and Other Stories* [*SR*, Nov. 1], has confused Edward Potoker in various ways, but in one respect at least I insist we get the record straight. The character, "Sukenick's wife, Lynn," does not attend the City University of New York as Mr. Potoker claims, nor does she "write term papers for the pedants" there. This is not in my book and I don't know where Mr. Potoker gets it from. There is nothing about any particular college, explicitly or implicitly, in the story "The Death of the Novel," or in my novel *Up*. My wife in real life happens in fact to be writing a doctoral dissertation at the City University of New York and does not regard the professors there as "pedants," nor do I. The word is neither my character's nor my wife's but Mr. Potoker's. I assume he knows his colleagues at the City University but he doesn't know my wife, and as for my books, there is nothing in them but what I put there.

RONALD SUKENICK,
Ithaca, N.Y.

Rhetoric to Unlearn?

BERNHARDT J. HURWOOD, in his review of the books on the Korean War by J. Lawton Collins and I. F. Stone [*SR*, Nov. 1], only once mentions the conflict of interest, ideology or whatnot between "us and them." He says, "Despite the general's blind acceptance of the domino theory, and occasional lapses into purple anti-communist rhetoric (uncomfortably close to purple anti-American rhetoric) there are sound suggestions and much to be learned from *War in Peacetime*." Does this mean that opposition to communism is nothing but "rhetoric" which we must now unlearn?

SIDNEY KORETZ,
Arlington, Va.

Logically, No Ulcers in Ulster

J. H. PLUMB'S ASSERTION [*SR*, Oct. 25] that, had the Irish not rebelled successfully against English rule, they would by now be transformed by affluence beyond their wildest dreams may strike many as preposterous, though it is a contention stubbornly maintained by many English writers in the teeth of all evidence to the contrary. One looks in vain nowadays for that refreshing realism that made Samuel Johnson say concerning the Act of Union: "Gentlemen, we would unite with you only to rob you . . ." And it was Shelley, if memory serves aright, who later declared that "The Union was a union, but it was the union of a shark with its prey."

Since the six counties of Ulster that are still under English rule show little evidence of the transformation so blithely conjured up by Mr. Plumb, one hopes he will excuse a certain cynicism. According to his logic, "Ulster" should be a most fortunate spot, prosperous, enlightened and happy, while the South wallows in ignorance, despair and bigotry.

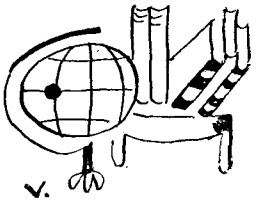
Mr. Plumb neglects to mention that Irish industry was virtually non-existent in 1921, due, I'm afraid, to English Acts of Parliament; that an unjust Partition did not help economically; that there was a world-wide depression during the Twenties; that early in the Thirties England began to wage war on the Irish economy because we stopped repaying loans given so that we could buy back the lands taken by force from our forefathers.

MARY C. BEAUSOLEIL,
Las Vegas, Nev.

MR. PLUMB ARGUES THAT during these forty poverty-stricken years, the youth of Ireland left in droves to find work in other countries. Quite so. Had Ireland not seceded, there would have been fewer to leave—thousands would have died fighting in World War II, as they died in World War I.

Mr. Plumb defeats his own argument by admitting, at the end, that Ulster, which remained tied to England, is now the poorest province in the island.

SAMUEL LEVENSON,
Washington, D.C.



Saints

MAISIE WARD ADVISES US in her review of *Saint Watching* [*SR*, Nov. 1] that St. Teresa would have "blenched" (at thoughts of Jewish blood); a word I have never before encountered—although it does have nice overtones of a pale, wretched wench retching.

DONALD I. KENNEDY,
San Francisco, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Webster's II Unabridged defines "blench" v. Intransitive: "to shrink; to start back; to draw back, or turn aside, from lack of courage or resolution; to flinch; quail. . . . To grow pale . . ."*

P.E.N. Founder

DAVID DEMPSEY in his "Letters and Leisure on the Riviera" [*SR*, Oct. 18] states that John Galsworthy founded P.E.N. Galsworthy was the P.E.N.'s first president; the novelist Mrs. C. A. Dawson-Scott founded P.E.N. in October 1921.

ALBERT A. SPERISEN,
San Francisco, Calif.

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The Publishing Scene

David Dempsey

The Carey-Thomas Award for a "distinguished project of creative publishing" was established in 1942 by the late Frederick G. Melcher, president of R.R. Bowker Co. and editor of *Publishers' Weekly*. Because there is no cash prize, and since the kudos goes to a publisher rather than an author, relatively little publicity attends the annual award ceremony. As a result, a man can own a Carey-Thomas winner and not know it.

Who is Carey-Thomas? Two men, to be exact—Matthew and Isaiah, respectively—whose careers as booksellers and publishers date back to the late eighteenth century. Both gentlemen retired young and died wealthy (perhaps the last time this has happened in American publishing), although not before they had set standards for their profession that are emulated today. Hence the prize in their names.

One of the difficulties faced by the judges in choosing their selection is to decide just what "creative publishing" is. (The other difficulty is simply getting five men together at one time to screen the nominations.) For working purposes, the judging criteria have been grouped into two broad categories: 1) good bookmaking, in terms of physical appearance, typography, format, design, etc.; and 2) the editing and marketing of the book above and beyond the call of publishing duty. As a result, a fair proportion of winners over the years have been highly visible books, such as multi-volume series (The Rivers of America), Bibles, dictionaries, books on enameled paper, books on rag paper, oversize books, and books with lots and lots of pictures (The Sierra Club Exhibit Format Series). Oh, yes, and books that cost a pretty penny to buy. Less visible (and not so expensive) items often achieve runner-up status and receive an Honor Citation, but in all cases the physical book and its successful marketing are what count. Author's name and editorial content are secondary.

It must have been difficult for the judges this year to ignore the author and his work in selecting for the award *The Norton Facsimile: The First Folio of Shakespeare*. This is the nearest thing to archeological reconstruction in publishing that we have seen, and in the realm of Shakespeare scholarship it is unique in so far as the discoveries that surface in the facsimile are technological in origin.

Briefly, the problem that confronted Professor Charlton Hinman, editor of the volume, was this: of the approximately 230 surviving copies of the First Folio, no two are alike. The book was printed over a two-year period, on a small and slow press, two pages at a time. Changes were made from one printing to the next, and uncorrected proof sheets, instead of being thrown out, were mixed in with the corrected ones. What a mess! Fortunately, eighty of the Folios—the largest number to be assembled in one place—are in the Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, D.C., and it was here that Professor Hinman settled in to extract the definitive Folio.

This was Act II, Scene 1 of the Norton project. Act I had taken place eighteen years earlier when the idea of a facsimile Shakespeare first occurred to the firm; discovering that Yale University Press was bringing out their facsimile edition, Norton decided to bide its time. Good thing, too, because the errors that cropped up in the Yale Folio indicated the problems involved in dealing with eighty different versions of the same batch of plays. On to Act III.

The scene opens with Hinman, a Shakespeare scholar who teaches at the University of Kansas, inventing the Hinman Collator, an "ingenious machine" (as the *Times Literary Supplement* once called it) that would do what the human eye could not—namely, distinguish, page for page, the minute variations among the eighty different Folios. Hinman was peculiarly qualified for this kind of scholarship because he had been in Naval intelligence during World War II, specializing in photo-reconnaissance interpretation. A man who could detect hidden gun emplacements on Saipan ought to be able to locate the booby traps in *Hamlet*. By superimposing "overlays" of seemingly identical pages from all eighty Folios, Hinman hoped to detect whatever differences were there.

Act IV takes place in the Folger. A half-ton camera was moved into the library, along with Hinman's "ingenious machine." Norton paid the salary of a librarian to work with Hinman on location, the machine was cranked up, and at the end of a year Shakespeare, for the first time, could be seen plain. *The Norton Facsimile* is a composite Folio made up of the most recent (and presumably correct) components in the Folger collection. (Readers interested in a full report of Professor Hinman's discoveries are referred to his *The Printing and Proofreading of the First Folio of Shakespeare*, 2 vols., Oxford.)

The final act begins when George Brockway, president of Norton and director of the project, saw the cost estimates. Ouch! This was going to be an expensive production of the Bard. Solution: a de luxe, $75 collector's edition bound in red morocco and printed on 100 per cent rag paper, with a silk ribbon place marker, would defray the basic costs and make possible a modestly priced ($15) scholar's edition on low acid paper and with no place marker at all. You might say that Brockway had an ingenious scheme. In any case, the definitive First Folio is now two, the de luxe copy having been published on Brockway's birthday and the regular edition on Shakespeare's. Curtain. Does all this add up to creative publishing? The Carey-Thomas judges thought so, and so do we.

American publishers have come a long way in good bookmaking, but they have a way to go. Paradoxically, it is the smaller houses, with the least resources, that frequently take a more personal interest in the physical appearance of their books. To assist them at least three companies have been set up in the last few years to supply the production and design know-how which many firms don't want to carry out on an in-house basis. In New York, Design Counsel, under the supervision of Ray Boultinghouse, Jr., does just that. "Ideally," Mr. Boultinghouse says, "a publisher would like to forget about a manuscript from the time it is edited until the finished book arrives in his warehouse."

Design Counsel will style a book, selecting the typography, binding and paper, provide illustrations, charts and maps, and prepare the dust jacket, complete with blurbs. More and more publishers are letting specialists handle such tasks for them while they get on with the publishing. Carey-Thomas may not be the incentive for this, but it is an acknowledgment that a book is something to keep as well as to read.

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Idea Man

THE RADICAL EMPIRICISM OF WILLIAM JAMES

by John Wild
Doubleday, 430 pp., $7.95

FREEDOM AND THE MORAL LIFE: The Ethics of William James

by John K. Roth
Westminster, 157 pp., $5

THE MORAL PHILOSOPHY OF WILLIAM JAMES

edited by John K. Roth
Crowell, 355 pp., $6.95

WILLIAM JAMES—ANTI-IMPERIALIST, vigorous war protester, advocate of a domestic Peace Corps, attacker of university complacency and "the Ph.D. octopus," helper of minorities and "marginal" individuals of all sorts, anti-absolutist, promoter of openness, experimentalism and lived experience—died in 1910. He was born in 1842, but spiritually he was clearly our contemporary. We have just begun to rediscover him, and the first thing we find is that we have hardly known him.

Most literate people think of James as a psychologist of sorts and a pragmatist, indeed as the founder of pragmatism, which they associate with American practicality and "the cash value of ideas." In fact, the essential notions of pragmatism, as James acknowledged, came from his friend, the highly original Charles S. Pierce, although James was the great representative of pragmatism. He did use metaphors like "cash value," which he later regretted. For the narrow and vulgar sense of "pragmatism" was not at all what James intended or meant by the term, which has, as commonly used, tended to obscure the great range and prophetic usefulness of his ideas.

James started his adult life as a painter, turned to chemistry, then to anatomy and physiology, reluctantly obtained an M.D. (his only regular degree), abandoned physiology for psychology, both of which he taught at Harvard, took twelve years to write the greatest work on the subject by an American psychologist (the two-volume *Principles of Psychology* of 1890), then suddenly abandoned psychology to become what he chiefly wished to be known as, a philosopher. Ironically, both professional psychologists and philosophers have been inclined to wonder whether he belongs in their ranks. That, too, commends him to us and practically insures our curiosity about his works.

The three books at hand give further witness to the extraordinary recent interest in the thought and writings of James, while at the same time they help to show how James bears upon some of the most vital philosophical and cultural movements of our time. Specifically, Professor John Wild seeks to demonstrate that James was essentially an "existential phenomenologist" ahead of his time, and Professor John Roth attempts to claim him as a protagonist of the ethics of freedom, honesty and personal identity which are so valued today. Professor Roth's second book, *The Moral Philosophy of William James,* is an anthology of the writings of James that express his ethical thought and that tend to confirm the anthologist's view of that thought.

While James was agonizing over the usefulness of getting his M.D., he went down the Amazon collecting plant and animal specimens with the great naturalist Louis Agassiz. "The hours I spent with Agassiz," he said, "so taught me the difference between all possible abstractionists and all livers in the light of the world's concrete fullness that I have never been able to forget it."

It is this constant emphasis in his writings on lived experience, the forceful facts of daily being-in-the-world that links James with the existential-phenomenological revolutions in philosophy beginning with Kierkegaard and Nietszche in the last century and running through Gabriel Marcel, Heidegger, Sartre, Edmund Husserl, and Maurice Merleau-Ponty in this. What Professor Wild does in his book, and does clearly and convincingly, is to show that James was striving to give an account of authentic personal existence in his works similar to that of the European existential thinkers, that a native American thinker around the turn of the century "made important contributions to the phenomenological movement." Wild accomplishes this by expounding, fairly in the order in which he wrote them, James's major writings in psychology and philosophy. Nearly half of his book consists of a judicious commentary on existential and phenomenological elements in *The Principles of Psychology*, whose account of the phenomena of the sensuous, mental and emotional life of the human person is unrivaled in its accuracy and concreteness.

The "radical empiricism" of Wild's title refers to James's description of the necessity for any comprehensive and useful philosophy to take cognizance of *all* the pressing facts and feelings of human experience, not just the scientifically creditable ones or the ideal ones. By the term, James wished to serve notice that he was not an empiricist in the usual shallow sense of the word, but one who sought the roots and the topmost branches of experience as it was actually lived and known. James was never able to make his doctrine of radical empiricism perfectly clear nor to bring it into complete congruence with his views in earlier works. But, as Wild reminds us, radical empiricism was not really a doctrine so much as a way of being open to the possibilities inherent in experience as well as to its external facts.

As Santayana observed long ago and as Professor Wild notes, "one might say that the whole of James's philosophy is an ethics." All beliefs, for James, are essentially related to action, not simply to individual acts but more to a way of life or simply a Way, in the sense of both Western and Eastern

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

THE CLASSICS RETITLED

For this shameful collection of trashy paperbacks, we are indebted to Jean S. Moore of Gastonia, N. C., who expects you to penetrate the disguises and identify the authors. If your imagination founders, authors and real titles are exposed on page 89.

1. *Bawdy Confessions of Nuns and Monks* ( )
2. *Cassie and Aggie Shall Die!* ( )
3. *Fate of a Fallen Girl* ( )
4. *Is* YOUR *Child Safe? The Coming Cult of Cannibalism* ( )
5. *Oh, Dad, Dead Dad—Who Cares?* ( )
6. *The Passionate Stepmother* ( )
7. *She Hanged Herself for Incest* ( )
8. *1,000 Ways to Love (Count 'em!)* ( )
9. *The Way of a Moll with an Innocent Lad* ( )
10. *Where Have All the Angels Gone?* ( )
11. *White Wife—Black Power!* ( )
12. *The Zombie Ship Mystery* ( )

a. Aeschylus
b. Balzac
c. E. B. Browning
d. Carroll
e. Chaucer
f. Coleridge
g. Dickens
h. Milton
i. Racine
j. Shakespeare
k. Sophocles
l. Swift

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classical wisdom. The ultimately ethical thrust of his writing is another of its appeals to thoughtful young people today.

Very ably and cogently Professor Roth charts the lines of ethical thinking in James's writings, following somewhat the same chronological scheme as Wild, except that Roth quotes and comments less, summarizes and interprets more. From James's first work in psychology Roth shows how his emphasis on selective perception, attention and concentration in action anticipated the idea of freedom that is at the heart of James's moral philosophy. Like his mentor, Professor Wild, Roth emphasizes that James's standard in ethics can best be called an existential norm, one that stresses principles rather than rules and one that recognizes the exigencies of concrete situations. As with so much else in James, his ethical thought takes the fact of *becoming* as the most important quality of being. In the spirit of James, Roth well says that "the moral life is a way of existing that one learns as he lives, and a person is never more than on the way toward becoming moral so long as life goes on."

Useful and valid as they are, both of these expositions of James's thought share the drawback of being more complete than James's philosophy ever was, wholly or in parts. "Better chaos forever than an order based on any closet philosopher's rule," he said. His work was far from chaotic, but it was radically unfinished, "like an arch built up on one side." This is particularly so for his ethical thought, as Professor Roth generally concedes. It is often more a question of an attitude or emphasis than a fully worked-out position, but that is all part of his anti-rationalism and anti-dogmatism.

Similarly, if less obviously, James cannot simply be linked up with any contemporary movement, including existentialism and phenomenology. These largely European developments are much more systematic and intellectualistic, even scholastic, than was James. Somehow his own thought seems larger and more variegated than these movements. In the end Professor Wild is wise to opt for James's own best label for his philosophy, "radical empiricism." Certainly it is time he was rescued from the frayed and faded umbrella of "pragmatism."

Any commentary or exposition necessarily glosses over a great many concrete facts and appeals in the original work. In the case of James, who was such a particularizer, this leads to a flattening of the sources, a loss in vividness which can only be recovered by picking up the writings again. So it is good to have in *The World Philosophy of William James* another anthology of his works. Here once more are the remarkable chapters on "The Stream of Consciousness," "The Self," and "Attention and Will" from the *Psychology*, the brilliant "Dilemma of Determinism," "The Sentiment of Rationality," "The Will to Believe," "On a Certain Blindness in Human Beings," "The Moral Philosopher and the Moral Life," and other memorable pieces. They have been collected before, but not in this order or with this end in view. One should read them, for the first or fifth time. The freshness, richness and truth of this great philosopher and man are unfailingly there.

Walter Arnold

Walter Arnold, a former editor of Commonweal, has taught philosophy at Hunter College in New York.

"At the tone the time will be . . . at the tone the time will be . . . at the tone the time will be . . ."

Nations in Flux

ENGINES OF CHANGE: United States Interests and Revolution in Latin America

by George C. Lodge
Knopf, 310 pp., $7.95

GEORGE LODGE'S PRESCRIPTION for reform in Latin America is the preparation by Washington of a new foreign assistance policy "directed at the fulfillment of the radical changes envisaged by the Alliance for Progress." The Lodge proposal is aimed at resolving what the author sees as "the rather fundamental contradiction in United States policy between commitment to change and commitment to stability."

Toward this end Mr. Lodge considers two separate and distinct types of aid programs. One would "sustain, nourish, and improve existing local growth structures" and would be essentially "non-revolutionary." Lodge recognizes that such programs are tied to preservation of the status quo and consequently "many obstruct change." Rather than have Washington blamed for such obstructions, he would place these programs under hemispheric direction by the Inter-American Committee of the Alliance for Progress. In essence, much of the existing United States assistance to Latin America falls within the scope of this sort of plan.

But United States objectives, Lodge says, "require a second and quite distinct system of assistance programs to find and fuel the critical combinations of engines of change so as to make the revolution as effective, as peaceful, and as useful as possible." This second type of aid would, in the author's words, support activities "with revolutionary imperatives." He would have Congress set up and fund an American foundation to launch such aid, using non-governmental institutes, centers, and organizations, thus representing a broad spectrum of United States interests and talents. "We should," he writes, "make the most of the pluralism of American society, accentuating its great and varied strength and employing it to connect the United States naturally to Latin American counterparts, presuming shared enthusiasm."

Such a program, Mr. Lodge notes, would allow the United States ambassador once again to confine himself to being the representative of the President to the government of the foreign country. That in itself makes the Lodge proposal attractive. Too often, as Mr. Lodge observes, the American ambassador has been "overseer of the AID mission and local grand master of the Alliance for Progress," and in the pro-

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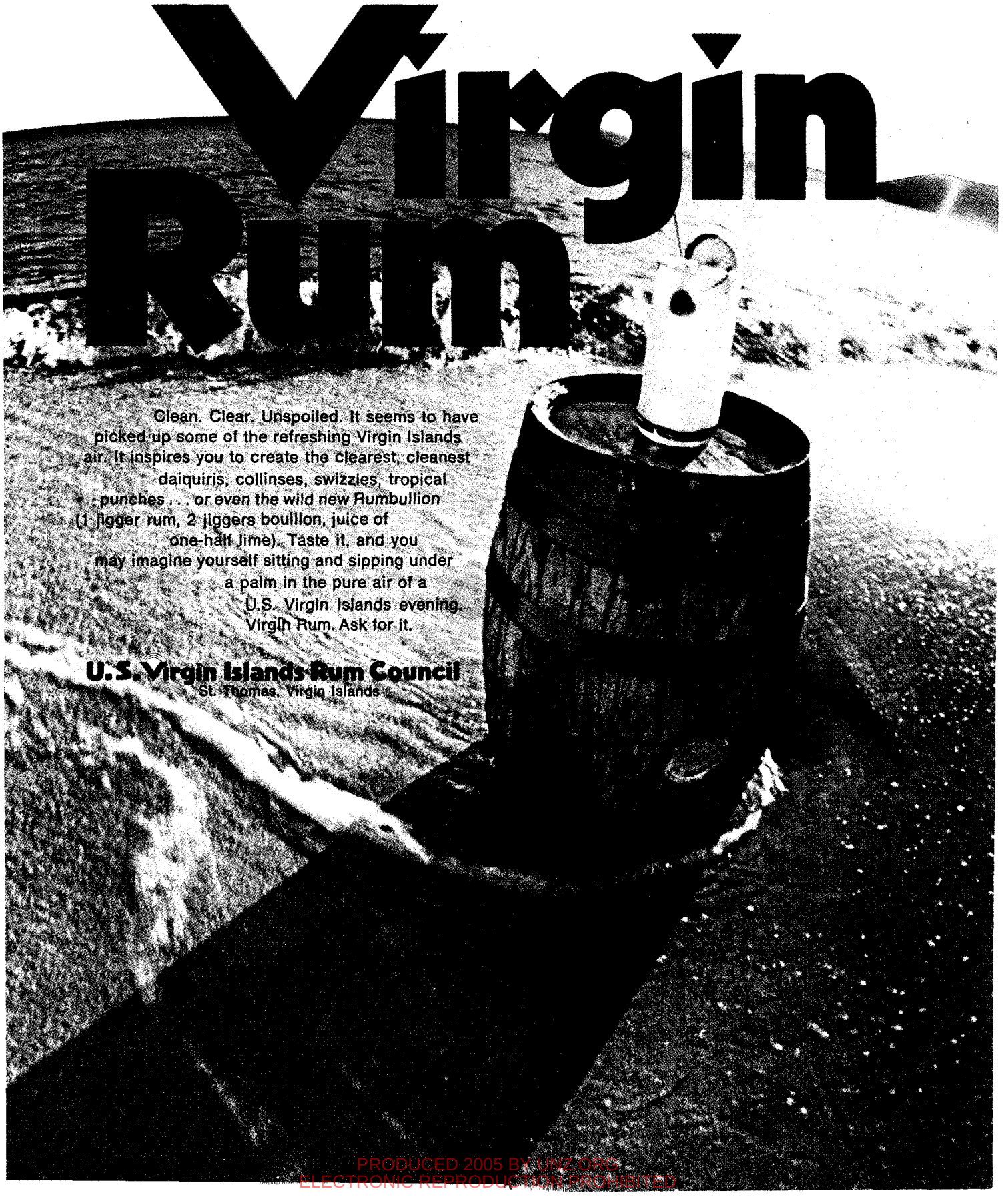
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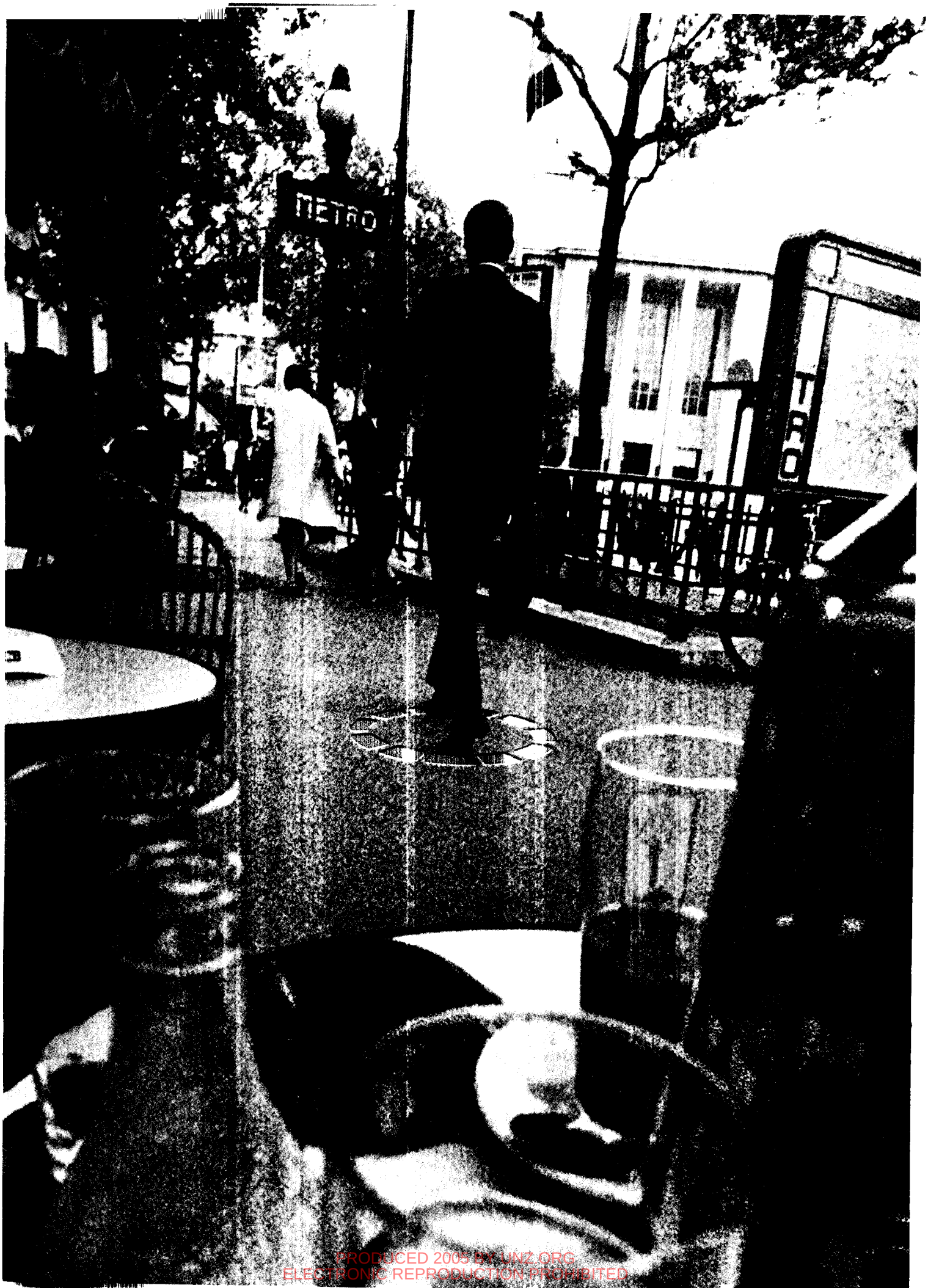

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cess has become too involved with affairs that are not really his business. The proposal would also enable the staff of United States embassies to be greatly reduced, thus decreasing U.S. presence in Latin America.

But would the Lodge proposal work? That's hard to say. Nevertheless, his book will be read with interest by the many concerned *norteamericanos* who worry about aid to Latin America and wonder how it can be made more effective. Maybe the Lodge program is worth a try. Certainly it deserves careful consideration. Mr. Lodge is a professor at the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration with a long record of interest and involvement in Latin America. One hopes the Nixon Administration will look at his suggestions carefully.

There is much more in Lodge's book that deserves attention, for *Engines of Change* is one of the most useful looks at Latin America published in the last ten years or so. Not only is Mr. Lodge concerned about the direction of United States involvement, he also sees clearly the crying need for immediate change in an area that is seething with unrest, one where the prospects of violent and vast upheavals are quite real.

For Mr. Lodge this revolutionary process is inevitable. What sets him apart from many other commentators on Latin America is his belief that this process need not be violent. And he holds that "it is still within the capacity of the United States to affect which course the revolution follows." Maybe so. There are many who disagree. And Mr. Lodge himself would probably admit that unless there are major changes in our attitudes and programs in Latin America, and soon, Washington's role will be small.

Engines of Change obviously has a business bias, but it is a constructive one. Mr. Lodge says a great many things that businessmen and others will find unpleasant. He is clearly not obsessed with the communist issue; he states frankly that communism "is not necessarily the principal or even an important cause of revolution and violence, especially in Latin America." To Mr. Lodge, the causes are more profound and varied, and his book deals extensively with them: the vast chasm that separates the small power élites and the oligarchies from the overwhelming majority of people who live in poverty and filth and ignorance, the increasingly militant church, political activism in recent years, changing military concepts, labor movements and their increasing clamor for reform.

What Mr. Lodge wants from the United States is a quicker and more effective response to all these factors. The challenge, he says, "is to recast our vision of the revolutionary world in general and Latin America in particular; to connect our moral purpose to that vision; to redesign our commitments accordingly; to reassess our resources in order to best meet our commitments; and to realign our bureaucracies in order to bring those resources to bear in the most effective manner." It is a tall order, but one that Mr. Lodge obviously feels is possible and worth while.

James Nelson Goodsell

James Nelson Goodsell is a Latin American correspondent for The Christian Science Monitor.

"I have a feeling we've already seen the Uffizi Gallery—but just forgot to cross it off the list."

DILEMMAS OF CHANGE IN SOVIET POLITICS

edited by Zbigniew Brzezinski

Columbia University Press, 163 pp., $7.95, paperback $2.95.

THE DILEMMA to which Professor Zbigniew Brzezinski addresses himself is one of the central issues of our time: Can the Soviet Union transform itself by gradual modification and reform, or is it heading, sooner or later, for violent explosion and revolution?

It is Professor Brzezinski's view that more likely there will be a degeneration of the Soviet system, a decline in the ability of its leaders, fossilization of the bureaucracy, a relapse into one of those moribund phases that periodically marked Russia under the tsars when state and nation coasted downhill, sinking further and further into somnolence and somnambulism.

This book contains a discussion of these issues by a variety of scholars, offering views ranging from the rash prophecy of Michel Garder—in a book called *L'Agonie du régime en Russie sovietique*—that Soviet upheaval is to be expected in 1970, to Arrigo Levi's belief that reformatory impulses are in the process of completely transforming the Soviet system.

In between are to be found the sober conclusion of Harvard's Professor Merle Fainsod that eventually the Soviet Communist Party may emerge as a manager of inter-social relationships, no longer seeking to dictate every aspect of Soviet life; Joseph Clark's conviction that Western hostility and reluctance toward détente serves to perpetuate dictatorship in Communist countries; Isaac Don Levine's pragmatic prediction that *coups d'état* may be expected more and more to mark the transfer of power in Moscow, and Robert Conquest's warning not to assume that the status quo is necessarily so stable as it appears.

The remarkable fact about the collection is that all of the observers see movement, change, transformation occurring in what was once so widely (if mistakenly) regarded as a monolithic system. The argument today is not about whether Soviet society is changing, but how rapidly and by what means.

The essays were written over the years 1966 to 1968, too early to include some of the speculative thinking now going on within the Soviet Union among members of the small but significant group of Soviet dissidents—the young people (and some older ones) who have been making a name for themselves with their demonstrations on Red Square, their opposition to literary censorship, to Soviet military

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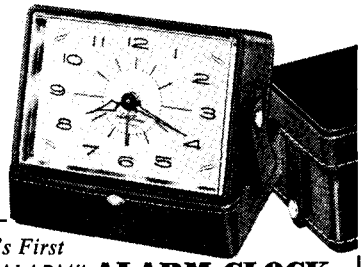

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intervention in Czechoslovakia, and the like. Few Soviet dissidents see any hope for marked change for at least another decade, unless Soviet society is shaken by some event too unexpected to be predicted—a sudden and radical clash of opinion within the Politburo, a fearful crop failure, a fateful defeat in a grave international crisis, a major war. They have less confidence than the Western Sovietologists in the reforming or transforming power of Soviet society through what might be called normal processes. They are strongly and negatively impressed by the speed with which the mild reforms of Nikita Khrushchev have been erased by the Brezhnev-Kosygin régime.

Professor Brzezinski believes on balance that if stagnation and decay in leadership continue in the Soviet Union it is more likely that the secret police and the Soviet military-industrial complex, plus some ideologues, will form a coalition to carry on. He does not think a popular uprising, as predicted by Eugene Lyons, is likely, even though popular unrest particularly in nationality groups is obviously on the rise.

None of the contributors to the volume consider one dynamic possibility—an uprising touched off by conflict between Russia and China. At least one extremely prescient observer within Russia has suggested that there are parallels between the Brezhnev-Kosygin régime and that of Nicholas II. Having failed to cope with internal issues, Brezhnev and Kosygin seem to be toying with the notion of a quick, chauvinistically popular military success in the East. It would resolve many problems; suppression of liberal opinion would be condoned in the face of the war danger; shortages of consumer goods could be explained; the lack of enthusiasm for a bumbling political leadership could be shrouded in flag-waving patriotism. The prospect is alluring.

But, as Nicholas II found, the East can be full of surprises. The Russo-Japanese War of 1904 brought on the revolution of 1905, which tsarism barely survived and which, as Lenin said, was the "dress rehearsal" for 1917. History never repeats itself exactly. However, the parallel between 1904-05 and 1969-70 may be closer than the Kremlin realizes.

Harrison E. Salisbury

Harrison E. Salisbury, former New York Times correspondent in Moscow, has written a number of books on the Soviet Union. The latest is "War Between Russia and China."

Personal History

MY FATHER'S SON

by Frank O'Connor
Knopf, 235 pp., $6.95

"IT TAKES A LARGE HEART to hold even a small country, and since Yeats's death there has been no other that can hold us, with all our follies and heroism."

The profound significance of this valedictory to Frank O'Connor's second volume of autobiography, *My Father's Son*, can only be fully understood in the light of the first volume, *An Only Child*. Yet such a reading makes the title of Volume II quite bewildering—for O'Connor was confessedly and overwhelmingly a mother's son. His father was a retired soldier, pensioned by the British army, but we learn before finishing Volume I how the son discovered that he was himself an Irishman. Like so many others he learned it through the horrors of 1916, when he took up arms as a mere boy, first for the real Ireland and then for an imagined Ireland to be made yet freer and purer. Again like so many others, he came to see that the civil war which followed the liberation of the Free State was wasteful and fratricidal. He emerged into manhood during a long and futile imprisonment—and could never forgive De Valera.

Most of this story belongs to *An Only Child*, and I must confess that *My Father's Son* lacks the magic that made the earlier book impossible to put down: the childhood of the orphan who became O'Connor's mother; his own childhood, terribly lonely, intensely bookish with the craving for knowledge of an under-educated intellectual; the drunken father pawning all their possessions. The boy learned by heart poetry in Irish, German, and French, not knowing a word of any one of these languages but possessed of a marvelous ear. The valiant mother kept the home together and made it possible for her son to get a job as librarian, from which he could shape the life he needed.

It would be ridiculous to compare Henry James and Frank O'Connor. Yet the perfection of the short story seems to me as great in O'Connor as in James. Many authors have written one or two brilliant specimens, but with few can one read through one volume after another, as one can with these two, finding no single story that ought to have been omitted.

Cork, says O'Connor, was his material, and this seems profoundly true. It is, of course, his bad luck that many of the Dublin people brilliantly portrayed in *My Father's Son* are now al-

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Frank O'Connor—"a marvelous ear."

most or quite forgotten. Yeats remains and always will—and Lady Gregory. But hardly anyone today seems to know A.E., one of the lights of my own youth, while Phibbs, Higgins, Lennox Robinson are now (outside Ireland anyhow) only names with some shadowy significance. It is sad that O'Connor did not live to complete this book, for though a good job has been done with the notes he left, one realizes that the writer of them could have done a far better one.

But, I repeat, why *My Father's Son*? This I find fascinating, for O'Connor had even abandoned his father's name, O'Donovan, and taken his mother's. Once in this unfinished autobiography he talks of the rich relationship he might have had with the father whose drunkenness had all but ruined his mother's life. Yet he tells too how large a part in all three lives was the struggle between the two men for the sole possession of the woman they both loved passionately. His father was waiting for the son's marriage or some other happening whereby Minnie could become totally his. Was the son not waiting with equal if unacknowledged eagerness for his father's death; was it in their contest that he recognized himself as "my father's son"?

The contrast drawn between the provincialism of Cork and the atmosphere of a literary Dublin in many ways resembling the London of a hundred years earlier is also fascinating. Less interesting are the overlong accounts of the fight ceaselessly waged over the Abbey Theatre. One wishes O'Connor had given up sooner the job of librarian, or had lived long enough to tell us the story of his purely literary career, and perhaps analyzed the reason why he found his richest material in Cork rather than in the literary, theatrical, and social groups with which Dublin abounded. Surely many in those groups held Ireland in their hearts as deeply if not as articulately as did Yeats.

Maisie Ward

Maisie Ward is the author of "Gilbert Keith Chesterton" and "Robert Browning and His World."

THE CITY THAT SHONE: An Autobiography 1895-1922

by Vivian de Sola Pinto

John Day, 308 pp., $6.50

WHEN HE DIED LAST SUMMER Vivian de Sola Pinto was emeritus professor of English literature at Nottingham University, and although his career and list of publications extend to half a column in *Who's Who* he was not generally regarded as a panjandrum of modern scholarship. Most of his writing—biography and criticism—was devoted to the seventeenth century; in addition he edited, anthologized, and translated widely, and wrote homely verse in a traditional vein.

Taking his title from a passage in Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*—which he relates to a vision in his boyhood—Pinto tells in considerable and vivid detail what he remembers of his life, from infancy in a snugly middle-class household in Hampstead until his marriage in a Swiss country church.

After passing through several schools he was enrolled at Oxford, where his career as an undergraduate was interrupted by the 1914 war. Caught up in the general fervor, he was able to enlist only by cheating on his eyesight test. His military training was perfunctory, and he was then sent off to fight in the Gallipoli campaign in Greece and North Africa, and afterwards on the Western Front (in France and Belgium). Several times he was wounded, but never so seriously that he could not be sent back into combat.

When the war was over, Pinto returned to Oxford to complete his degree. Through his friendship with the poet Siegfried Sassoon, under whom he had served in the war, he was introduced into the literary circle of Lady Ottoline Morrell. Here and in Oxford he met the Sitwells, Bertrand Russell, and Ronald Firbank, among others, but he modestly admits that he touched only the fringe of that glamorous coterie. He sketches a portrait of Lady Ottoline far more generous than other, more intimate friends left for posterity to marvel at. Pinto evidently saw her as the enchanting woman she believed herself to be. As the volume ends, Pinto is preparing to begin, simultaneously, his teaching career and marriage to an unsophisticated girl he had met on holiday in Switzerland. Ahead of him lie a happy personal life and a productive literary and academic one. This is the bare outline of an unremarkable story, but what raises it from merely a personal history of limited interest is its successful evocation of people and places. Pinto accomplishes this by patiently and clearly setting down his memories in concrete

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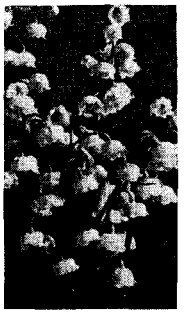

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specific terms. His childhood recollections particularly emerge as luminous and evocative. Here is one vignette:

> The year is 1905. I am now a plump, sturdy little boy of ten wearing an Eton collar, a little Norfolk jacket, gray shorts and woolen stockings and carrying a satchel full of books. I decide to walk part of the way home, though I have my penny bus fare in my pocket. I pass the tall, gloomy-looking Westminster Bank at the corner of the street that runs down past the West Hampstead Town Hall, and come to the railway bridge. Overhead is a magnificent autumn sunset sky, into which telegraph poles and railway signals rise like black, menacing arms. An express train, running to Scotland or Holyhead, rushes screaming under the bridge and flaunts a great banner of flame-lit smoke.

Pinto's sensitive eye and pen bring to life such contrasting milieus as the plushy Edwardian setting of his boyhood and the muddy squalor of trench warfare, and such different kinds of experience as a boy's exploration into the limitless world of books and a man's falling in love with a girl who he knows immediately is the only one for him. His training and discipline as a poet taught him the value of dressing his thoughts and emotions in exactly the right verbal garments.

Two aspects of the book puzzle me. In spite of his foreign name Pinto offers no clue as to his father's ancestry or religion, although he fully describes his father's personality, tastes, business, and so forth. He mentions, but only in passing, his family's "whiggish anti-papal tradition" and an ancestor named Pinto who was Grand Master of the Knights of Malta in the sixteenth century—and that is all. If his father's family were lapsed Sephardic Jews, as I suspect, how odd of him to omit mentioning it.

The other puzzle is Pinto's occasional use of fictitious names to disguise real people. A dapper captain in the army who ruined his beautiful clothes by falling into a mudhole is protected (fifty-five years later) by being called "Lord Chevington." Yet Professor D. Nichol Smith of Oxford, who died only a few years ago, is rather snippily ticked off by name because of Pinto's "shrewd suspicion" that he did not support Pinto's candidacy for a fellowship at Oxford.

It is too bad that the American publisher of this book has skimped by omitting the illustrations, although a list of them is printed to tantalize the reader.

Robert Halsband

Robert Halsband is a biographer, editor, and sometime adjunct professor of English at Columbia University.

A DEATH IN THE SANCHEZ FAMILY

by Oscar Lewis

Random House, 119 pp., $4.95

AUNT GUADALUPE IS DEAD. The circumstances surrounding her death were no kinder than those of her life. She died alone on the dirt floor of her squalid quarters, sprawled in a pool of blood, the result of a hemorrhage caused by cancer.

Although in life she was as unknown as millions of others in the army of the Mexican poor, she has now attained a measure of fame, for Oscar Lewis has used her death as a vehicle to present anthropological data regarding the wretched poverty of the Mexico City slum where Lupe lived, the Vecindad Panaderos.

As in his previous works, Lewis tells his story by allowing members of the family to narrate their own reactions to given situations. In *A Death in the Sánchez Family* Manuel, Roberto, and Consuelo, three of the Sánchez children whom we met eight years ago in *The Children of Sánchez*, reminisce about Aunt Guadalupe, the last of their mother's family, the Vélezes, and describe how they felt concerning her death, wake and burial.

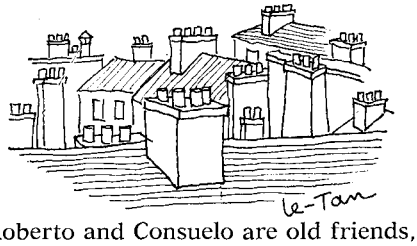
Through the eyes of Manuel, Roberto and Consuelo we get to know the Vecindad and its inhabitants. We learn of the constant struggle to earn a peso; we share the despair of the indigent and their lack of hope. We meet families spawned by common-law marriages, and taste the gallons of pulque, that powerful agent of oblivion. We hear of the distrust for doctors and the fear of hospitals, and we feel the crush of too little space housing too many people. When Lupe was lowered into the grave the hole was barely big enough to receive the coffin. Even at the very end she was scratching for room.

Yet compassion and majesty also exist in the Vecindad. Commiseration is genuine, and the nobility of Guadalupe's life is sung by her neighbors, who, impoverished as they are, pool centavos to help defray the costs of burial. Theirs is genuine mourning at the wake.

Although it is not one of his stated aims, Oscar Lewis presents a rather full picture of the funeral rites and burial practices of the Mexican poor. Death generates gnawing anxiety about how the money can be raised to bury the deceased decently. An undertaker must be found with whom one can bargain over costs. Even after the fee is determined worry persists, since the body will not be removed until payment is made in full. The wake continues for as many nights as it takes to gather the required number of pesos. Finally, when the mourners do set out for the cemetery, they ride in an antiquated school bus, painted black to fit the mood.

The data in all of Oscar Lewis's works is authentic. Anthropological facts are presented in a vivid and agreeable manner. Like all teachers, Lewis wants to get his point across in a way that will make an impact. Does he in *A Death in the Sánchez Family* achieve his goals: to demonstrate that "for the poor death is almost as great a hardship as life itself" and to depict the "culture of poverty" through the life and death of Aunt Guadalupe?

Although the reader becomes acquainted with the Vecindad and sensitive to the poverty that besets Lupe and her neighbors, the book has no abiding impact. There is little sense of social injustice. Because Manuel,



Roberto and Consuelo are old friends, one gets diverted by their individual circumstances and interpersonal relationships. We grow more involved with psychological than anthropological data. The distrust between the brothers and the open hostility between Manuel and Consuelo are often more biting than the sting of death and the teeth of poverty. Their sense of guilt over not having done enough for Lupe while she was alive focuses our attention on the narrators rather than the culture. The monologues do not convey the hardship of death among the poor, nor do they allow sufficient exploration of the culture of poverty. It would have been better to have had more dialogue and interaction among those who shared the destitution of Vecindad Panaderos rather than the reactions of the children who neither lived in the Vecindad nor had very much to do with Lupe in their adult years.

Oscar Lewis's masterful introduction to the book, which recapitulates the life and struggles of Lupe and her associates, does much more to fulfill his goals than do the tales of the children of Sánchez.

Francis W. Voelcker

The Reverend Francis W. Voelcker, an Episcopal priest working among the Puerto Rican poor of east Harlem, has participated in two studies of the Mexican church and its relationship to the poor of Mexico.

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Fiction

THE FRENCH LIEUTENANT'S WOMAN

by John Fowles

Little, Brown, 467 pp., $7.95

JOHN FOWLES'S NEW NOVEL has a triple appeal—as philosophy, as a portrait of an era, and as a crackling good yarn. The author sets most of his evocation of Victorian England in Lyme Regis, a Dorset village on the southern coast. The time is 1867, the year of the Second Reform Bill and Marx's *Das Kapital*. The strong feminine face on the jacket of *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, the book's design, typography, and large, comfortable pages all reflect the novel's Victorian spirit, as do the epigraphs that begin each chapter. Although Tennyson and Matthew Arnold are drawn on, Arthur Hugh Clough and Thomas Hardy, those two no-nonsense ironists, provide most of the quotations.

The apparatus of *The French Lieutenant's Woman* takes it out of the domain of mere fiction. Besides guiding us through Mayfair, Fowles quotes poems, analyzes a Tennyson lyric, and lectures on fictional technique. He expatiates on Victorian dress, furniture, intellectual movements, and explores the etymology of words popular at the time. He makes fun of himself making fun of Henry James and twice appears as a character in the story. In short, he acts more like an impresario than a novelist and, in the process, turns his novel into a cultural jamboree. Though packed and solid, the world he depicts is also dynamic. Fowles's favorite philosopher is Heraclitus, the exponent of flux; and the many changes—both social and personal—flooding the novel keep it from hardening into a mere disgorging of facts.

The elaborate narrative machinery of *The French Lieutenant's Woman* rests on the love-triangle emerging in the first two chapters. Charles Smithson is seen walking with his fiancée, Ernestina Freeman, on a lonely spit of Dorset coastline. They come upon a third figure—isolated, immobile, nondescript. Her townsfolk call Sarah Woodruff the French lieutenant's woman because of her *affaire* with a naval officer brought to Lyme Regis by a shipwreck. Abandoned by him, she now works as a secretary-companion to a sulphurous local dowager. Sarah's magnetism lies in a hidden, mysterious quality; the more Charles learns about her the less he knows. It is no accident that he falls in love with Sarah in a wild cliff meadow called "an English Garden of Eden" and that he has proposed marriage to Ernestina in a greenhouse.

The prim, pale Ernestina seems outmatched. Her diary, "in black morocco with a gold clasp," has such entries as: "Wrote a letter to Mama. Did not see dearest Charles. Did not go out, tho' it is very fine. Did not feel happy." But if Fowles laughs at her, he does not deny her human potential. The daughter of a buccaneering merchant, she dominates one of the novel's best scenes—when Charles asks to be freed from their betrothal. Her reaction to his plea is the quintessence of feminine psychology, expressed with remarkable vigor born of simplicity, directness, and balance.

Although a favorite of mothers with marriageable daughters, Charles has always avoided matrimonial ties. Avoidance and escape are, in fact, typical of him. His occupation is that of a gentleman, which means he does not work; he is standing still in an age of progress. Until he is confronted with crisis, Charles, an amateur paleontologist who collects marine fossils, is nearly fossilized himself.

Like *The Magus*, *The French Lieutenant's Woman* plays with illusion and reality. And, as in all of Fowles, the main subject here is the individual: the mystery of selfhood and the self as a fount of creativity.

Fowles couches his dance of life in the florid prose of Victorian magazine fiction, which both reveals and conceals. It is a stylistic device that by teasing the reader's imagination gains his active participation in the story. Moreover, in the context of the stilted diction and restrained mood the variations from the norm stand out dramatically; the unconventional becomes the forbidden. Thus the book's one sexual encounter has an incredibly stunning impact.

The Victorian era was conforming in spirit; its nostrums about duty and piety discouraged independent endeavor. Therefore, when Fowles's characters act alone, their exertions become heroic, even tragic. And even when these efforts are silly, they are touching. No sooner does Fowles spoof some facet of conduct a hundred years ago than he questions the superiority of the twentieth to the nineteenth century. Are we happier? Wiser? More loving than the Victorians?

The French Lieutenant's Woman delights, teaches, bewitches. It has all the surprise and unpredictability of life.

Peter Wolfe

Peter Wolfe is the author of a book on Mary Renault to be published soon.

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GUZMAN, GO HOME AND OTHER STORIES

by Alan Sillitoe

Doubleday, 192 pp., $4.95

ALAN SILLITOE is a Chekhovian Robin Hood. His heart is with the English working class, from which he comes, and his wry, virile stories tell chiefly of the aborted or frustrated passions, compassions and rebellions of laborers and marginal bourgeois, chiefly in and around Nottingham. Best known for *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* and *The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner*, both of which display his narrative skill and remarkable ability to evoke the atmosphere of pub, Borstal, and factory slum, Sillitoe (who has published several novels, as well as a few volumes of poetry) is actually at his best in shorter fictions that have not received cinematic consecration. "The Fishing-Boat Picture," "On Saturday Afternoon," and "The Disgrace of Jim Scarfedale," in the *Loneliness* collection; "The Firebug," "The Magic Box," and the title piece of the book that includes them, *The Ragman's Daughter*; and the first three stories in *Guzman, Go Home* are all resonant and moving.

The first-person narrator of "Revenge," whose language obscurely troubles us from the beginning, is, we gradually learn, schizophrenic. His propensity to see himself from outside, as an object, while experiencing intense fear and resentment of other persons, seems frighteningly symbolic of widespread tendencies in our technological—Sillitoe might say capitalistic—culture. "Airplanes," the narrator remarks, "are so much more perfect than men, and more useful." The psycho-sociological categories of "alienation" and "reification" could hardly be brought more vividly alive than they are in this story.

"Chicken" is a brief masterpiece about a foundry worker who picks up a stray hen while biking on a country road, brings it home and decapitates it so that he and his mother and two brothers can have it for dinner next week. Trouble is that the headless hen, now knowing it's kaput, cuts out of the back yard and into a neighbor's kitchen, where it eventually falls "dead in the salad, greenery dwarfed by snowing feathers and flecks of blood." The irate neighbor, armed with a poker, immediately asserts property rights in the hen, whose captor-murderer is forced to beat a humiliating retreat.

In "Canals" a London schoolteacher who has gone home to Nottingham to be with his dying father suddenly decides after the father's death to visit a former girl friend he hasn't seen in fifteen years. His highest ambition had once been to be a good toolsetter, but in the army he had "discovered that he was intelligent in a more worldly sense," and had also become unable to accept Marian's inarticulate, unsubtle, complete love. Now, he is married and has three children. She, living in the same old place, working at the same stocking factory, has a son by a husband whom she has refused to see since he was jailed for housebreaking. Delighted that her former lover has visited her, she is more clear-sighted than he about their past:

> You said you wanted to stay in the army for good, and so getting married wouldn't be fair to either of us. I remember all of it clearly. But I could see that that wasn't it at all, though. You'd just lost interest. There was nowt else you could get to know about me, after all the times we had. We didn't even fall out with each other. I didn't know what to tell the girls at work when they asked about you.

What these three superb stories have in common with three others in the book that are extremely good, and with one diffuse but interesting piece ("Isaac Starbuck"), is a concern with the link between personal anguish and the social system of which persons are a part. Sillitoe does not blame "society" for all his characters' ills and misfortunes. But one character's remark that "if some new system of social life came to involve him deeply then this piece of stupid personal confusion might bother him less than it did" seems pertinent to most of the people Sillitoe creates.

This includes the Nazi war criminal in the virtuoso story "Guzman, Go Home." Hitler and his New Order had temporarily resolved all of "Guzman's" confusions, but since 1945 he has lived in exile in Spain, believing in absolutely nothing except the mechanical virtues of the Volkswagen. Sillitoe's point is unmistakable: our personal confusions may be mitigated by any "system of social life" that comes "to involve us deeply," but there are hideous systems and involvements as well as humane ones. Through his art, Sillitoe asks us to make a choice.

Richard Clark Sterne

Richard Clark Sterne teaches English and American studies at Simmons College in Boston.

Alan Sillitoe—"wry, virile stories."

NINE MONTHS IN THE LIFE OF AN OLD MAID

by Judith Rossner

Dial, 183 pp., $4.95

THE NINE MONTHS in the title of this unusual confection cover the pregnancy of Mimi, sister of the narrator, Beth. At the end of the gestation period, Beth is reborn—or at least finally emerging from the shell that has protected her for her entire life of almost thirty years. And she is no longer an old maid. The parallel creation of new life by both sisters is pat enough so that Mimi and Beth each reach parturition at just about the same moment.

Only six years Beth's senior, Mimi has always played the role of mother, for their biological parents are Hollywood characters who since the children's infancy have appeared at irregular intervals as glamorous visitors to the exurban New York estate they have set aside as a reservation for their offspring. If one daughter is sometimes mad, or, to be more accurate, has put in her share of time in mental institutions, and the other seems compulsively Pollyanna-the-glad-girl, that could happen in any family, couldn't it? That's just what their mother says as she continues in her course as the star of her own solar system.

On one level this novel is a fairy tale, a charming romance in which the handsome prince rescues the bewitched princess from the enchanted tower where she has languished since her abandonment there by cruel parents. On another, it is a psychological study in which we come to realize that, like these characters, we play the roles assigned to us by those around us. When they forget what part we are playing, we in turn forget, surprising both them and us with new lines. And

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in the deepest sense Judith Rossner may be saying that we must each create ourself, or perhaps that self-discovery breeds self-generation.

The premise on which this fiction is built—that is, Beth's situation—is bizarre, but once it is accepted the reader will have no difficulty in believing what follows. One watches her change and grow with steady curiosity, and wonders whether she will flourish under her new protector. Beth has told her tale with quiet competence, and many will read her story with quiet enjoyment.

Cecile Shapiro

Cecile Shapiro is a free-lance critic.

SEVENTEEN LOST STORIES BY W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

compiled by Craig V. Showalter
Doubleday, 273 pp., $5.95

IT IS A LONG TIME SINCE Somerset Maugham has been heard from as an imaginative writer except through reprints of familiar work. He stopped producing fiction some years before his death in 1965, when he was almost ninety-two, and since then we have had mostly gossip and memoirs about him as a fretful ancient who stammered malice out of a Chinese-mask face.

His wide popularity has continued, however, although his plays no longer flourish in the theater. Leading critics have never granted him very much in the way of stature, even for his famous novel *Of Human Bondage*. Today many of his frequently praised short

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT No. 1372

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1372 will be found in the next issue.

QA NHS, CMAXOETAY RHQ DCCY YAERTYP DOE QEHPPCSTYP NSAZ AYC CSSAS EA HYAERCS.

—TDQCY

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1371

There isn't a parallel of latitude but thinks it would have been the equator if it had had its rights.

—MARK TWAIN.

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Little Mie-Wen in Formosa already knows many things . . . the gnawing of hunger . . . the shivering of fear . . . the misery of being unwanted.

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stories seem to deserve no more than the word "competent," which used to irritate Maugham. Yet some of them are still entertainingly readable. Consider, for example, the somewhat autobiographical spy tales in the Ashenden sequence, or, to pick out a rather romantic piece, "The Fall of Edward Barnard," an interesting counterpart of the novel *Moon and Sixpence.*

And now we have a rediscovery of seventeen stories designated as "lost." Maugham apparently wanted them to stay that way. First published between 1898 and 1908, in magazines and in one collection, they are undoubtedly the short fiction he once later mentioned as "immature" and "best forgotten." He had taken what he needed from several for subsequent work, and he even rewrote some of them completely, keeping the original titles. All this adds to the interest of the stories concerned, for readers often enjoy looking over a writer's shoulder.

If these readers will compare the original version of any of the tales in question with its final appearance in *The Complete Short Stories,* they will find a growth and maturity; and this applies in every case. The improvement is particularly noticeable in "The Happy Couple," whose scene Maugham switched from England to France when he rewrote it. The two central figures stand out more effectively in a foreign setting, and Maugham deepened the perspective of the story by adding a shrewdly observant narrator as well as a physical detail which makes more plausible the action of a jury in freeing the ostensibly guilty "happy couple" in a murder case.

As separate stories, none of the present seventeen are up to the author's best, and a number are downright amateurish, such as the trifling "Flirtation." "The Choice of Amyntas," an attempt at a comic fable, and "Faith," a sardonic tale set in a monastery, make for uphill reading. But some of the stories have, at least in embryo, the characteristics Maugham buffs like, particularly the urbanity of tone, the drama of surprise, and the manipulation of irony.

Several of the early tales that were not retouched or entirely rewritten later are fun to read for their own sake, for example "Cupid and the Vicar of Swale," "Good Manners," and "Pro Patria." They mark the beginnings of Maugham's comic inventiveness, which in 1930 led to what remains the most enjoyable of all his writings, the novel *Cakes and Ale.*

Harry T. Moore

Harry T. Moore, a research professor at Southern Illinois University, is at present editing the letters of Maugham's friend Richard Aldington.

Travel

Continued from page 66

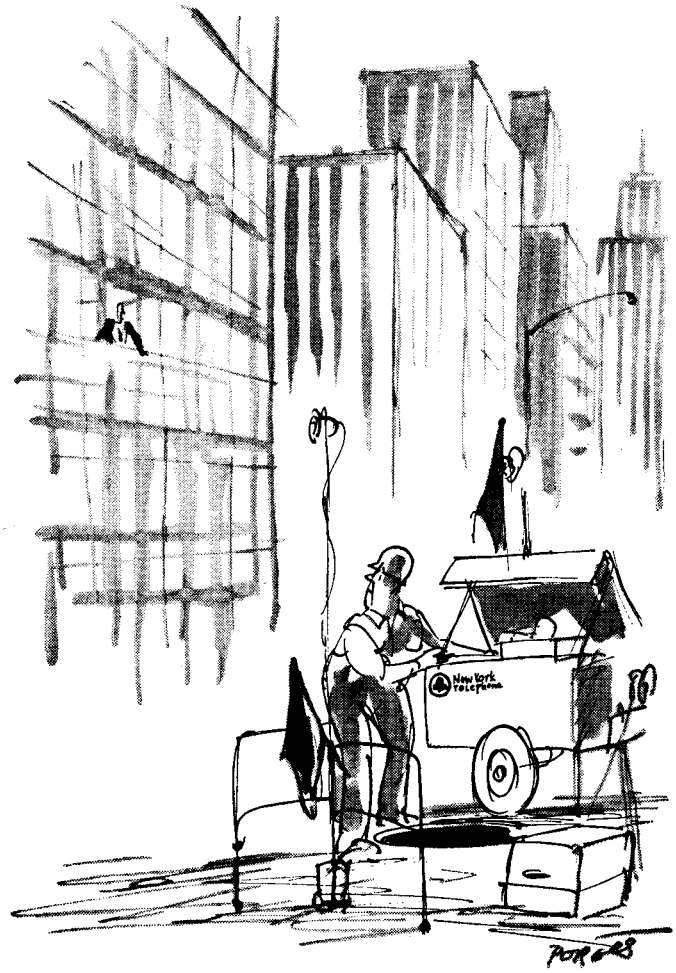
ALE FOR 30 CENTS. A color TV was tuned to the evening news. A band of young Japanese antiwar demonstrators snaked across the screen, but few of the men looked up from their glasses.

7:30 p.m., the White Horse Gallery, Second Avenue and 89th Street. Irish drinking men seldom bother with Upper East Side singles bars, even those ostensibly dedicated to the welfare of the Republic, or local Gaelic football teams. "The whole scene," said White, invoking an un-Gaelic expression, "is schlocky." There is a certain gimmickery about the White Horse, too, but the owners—Peggy and Sean Doyle, a Dublin couple—have pulled it off cleverly. There is a small bar near the front door and two long narrow dining rooms hung with original lithographs, etchings, and woodcuts by Chagall, Picasso, Kollwitz, all bearing appropriately high price tags. I found some rare art in the men's room, too—highly original (if unquotable) graffiti.

White Horse waiters seem a gentler lot than the heavies who push drinks in the neighboring singles mills. We took a small table with wood benches in a corner and warmed up for dinner with glasses of Harp Lager and a jukebox serenade of "The Indian Love Call" by Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald. Then, no doubt to the discomfort of the bearded young man eating alone across the aisle, White and I launched into a duet of "Joe Hill," he leaving me behind after the first stanza and sailing through a second and third in solo. Labor songs, he explained, were among the first he had learned. "I joined the Labour Party when I was four," he said. "My father was a capitalist—he owned a liquor-dispensing shop—but he belonged to the party and brought me to meetings when I was old enough to walk."

We each had the $3.75 Irish Mixed Grill, an assortment of bacon, sausage, lamb chop, blood pudding, tomato, and chips. To Irish eyes the platter was notably lacking in liver and kidney, and the blood pudding was a mite crusty.

8:40 p.m., Jim Downey's, Eighth Avenue and 44th Street. Since Downey sold out to a conspicuously un-Irish combine earlier this year, the venerable after-theater spot has undergone a costly, gaudy renovation. Its manager, Jack Sullivan, is Irish enough, but even



"Can I have an outside line?"

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he registers a slightly big-time inflection. "Let me show you the store," he said, and led me past long panels of photographs of Broadway stars, potted palms, and plush booths overhung with softly glowing chandeliers. "We've made it more steak house than bar," Sullivan said. "This is gonna be a big store."

Downey's is the antithesis of the Blarney Stone, almost too comfortable for the honest drinking man who remembers when Frankie Conefery was tending bar, keeping needy actors well oiled and out of hock. In those days you would come in and buy yourself the first drink—what a Dubliner calls your "entrance money"—and Frankie would buy every round after that, or at least every third round. "They owe me $5,000," Frankie had said at Costello's, throwing up his hands.

10:20 p.m., Jack Dempsey's, Broadway between 49th and 50th. There is no way to carve a slice of Dublin out of Times Square, no way to escape the glare and frenzy. You see it all through the big front windows of Jack Dempsey's and feel it at the enormous horseshoe bar staked out by those odd denizens of the Great White Way. Dempsey, to my disappointment, had already made his nightly appearance and left. His name had been childhood magic. Watching his defeats at the hands of Gene Tunney on *Greatest Fights of the Century* had pained me as much as it did him. It was some consolation to see the Champ in winning form on the wall of his bar, stalking big Jess Willard in the sun at Toledo on July 4, 1919, the day he won the title.

11:20 p.m., the John Barleycorn, Third Avenue and 45th Street. In the nightly crush of young Irish far from home, the day's cares float away on the ballads of Charlie McGee and Paddy Noonan, a roof-lifting guitar-accordion tandem. Obviously McGee and Noonan don't need to coax their followers to sing and clap—if anything they have to restrain them. On this standing-room-only weekday night, a white-haired priest rose from his seat in the rear, strode to the bandstand, and took command as choir director, waving his arms in great, fervent arcs. At first a waiter tried to send the priest back to his seat, but he wouldn't stay put, and before long he was circulating from table to table, urging the dozens of voices to new heights.

Somebody out there called on McGee to play "Whistling Gypsy," a ballad he himself wrote some years back, with the memorable refrain: "He whistled and he sang till the green woods rang . . . and he won the heart of a la-a-a-dy." More traditional tunes, such as "The Mountains of Mourne," never fail to

unlock Irish tear ducts, White proving no exception.

On the way out, we stopped to meet the singing priest. He was from a church in the Bowery, he told us. He wouldn't let us go until we had joined him and his friends in a few bars of "Show Me the Way to Go Home." Gathering us in a huddle, the priest kept time with one swooping arm, while using the other to elbow me in the chest whenever my voice faltered.

12:40 a.m., the Molly Malone, Third Avenue and 23rd Street. At last White was home, and able to corner a Jameson Twelve. The Molly Malone has a thick carpet of sawdust on the floor, an open fire (rare in New York pubs), and a wall portrait of the Irish patriot Robert Emmet, who was hanged in 1803 for his part in a nationalist rebellion. Emmet's speech from the scaffold is known to every Irish schoolchild. "They are lovely words," said White, "if you remember that Emmet was only twenty-five and not really a scholar." With more than a bit of feeling himself, White spoke the farewell: "When my country takes its place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written." I think it was the closest Sean White felt to Ireland all night.

WIT TWISTER #140

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Now, having _ _ _ _ _ _
the last writ of the day,
The old king _ _ _ _ _ _
to give his barber sway,
Succumbs to his _ _ _ _
_ _, and with a smile
Sees his beard _ _ _ _ _ _
and long hair trimmed to style.

(*Answer on page 90*)

"thesis"

Continued from page 73

magazines. (The parodies weren't neatly executed—Miss Oates's writing lacks wit and grace—but their effect on her book wouldn't have been less disastrous if they'd been clever.) In sum, the severest handicap facing this writer may well be her obligation, as a member of the professoriat, to patronize her own insecurities, to adopt a posture of scoffing self-certainty and assurance before her own writing desk.

Pause, reflect, and you see at once the relevant contradictions and intricacies. Miss Oates "must" strive for a range of penetration and compassion beyond that of other human beings. Miss Oates "must" also labor to overcome a professional tendency to regard the teacher as superior to that which is taught. Hard counsel. And no way to ease the contradictions except with the worn reminder that being a writer, a useful contributor to human understanding (as opposed to Making It), is difficult work. At this hour in her career Miss Oates resembles, speaking harshly but I believe truly, a female James Jones donning and doffing, by turns, an unseductive doctoral hood. There is nothing mysterious about her emergence as writer or teacher, nor are the anti-élitist elements of contemporary culture responsible for that emergence without exception negative, regrettable influences. But seeing Miss Oates merely as part of a whole cultural configuration is, in the end, unjustifiable; hers is an individual human situation and, as such, deserves respect and understanding. The primary fact about that situation is, perhaps, that only an exceptional creature—someone combining in himself extraordinary will, intelligence and humility—could, given its nature, win through to a significant literary achievement. There would be richer rewards than have ever been forthcoming from prodigies, publishing phenomena and the like if Miss Oates could find such resources within herself. Best therefore not to quote odds; best simply to wish her well in what cannot fail to be a long and arduous search.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1 e (*Canterbury Tales*), 2a (*Agamemnon*), 3d (*Alice in Wonderland*), 4 l (*Modest Proposal*), 5b (*Père Goriot*), 6i (*Phèdre*), 7k (*Oedipus Rex*), 8c (*Sonnets from the Portuguese*), 9g (*Oliver Twist*), 10h (*Paradise Lost*), 11 j (*Othello*), 12f (*Ancient Mariner*).

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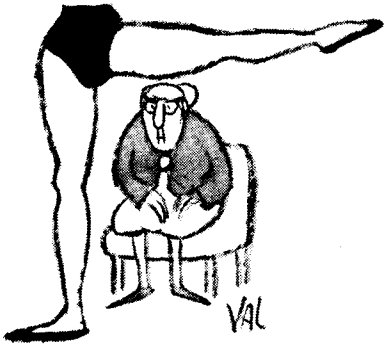
World of Dance

Continued from page 65

Miss Oswald says, "You should be able to look at a film strip, have the scenario of the work in front of you, have the clippings beside it, have at hand the letters that passed between the choreographer and the ballerina during the creation of a role, or letters between producer and star, the designs and scores—you should be able to have all these things together within one area while endeavoring to re-create whatever dance work you have in mind."

Indeed, Miss Oswald points out that through the magic of film and microfilm it would be possible for anyone to duplicate, copyright items excepted, almost everything in the Dance Collection for a few hundred dollars and have it in his own home. It is through methods such as this, gifts, and exchanges that the Dance Collection of the New York Public Library, the biggest and best dance repository in the world, services that world.

Miss Oswald's favorite customers are not necessarily the researchers. "We have tired housewives, overworked



doctors, uncertain young students, and many other laymen who are simply in search of beauty. That beauty is in the perfection of the dancer's body. To look at pictures of dancers is therapy. I remember once that a very discouraged young dancer came to me and asked me to pick something for him to look at. I did. It was our Roger Pryor Dodge collection of Nijinsky photographs. I know it cured him of his depression, for he sent others to us, not for study but to find, for a moment, beauty."

In celebration of a quarter of a century of amazing development, the Committee for the Dance Collection of the New York Public Library is holding this week (November 19) a gala. The program includes a continuous performance of rare dance films, a new exhibition of art works related to dance, and other delights, but the star of it all will be, of course, "Gegi," eager, determined, winning, and very, very pretty.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 89: signed, deigns, design, singed.

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(Continued on page 92)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1859

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Restrained (comp.)	15 79 93 162 175 12
B. Greek comedy writer (448?-? 388 B.C.)	5 50 76 81 92 122 29 60 69 105 116
	132
C. Comic who won an Academy Award for "Sayonara" (full prof. name)	168 177 6 90 101 117 136 144 148 159
D. Transported with emotion, esp. joy.	172 27 191 16 70 86 91 102
E. Chrétien 'de Troyes' "chevalier au lion."	120 123 129 139 152
F. Woolsey's former teammate.	49 53 65 73 121 127 176
G. Caesar's former teammate (first name)	185 83 135 141 163 10 14
H. Gal (comp.)	75 87 111 118 153 174 187 190 195 196 202
	13
I. Screwy, loony, nutty.	32 38 72 143 183
J. Comic (1887-1966) who became a highly respected character actor (full prof. name)	192 40 56 20 31 47
K. Marcellus and Bernardo were "Distill'd / Almost to jelly with ——— of fear." (2 wds., "Hamlet")	54 64 74 100 114 157
L. Abject manner (2 wds.)	193 55 77 89 110 145 156 184 200 161 37
M. American comedian (1919-1962; "Sail a Crooked Ship"; full prof. name)	44 66 88 103 124 201 171 17 57 164 178
N. What the subject of this D-C called the person quoted.	52 67 82 112 166 198
O. Tawdry; disreputable.	19 61 181 8 35 169 2
P. One of Major-General Stanley's daughters (G. & S., "Pirates of Penzance")	3 131 154 43 98
Q. "How is your trade, ——— / This frosty night?" (Robert Graves, "Star Talk")	108 33 42 113 128 165 9 25
R. Cheap, inferior.	59 147 85 97 24
S. Comedienne who starred in the musical version of "The Merchant of Yonkers."	36 26 151 96 140 45 11 78
T. French composer of witty, satirical operettas (1819-1880)	133 80 170 22 39 137 142 106 4
U. Paired, married.	160 7 63 94 125
V. A univalent hydrocarbon radical.	48 62 197 58 146
W. Breakbone fever.	149 104 155 189 34 18
X. Certain to suffer unpleasant consequences (sl.; 3 wds.)	115 130 186 180 23 51 179
Y. "Guides cannot master the subtleties of the ———." (2 wds.; Twain, "Innocents Abroad")	30 182 107 28 188 41 71 109 199 158 46
	84
Z. Term for a group of film directors that emerged in France during the '50's and '60's (2 wds.)	134 194 68 150 167 21 119
Z.[1] Boils.	203 95 99 173 126 138 1

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

1 Z[1]	2 O	3 P		4 T	5 B	6 C		7 U		8 O	9 Q	10 G	11 S	12 A		13 H
14 G	15 A	16 D	17 M	18 W	19 O	20 J		21 Z	22 T	23 X	24 R		25 Q	26 S	27 D	28 Y
29 B		30 Y	31 J	32 I		33 Q	34 W	35 O	36 S	37 L		38 I	39 T	40 J		41 Y
42 Q	43 P	44 M		45 S		46 Y	47 J	48 V	49 F		50 B	51 X	52 N	53 F	54 K	
55 L	56 J	57 M	58 V		59 R	60 B	61 O	62 V		63 U	64 K	65 F	66 M	67 N		68 Z
69 B	70 D		71 Y		72 I	73 F	74 K	75 H	76 B	77 L	78 S		79 A	80 T		81 B
82 N	83 G	84 Y	85 R	86 D	87 H	88 M	89 L		90 C	91 D	92 B	93 A	94 U	95 Z[1]	96 S	
97 R	98 P	99 Z[1]		100 K	101 C	102 D	103 M	104 W	105 B	106 T	107 Y		108 Q	109 Y	110 L	
111 H	112 N	113 Q	114 K	115 X	116 B		117 C	118 H	119 Z	120 E		121 F	122 B	123 E	124 M	125 U
	126 Z[1]	127 F	128 Q		129 E	130 X	131 P		132 B	133 T		134 Z	135 G	136 C		137 T
138 Z[1]	139 E	140 S	141 G		142 T		143 I	144 C	145 L	146 V		147 R	148 C	149 W		150 Z
151 S	152 E	153 H	154 P	155 W	156 L		157 K	158 Y		159 C	160 U	161 L	162 A	163 G		164 M
165 Q	166 N	167 Z	168 C	169 O		170 T	171 M	172 D		173 Z[1]	174 H	175 A		176 F	177 C	178 M
179 X		180 X	181 O		182 Y	183 I		184 L	185 G	186 X	187 H		188 Y		189 W	190 H
191 D	192 J		193 L	194 Z	195 H		196 H	197 V	198 N		199 Y	200 L	201 M	202 H	203 Z[1]	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 28 of this issue.

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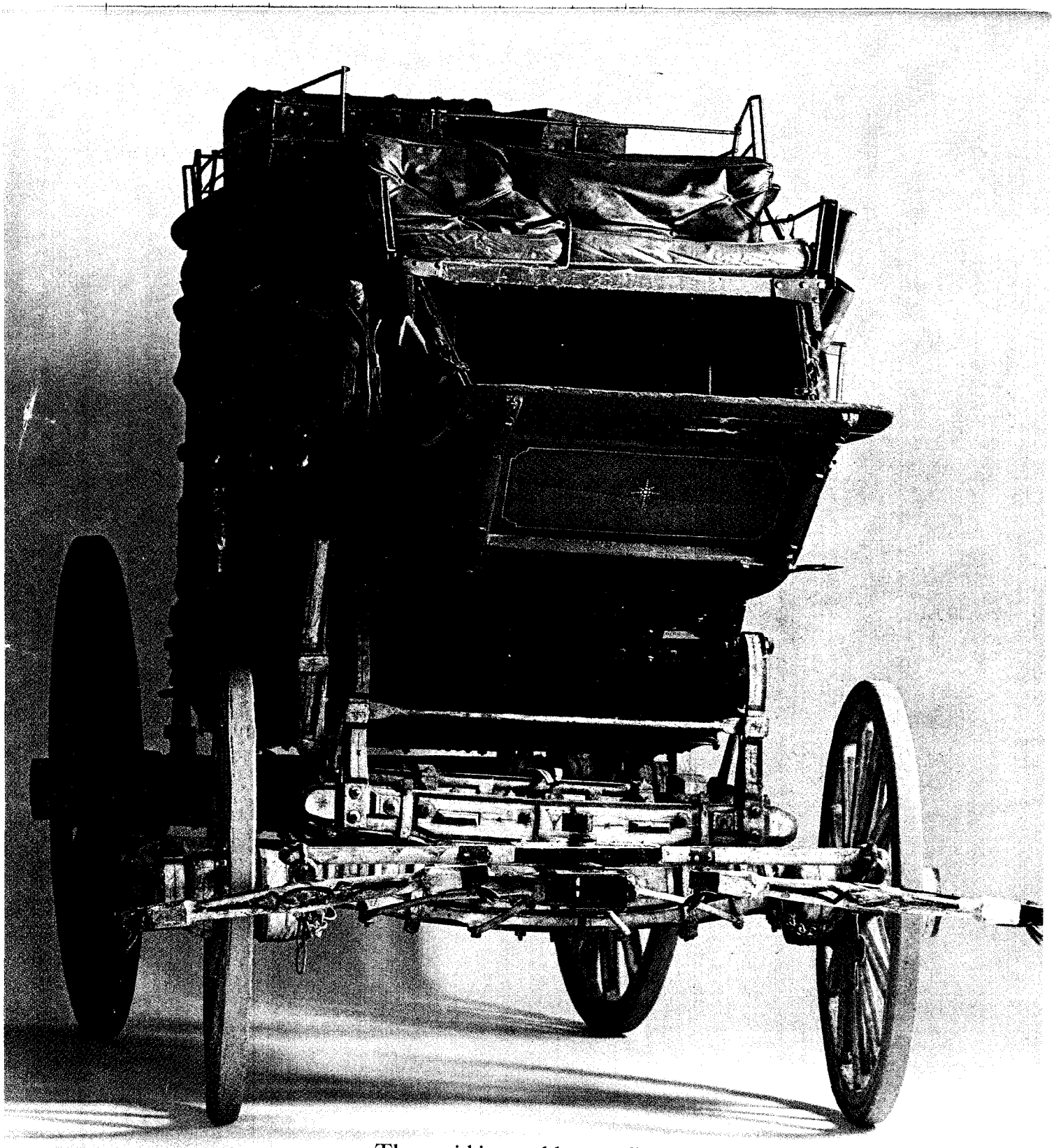

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Wells Fargo Bank

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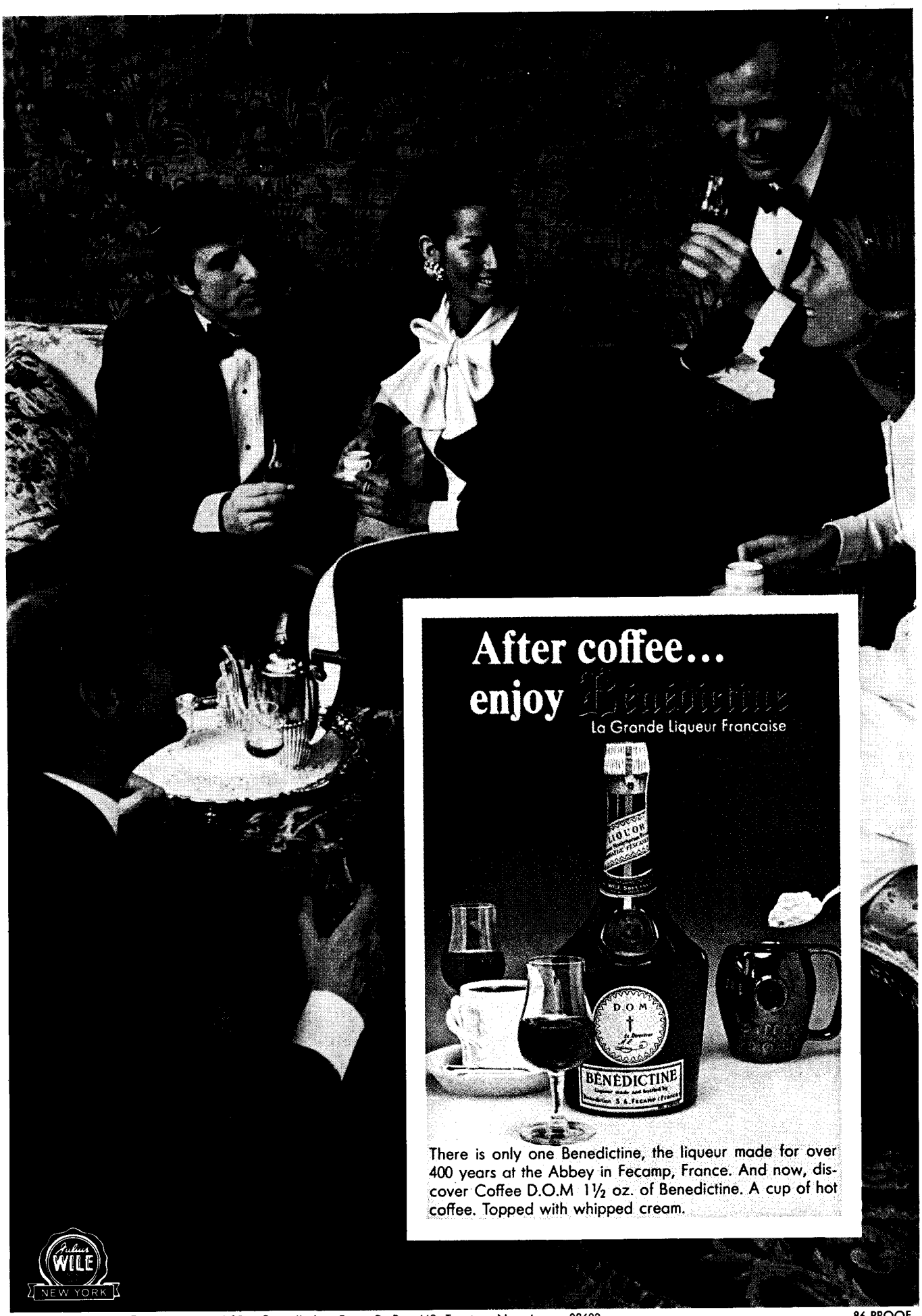
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